BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

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NOVEMBER, 1931

WARWICK DEEPING   VIOLA TREE   Hannen SWAFFER   Jane DOE

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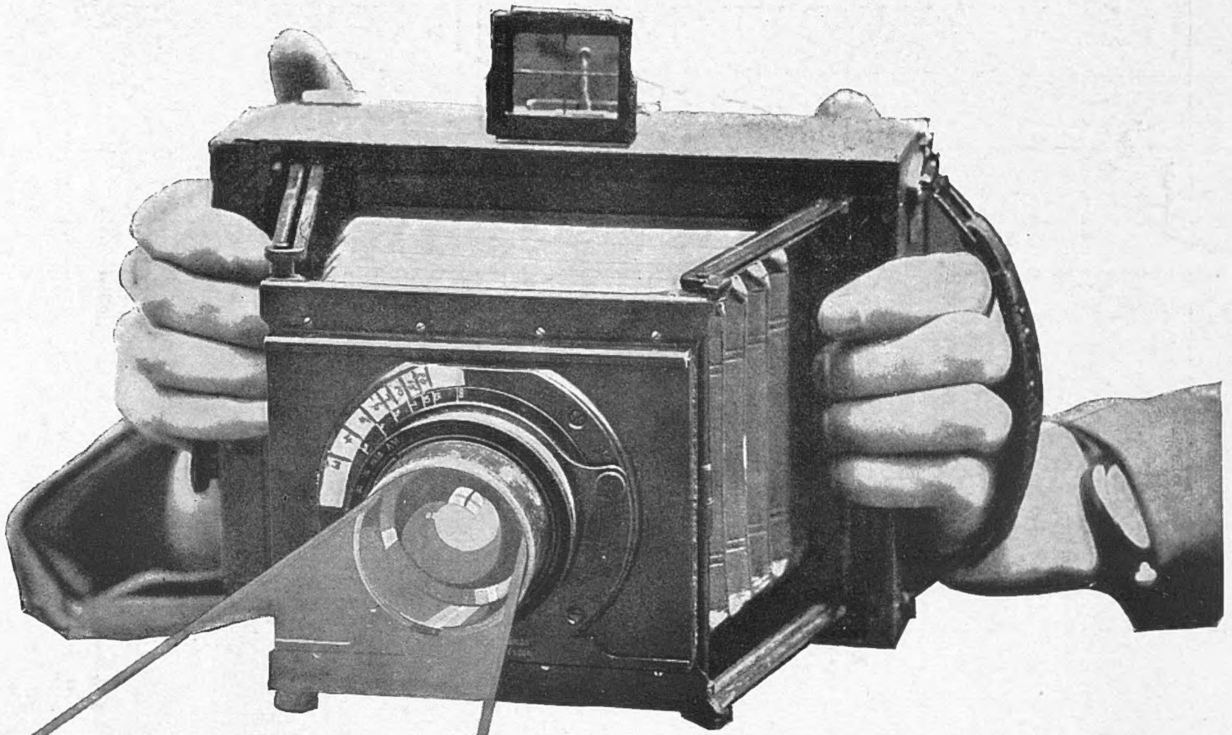

When Gregory of The GRAPHIC is told to "cover" an event—a phase of life—an interesting topical occasion, he knows that nothing mediocre will do. He must SEE the very things you would expect to see, and yet, paradoxically, he always sees unusual shots that you would not.

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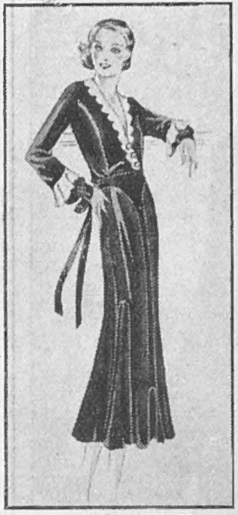

" semaine anglaise "

delightful afternoon frock in marocain with unusual scalloped trimming in contrast shade. in most colours and black.
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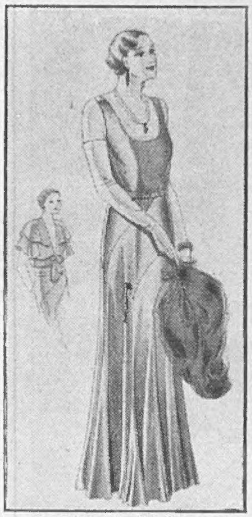
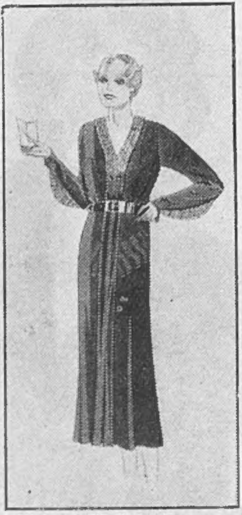


" the hostess "

the woman who is larger than the average figure will choose such an evening ensemble as this. the gown is perfectly cut with the diagonal lines emphasised to give the long slim effect to the hips, and the coatee, striking an original note with its epaulette-like sleeves, forms a perfect complement. in heavy quality satin excel
cash 6½ gns. **19/6** monthly



" l'invitation "

gown for the larger woman fashioned of a fine sheer wool romain, stresses the lingerie touch with its collar and sleeves finished with rows of fine ecru lace in narrow rows. a patent leather belt, flat pleats and rows of pin tucks are also chic points. in navy and black only. sizes from 42 to 48 hips.
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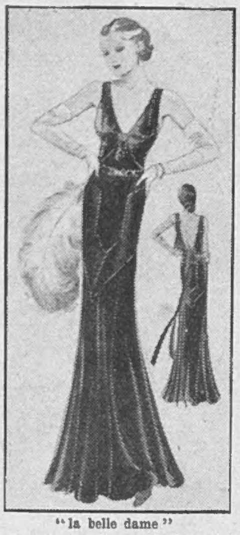
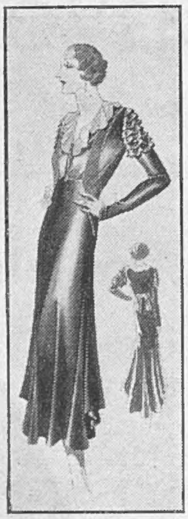


" la belle dame "

accepted as one of the loveliest fabrics one could choose for the evening, the beauty of velvet is stressed in this perfectly cut model. interesting too is the effect of the wing revers that outline both the front and the back decolletage, while the supple perfection of the material lends itself so well to the draping of the skirt from the shaped hip line. in black only.
cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



" greenaway "

unusual afternoon frock in black satin with two small inset panels in front of reversed material. the tiny flared frills on the sleeves giving the "new" victorian effect are an unusual but particularly pleasing feature. also in a few exclusive colours.
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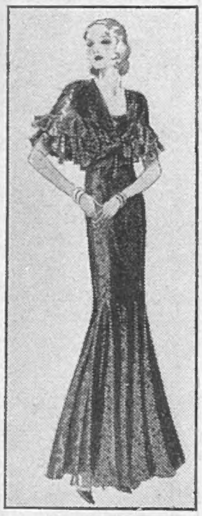

" la petite sœur "

evening ensemble of frock and matching coatee in fine thread lace. unusual sleeve treatment of coatee. slip of crepe de chine. many colours or black.
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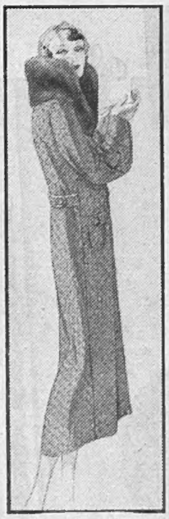
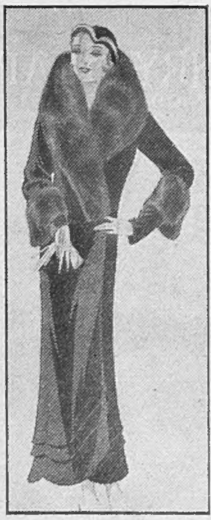


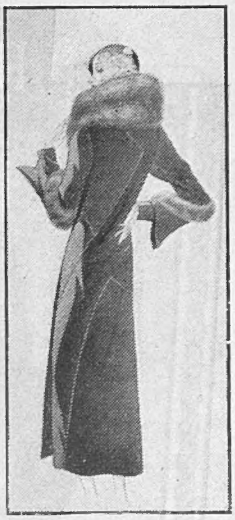
" moi aussi "

with the interest centred in the use of tweed velour that has its reverse side woven in contrasting checks, this unlined coat with a deep collar of lamb will make instant appeal. note well the self strapping on the well cut and distinctive sleeve, and the half belt. in many mixtures.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



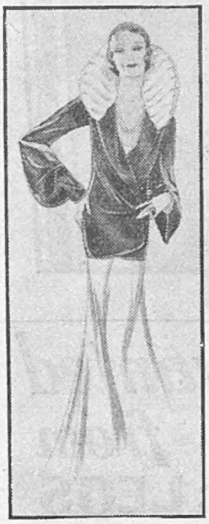
" madame la pompadour "

all the loveliness that the use of fully furred dyed marmot can give to a perfectly cut coat in black ribbed coating has been shown in this model. note the sweep of its line, finished with the application of self flat flounces at the foot. in black only. with collar and cuffs of dyed marmot. lined throughout.
cash 12 gns. **36/-** monthly



" grand hotel "

the lavishly befurred collar and the bandings that trim the novel cuffs of this elegant coat in a heavy quality black face cloth are of the new sable dyed lamb that is noteworthy in wear and appearance. clever pipings on the back also give importance to this model. lined throughout. particularly suitable for the full figure.
cash 9 gns. **27/-** monthly



" theatre time "

as the completion of your loveliest evening gown, may we suggest a coat in the most supple velvet? the lovely collar is in soft white lapin. lined throughout. black only.
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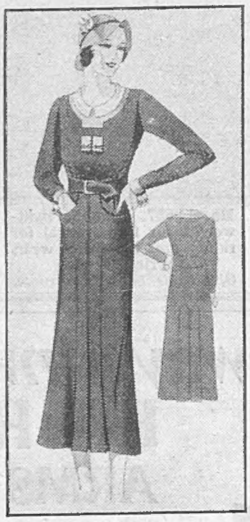
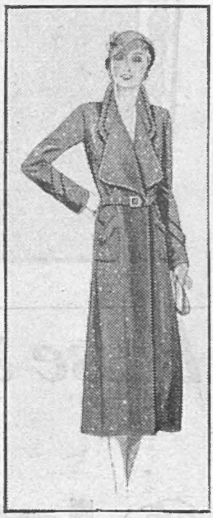


" marguerite "

simply tailored "day-in-and-day-out" frock in a soft wool mousse in open bouclet weave. cut with the swagger sportif lines shown, it can be copied in several of the newest shades.
cash 6 gns. monthly **18/-**



" je suis prêt."

exceedingly smart all-purposes tweed coat, having the new wide revers. cleverly strapped on collar, belt and sleeves, lined throughout. in several mixtures.
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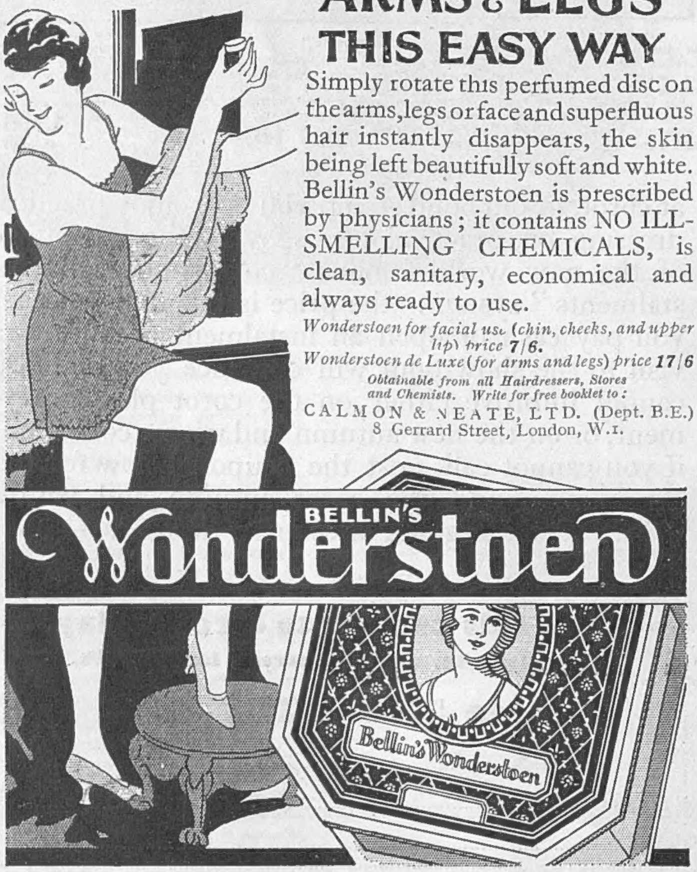

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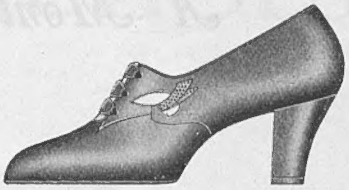

For Autumn, Hanan suggests this charming model. • In Dark Brown Kid with trifle of Beige Lizard; or Black Kid with trifle of Patent.

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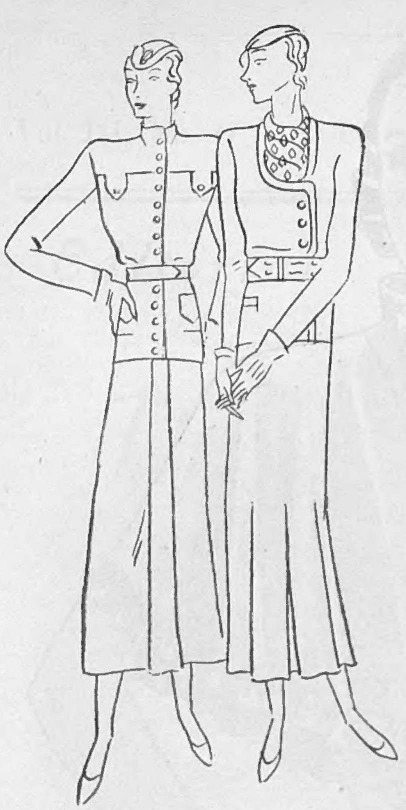
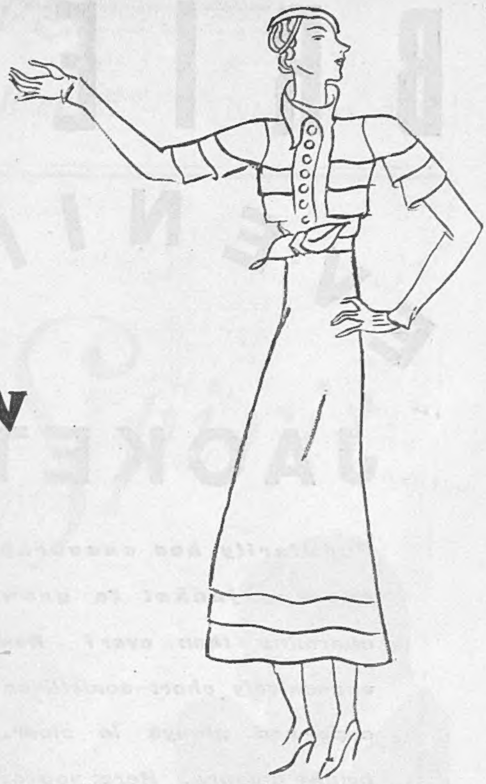


SNAPSHOTS from the JAEGER show

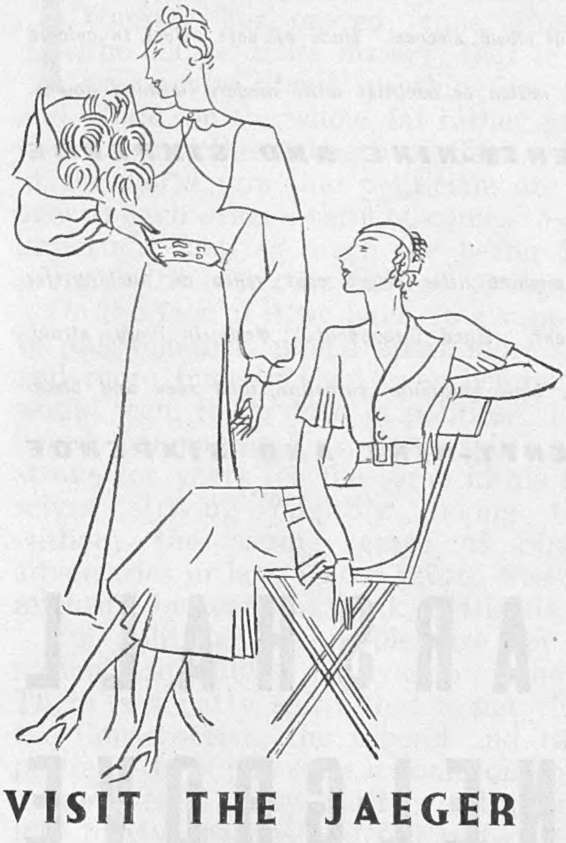


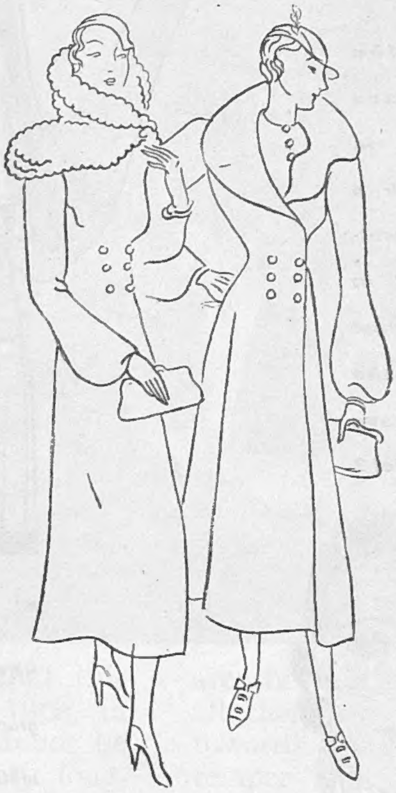
ABOVE THE JACKET SUIT

Country version, TRÈS SPORT. Shaggy tweed Norfolk Jacket, belted and pocketed, with gay kid buttons. Shirt and lining of heavy crêpe to match buttons. Blue, garnet, Hunter's green, **9 gns.** Town version. ODDITY. New type of cardigan with a swagger patent belt. Agreeably frivolous blouse of printed yellow Crêpe-de-Chine. Blouse **59/6.** Suit only, **9½ gns.**

BELOW THE DETACHABLE SLEEVE

MAYFLOWER. You can't be too detached this season and this frock is ready at any moment to discard its white georgette sleeves. Lovely in cornflower, garnet or black woollen, **10½ gns.** BOND ST. Adorable two-piece in nubbly wool. Tunic slightly flared and pleated. Detachable sleeves. Patent belt. Extra good in emerald, **8½ gns.**





ABOVE THE DETACHABLE FUR COLLAR

WOODEN SOLDIER. Jaeger's coats are particularly exciting. Surprising how slim and becoming the new line is when treated by a master hand. Here is a new soldierly top-coat. Bulky sleeves, scooped in waist. One of a series with detachable fur collars that will revive half a dozen wilting suits. The happiest invention of the season, with collar **14½ gns**, without **9½ gns.**

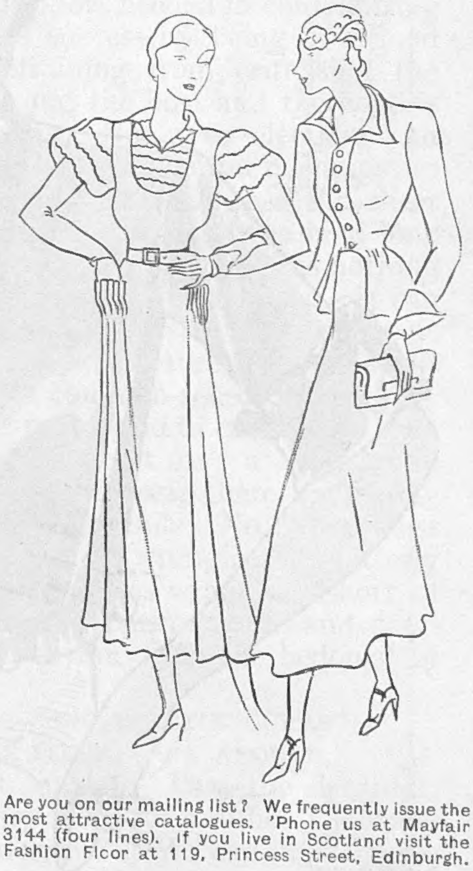
Jaeger's brilliant designer certainly has outdone herself this autumn. You've never seen such witty and wearable clothes at such forbearing prices. Marvellous new weaves. Marvellous new colours. We can only show scraps here. Come and see the whole exciting collection on the Jaeger FASHION FLOOR . . . . to-day.

ABOVE JAEGER'S SPECIAL THRILLER

CAVALCADE. Treble star this in your list. Made of a wonderful new honeycomb woollen in very dark brown. A lovely directoire swerve from straight filled bolero to hem. Arum Lily collar lined with white silk piqué. Wide crushed suède belt with two rabbit's ears of brilliant flame. Frills on sleeve like a triple epaulette. **12½ gns.**

BELOW THE MODE ROMANTIC

FRESHNESS. Tangerine jersey and frankly picturesque. Puffed striped sleeves give a recklessly Renaissance look. Amusing gauged pockets, **12 gns.** LA VIE PARISIENNE. Witty pastiche of the eighties. Buttoned bodice bustly basque, romantic cuffs. All in a ravishing coarse wool lace. Specially good in dark blue with a pork-pie hat to match. **12 gns.**



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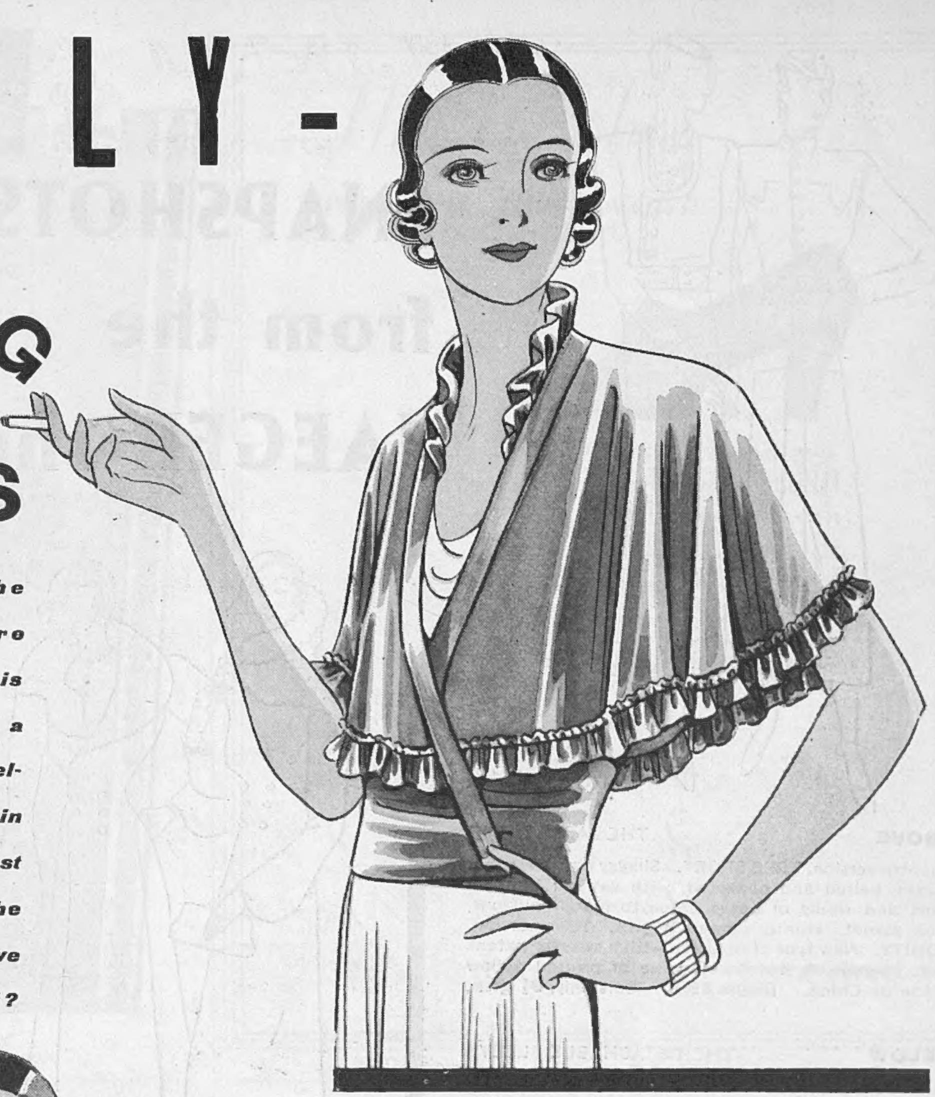
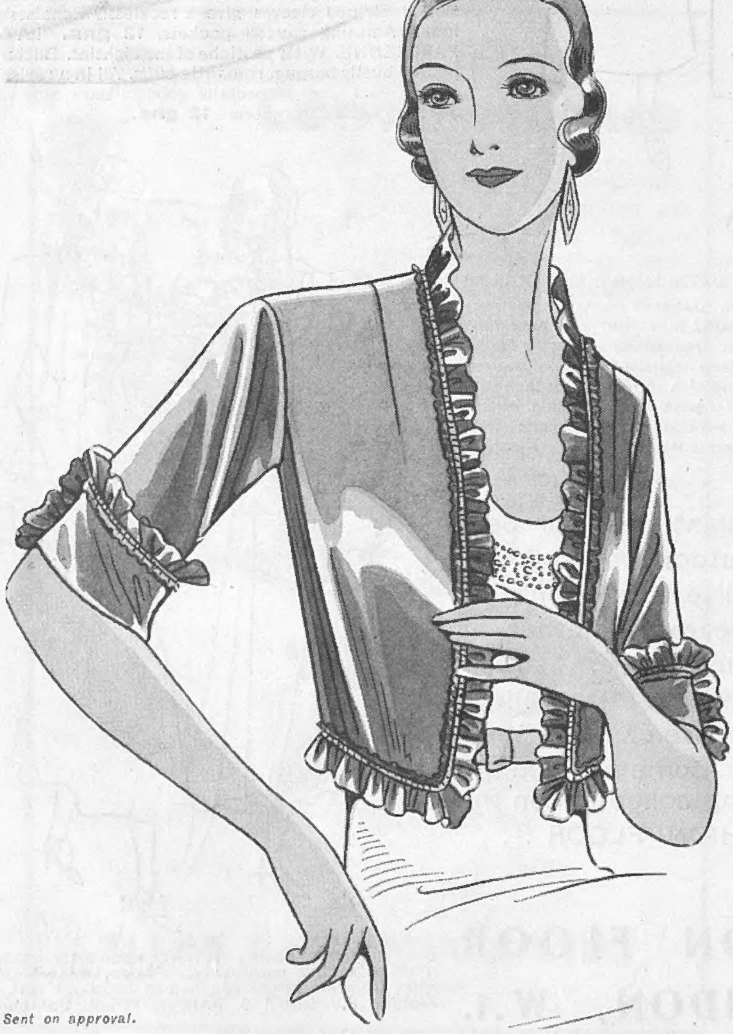
Popularity has encouraged the evening jacket to grow more charming than ever! Now, it is excessively short—sometimes with a cape—and always in clear, jewel-bright colours. Here you see it in some of its newest guises—at most affordable prices. Marshalls is the very place for "finds" like this! Have you explored its possibilities yet?



Here the cape comes into its own, forming itself into graceful elbow sleeves. Made of soft velvet in colours which match or contrast with modern evening gowns.

TWENTY-NINE AND SIXPENCE



This piquant little velvet coat relies on ruching for ornament. Lined throughout. Made in ivory, straw, maize, blue, geranium, cornelian, wild rose and black.

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BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III, No. 11 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* November, 1931

Editorial

The PARTY Spirit

It is a vastly cheering thought that this country has proved, time after time, in the course of its history, that it cannot be pessimistic about anything for very long, and would, on the whole, far rather go to parties than discuss the strength of them. If the rest of the world, now that politicians are more than ever at each other's throats, comes to realise this important fact, so much the better for us and so much the better for the rest of the world, too.

On the face of it we have, in a supposed effort to pull together, pulled apart more strenuously and more bitterly than ever before. Altruism would seem to be dead in politics. Long-established companionships have split. Men who strove for years for the same ideals find themselves striving mightily among themselves, without the saving grace of Shakespeare's adversaries in law, whose motto was to " strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."

Yet politicians' squabbles are not really the nation's squabbles, or even an echo of them. There is a party spirit that is not the spirit of the Conservative, the Liberal and the Labour parties. It is not even a coalition spirit. It is a more genial party spirit, which prompts some folk to give parties and others to attend them. Those who give them are not bound by any other consideration than kindly hospitality ; the guests are there in no selfish or critical mood. After all, there is no great effort needed in contributing towards the general success by being in a good temper and by refraining from criticising the food and the drink and the host and the hostess and the fellow guests. Not even elections can alter the feeling that the long winter evenings are here, and that already we can sense the cheer of Christmas, as a sailor can sense the land long before it is visible. This party spirit has nothing to do with defeat or victory at the polls. It can defy both triumph and disaster because it is independent of both and because it is the spirit of the true heart of a common-sense country.

We are all much more fond of each other than our statesmen give us credit for ; a little bit of scandal here, a little bit of gossip there, are merely the absinthe in the cocktail. No " first-class crisis " can set the nation wrangling as bitterly as its elected representatives wrangle. Short of ignoring altogether their permutations and combinations, we can murmur with the hedonist of old :—

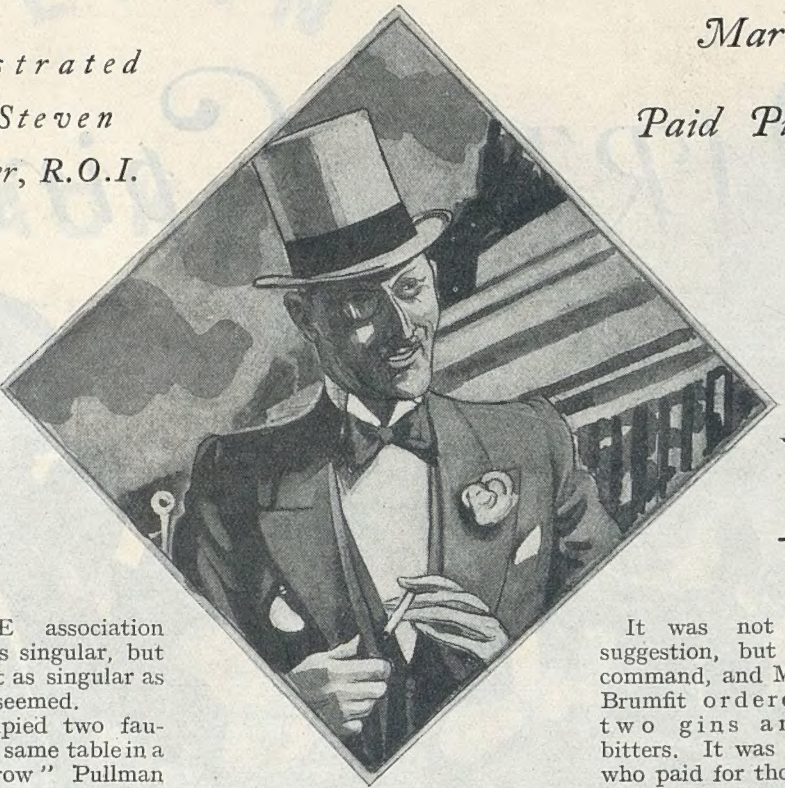
> . . . " NUNC VINO PELLITE CURAS !
> CRAS INGENS ITERABIMUS AEQUOR."

Which, in effect, means " Pass the decanter, for we have the very deuce of a difficult journey in front of us to-morrow." We can even handle the decanter without the journey.

Dukie

An Experiment in Social Climbing (and Second Marriages) wherein a certain Paid Piper called the tune too often

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



By Warwick DEEPING

THE association was singular, but not as singular as it seemed.

They occupied two fauteuils at the same table in a "Golden Arrow" Pullman car, and the porter who had dealt with their hand baggage looked to the taller of the two gentlemen for his tip.

But it was Mr. Brumfit who tipped him. Reginald Duke, Esq., was unfolding a copy of *The Times,* for which Mr. Brumfit had paid twopence.

"Thank you, sir."

Almost it might have been assumed that Mr. Brumfit was Reginald Duke's secretary or valet, a snuffy attachment to the sleek splendour of the essential toff, for Mr. Brumfit was short and stocky and bald, with a crumpled and commercial face, a most undistinguished person. On the other hand, Mr. Duke was so distinguished that he wore his distinction like his clothes. He was one of those big, handsome, highly coloured men with a Roman nose and blue eyes that were just a little insolent. He was the kind of man who could wear a grey topper at Ascot, and wear it at an angle. He had an air of serene deliberation. In speech he was abrupt and slangy.

He was dressed in a dove-grey suit, grey silk collar and tie, and on the table lay a pair of new wash-leather gloves. Mr. Brumfit was dressed in brown, a bad brown, and his tie was blue. Mr. Brumfit's figure and his tailor had not been able to agree. In fact, in Mr. Duke's opinion the only thing that fitted him was the name of Brumfit.

Mr. Duke looked over the top of *The Times* at his companion's blue tie. It offended him. Really, he would have to speak to the old man about his ties. You could not perpetrate that sort of hash at the "Imperial" at Biarritz.

He said, "What about a little drink, Thomas ?"

It was not a suggestion, but a command, and Mr. Brumfit ordered two gins and bitters. It was he who paid for those little drinks. It was he who produced the tickets, and who settled for the lunch.

"Cigars."

The attendant produced cigars, and Mr. Duke selected the most expensive cigar. No one would have assumed that it was not his right, for his distinction was so obvious.

He lit his cigar and settled himself comfortably into his seat.

"Going to be a bit bright on the ocean, Thomas ?"

Mr. Brumfit looked a little depressed. He was not a good sailor, but Mr. Duke had no qualms.

"Well, we've got a cabin."

"Naturally. Hallo, Cynthia's staying at the 'Imperial.'"

Mr. Brumfit's muddy blue eyes stared.

"Who's she ?"

Mr. Duke was momentarily interested in the society news and he withheld his answer.

"Never heard of Cynthia Carfax ?"

Mr. Brumfit had not.

"World's best cutie."

"Cutie ?"

Really, Mr. Brumfit's ignorance was abysmal. Mr. Duke blew opulent smoke.

"Yankee for vamp—or that sort of thing. Utter stylist, of course. No C3 about Cynthia."

MR. BRUMFIT was being educated. The need for it was apparent, and Mr. Brumfit's capacity to pay for it beyond question, and as a business man Mr. Brumfit knew that the quality of goodwill can be included in a firm's assets. Mr. Brumfit was a widower with two daughters, and it is highly probable that but for the candour of these two young women Mr. Brumfit and Reginald Duke, Esq., would have remained unacquainted, but beneath Mr. Brumfit's crumpled surface a sensitive ambition lay concealed. He might be worth five hundred thousand pounds, but he was a common little fellow. He had not felt himself to be a common little fellow when Florence was alive. Florence Brumfit had been a comfortable sort of woman who had been satisfied with the splendour of the "Monopole" at Brighton and a house at Kingston Hill. The Misses Brumfit were not satisfied with such suburban swagger.

They were restless young women, and Mr. Brumfit had spoilt them, while girding at the greediness of the younger generation. Actually, he had overheard the girls discussing him.

"Dad's got no style."

He had been given to understand that a progressive parent would have possessed a house somewhere near Berkeley Square, and another house at Frinton, and yet another house somewhere in Surrey.

Had Florence been alive Mr. Brumfit would have been able to lay the beginnings of an inferiority-complex upon her comfortable bosom. She would have reassured him, and never had he realised until he had lost her how reassuring so commonplace and pleasant a woman could be. But Mr. Brumfit was a man who had always attacked at the breach and planted his flag. He had been a climber, if socially uninspired, and the discontents of Irene and Moira had provoked in him an absurd combativeness.

No style, hadn't he ! Well, what about it ?

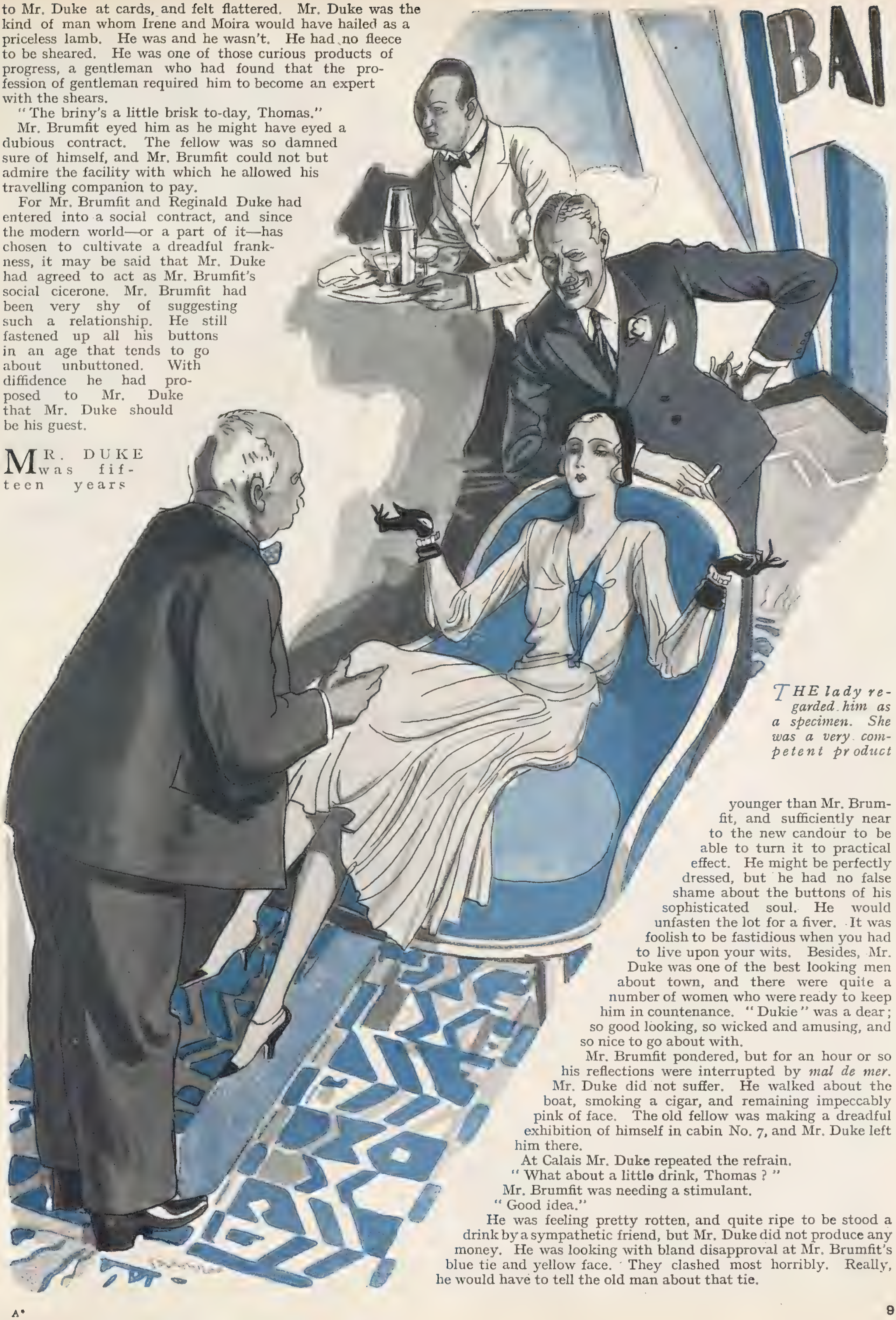
Hence, sundry strange activities, an election to "Blacks," and possible political adventures. "Blacks," like many other serene institutions, was desperately in need of the support of men like Mr. Brumfit. "Blacks" had been dunning its members for financial support, and as a new member Mr. Brumfit had responded generously.

It was at "Blacks" that he had met Mr. Reginald Duke. He had lost money to Mr. Duke at cards, and felt flattered. Mr. Duke was the kind of man whom Irene and Moira would have hailed as a priceless lamb. He was and he wasn't. He had no fleece to be sheared. He was one of those curious products of progress, a gentleman who had found that the profession of gentleman required him to become an expert with the shears.

"The briny's a little brisk to-day, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit eyed him as he might have eyed a dubious contract. The fellow was so damned sure of himself, and Mr. Brumfit could not but admire the facility with which he allowed his travelling companion to pay.

For Mr. Brumfit and Reginald Duke had entered into a social contract, and since the modern world—or a part of it—has chosen to cultivate a dreadful frankness, it may be said that Mr. Duke had agreed to act as Mr. Brumfit's social cicerone. Mr. Brumfit had been very shy of suggesting such a relationship. He still fastened up all his buttons in an age that tends to go about unbuttoned. With diffidence he had proposed to Mr. Duke that Mr. Duke should be his guest.



THE lady regarded him as a specimen. She was a very competent product

MR. DUKE was fifteen years younger than Mr. Brumfit, and sufficiently near to the new candour to be able to turn it to practical effect. He might be perfectly dressed, but he had no false shame about the buttons of his sophisticated soul. He would unfasten the lot for a fiver. It was foolish to be fastidious when you had to live upon your wits. Besides, Mr. Duke was one of the best looking men about town, and there were quite a number of women who were ready to keep him in countenance. "Dukie" was a dear; so good looking, so wicked and amusing, and so nice to go about with.

Mr. Brumfit pondered, but for an hour or so his reflections were interrupted by *mal de mer*. Mr. Duke did not suffer. He walked about the boat, smoking a cigar, and remaining impeccably pink of face. The old fellow was making a dreadful exhibition of himself in cabin No. 7, and Mr. Duke left him there.

At Calais Mr. Duke repeated the refrain.

"What about a little drink, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit was needing a stimulant.

"Good idea."

He was feeling pretty rotten, and quite ripe to be stood a drink by a sympathetic friend, but Mr. Duke did not produce any money. He was looking with bland disapproval at Mr. Brumfit's blue tie and yellow face. They clashed most horribly. Really, he would have to tell the old man about that tie.

" Chin-chin, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit drank and paid.

But it did occur to him to wonder whether Mr. Reginald Duke would put a hand in his own pocket, or whether the fellow intended to travel to Biarritz on Mr. Brumfit's petty cash. A chap might be expected to pay for his own newspapers and produce an occasional tip, but Mr. Duke did none of these things. He did not even make a show of fumbling. He travelled like some serene and royal personage to whom life's base metal was wholly and inevitably Brumfit.

Mr. Brumfit arrived at Biarritz at eight o'clock in the morning, and he arrived with a headache. It was his first experience of a night on a " sleeper," and his face and his tie still clashed. Mr. Duke looked pink and smooth and ready for anything. They drove to the " Imperial " in the hotel 'bus.

" Better have a drink, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit felt more like going to bed, and he said so.

" Well, peepy-bys, old man. By the way, when you get up try and find another tie. That thing makes me think of Brighton."

Mr. Brumfit went to bed in the luxurious suite which he was to share with Mr. Duke. He did not say, " Damn the fellow, Brighton's not half a bad place." He felt sick and rather sad. He remembered that in the old days poor Florrie would have fussed over him consolingly, and brought him a cup of tea and a couple of aspirins. Poor Florrie, the best sort that ever was! He could have whimpered like a small boy for his mother.

He got up for lunch, and not in the best of tempers. He decorated himself with the same blue tie. Damn it, the man who paid could call the colour. He arrived in the magnificent lounge just as Mr. Duke was ordering two cocktails for himself and a lady.

" Put 'em down to No. 33."

" Yes, sir."

Mr. Brumfit waddled across a half acre of carpet to the corner where Mr. Duke and the lady were seated. She was a very complete product. She reminded Mr. Brumfit of one of those perfect peaches that are displayed on the *à la carte* table, and are somehow suggestive of soap.

Mr. Duke tucked a monocle into his eye.

" Ha, here's our warrior. Well, Thomas, got off the green yet ? Meet—C.C."

Mr. Brumfit gave a little bob at the hips. The lady regarded him as some specimen.

" De-lighted."

She blew smoke in his direction. She smiled. She patted the padded arm of her chair.

" Sit right down, old dear."

Mr. Brumfit, looking coy and crumpled, was satisfied with another chair.

" Have a cocktail, Thomas."

" It's an idea."

" Waiter, another side-car. Yes, put it down to 33."

Mr. Brumfit managed to smile. He began to understand that everything would be put down to No. 33, not only Mr. Duke's drinks, but the drinks of his interesting ladies.

" Had a peepy-by, Thomas ? "

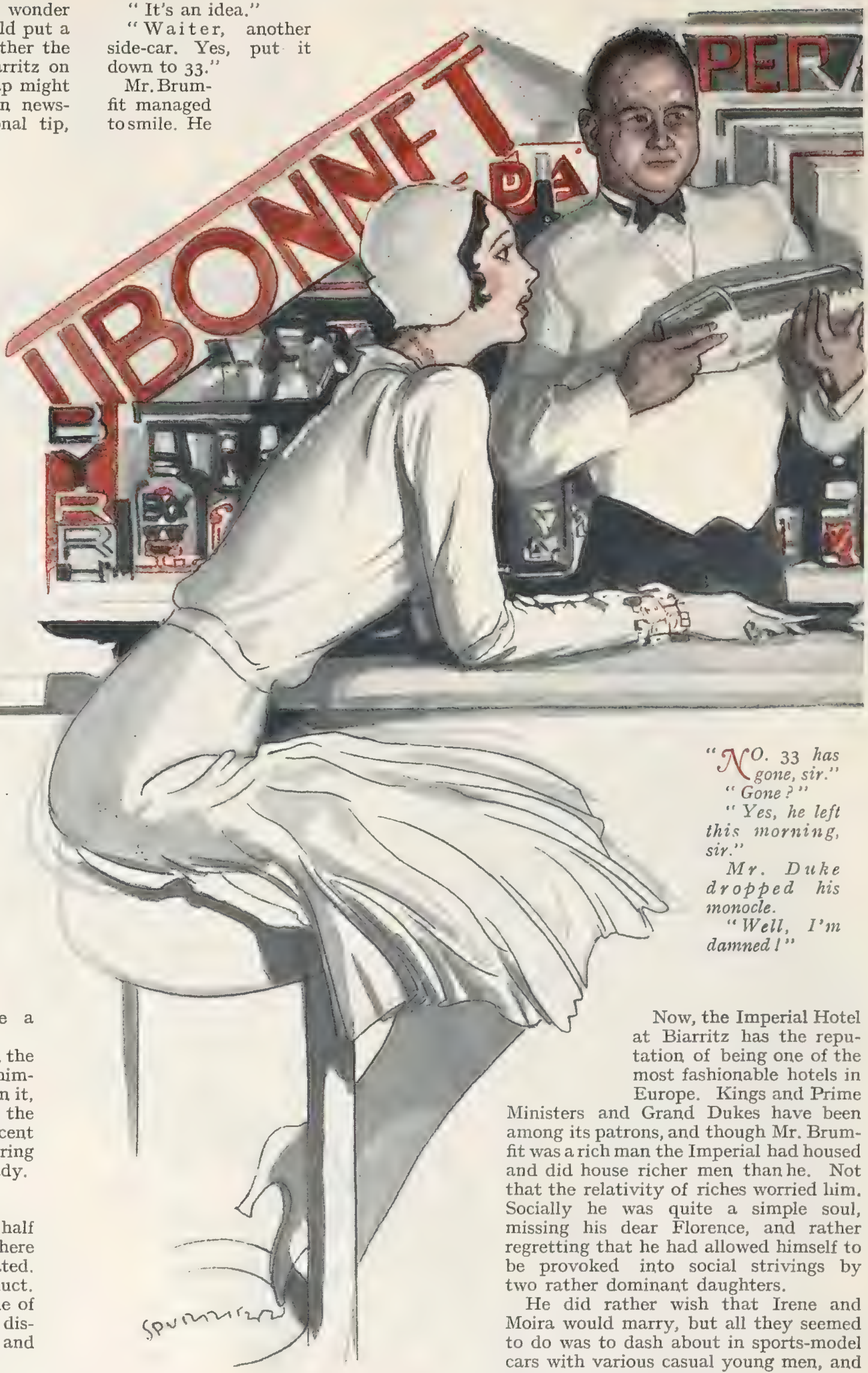
" Yes, just a nap."

Mr. Duke was regarding his tie.

" Say, my dear, how does the neck-swipe strike you ? "

Miss Carfax ogled Mr. Brumfit.

" Perfectly priceless, too utterly sweet."



" NO. 33 has gone, sir."

" Gone ? "

" Yes, he left this morning, sir."

Mr. Duke dropped his monocle.

" Well, I'm damned ! "

Now, the Imperial Hotel at Biarritz has the reputation of being one of the most fashionable hotels in Europe. Kings and Prime Ministers and Grand Dukes have been among its patrons, and though Mr. Brumfit was a rich man the Imperial had housed and did house richer men than he. Not that the relativity of riches worried him. Socially he was quite a simple soul, missing his dear Florence, and rather regretting that he had allowed himself to be provoked into social strivings by two rather dominant daughters.

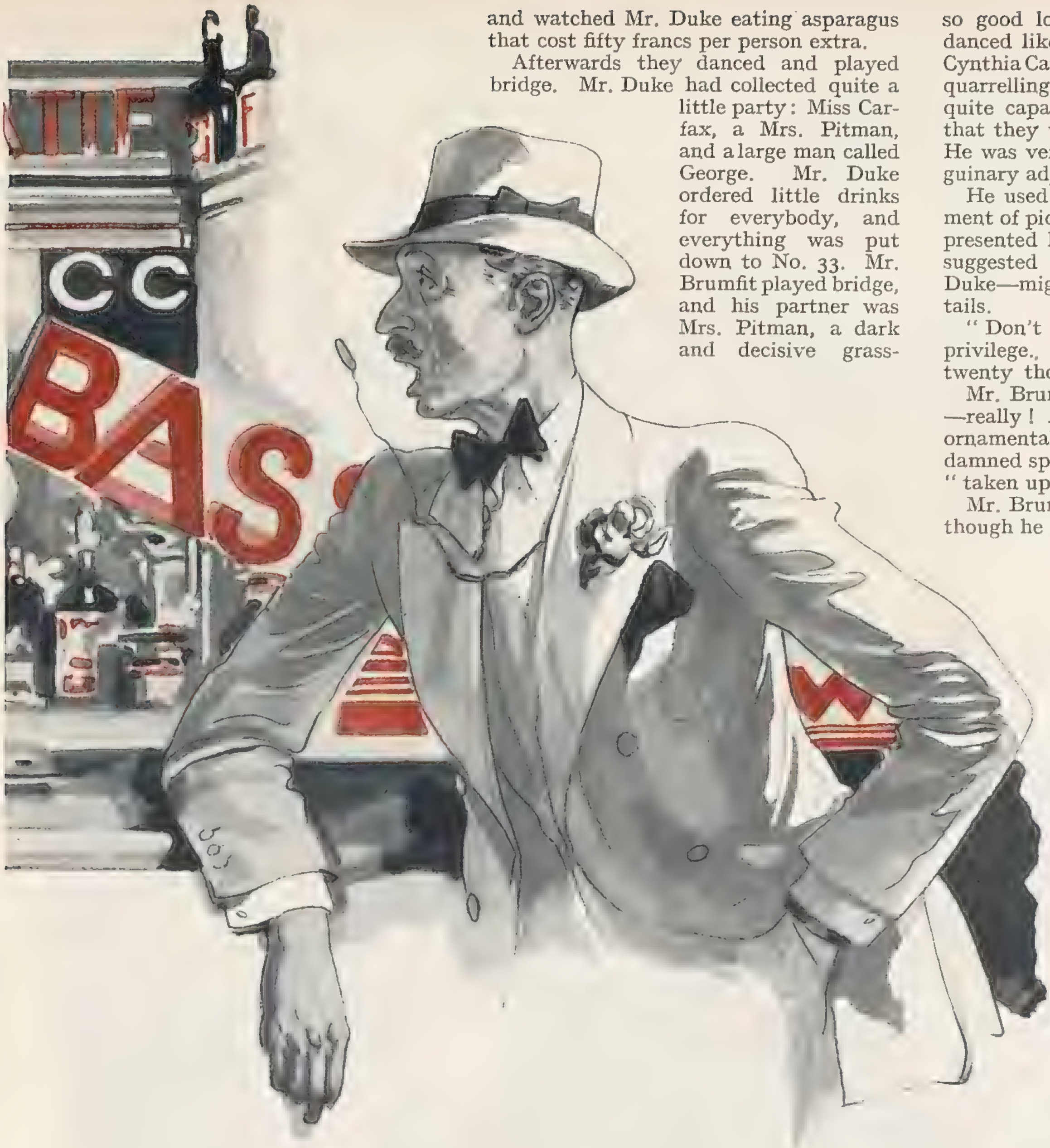
He did rather wish that Irene and Moira would marry, but all they seemed to do was to dash about in sports-model cars with various casual young men, and always—the old man paid.

Mr. Brumfit might suppose that at a certain age you were expected to pay for everything.

Obviously, that was Mr. Reginald Duke's assumption.

Mr. Brumfit had brought his golf clubs with him. He was a twenty—by courtesy, and when he and Mr. Duke drove over to the Chiberta club it was Mr. Brumfit who paid the green fees and the caddies.

" What about a hundred francs a hole, Thomas ? "



Mr. Brumfit did not say it was an idea. He asked what Mr. Duke's handicap was.

" I'm a ten. I'll give you a half."

Mr. Duke won seven hundred francs from Mr. Brumfit on the first round. That evening he told Miss Carfax that it was as easy as taking candy from a child.

" Priceless old rabbit."

Miss Carfax supposed that rabbits were useful rodents, and that keeping a rabbit farm might be quite profitable.

" My dear, it's quite legitimate. The old thing ought to pay for being what he is."

Mr. Duke said " Quite so," and ordered two more cocktails and had them put down to No. 33.

They dined *à la carte*. It was much more expensive, but no decent person could do anything else. There was music, and the leader of the orchestra, a suave young Jew, came to Mr. Brumfit's table and asked to be allowed to play something by request. He addressed himself to Mr. Reginald Duke.

" What's it to be, Thomas ? "

Mr. Brumfit had no ideas. He might have asked for " Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. Duke supplied the omission.

" 'L'Après-Midi '—I think."

Mr. Brumfit sat and looked depressed, and watched Mr. Duke eating asparagus that cost fifty francs per person extra.

Afterwards they danced and played bridge. Mr. Duke had collected quite a little party: Miss Carfax, a Mrs. Pitman, and a large man called George. Mr. Duke ordered little drinks for everybody, and everything was put down to No. 33. Mr. Brumfit played bridge, and his partner was Mrs. Pitman, a dark and decisive grass-widow. They lost. Mr. Brumfit's bridge was rather like his golf. He had to hand out some thirteen hundred francs, and though he did not know it, Mrs. Pitman's loss was merely a debt upon paper.

He went to his room that evening a little puzzled as to the profits of the adventure.

" What the devil do—I—get out of it ? "

A sitting-room separated his bedroom from the bedroom of Mr. Duke, but in the distance he heard sounds of splashing and of song. Mr. Duke was singing in his bath, the bath for which Mr. Brumfit paid, and Mr. Brumfit, getting into a pair of electric silk pyjamas, thought of those days when he had been accustomed to wear a night-shirt. He felt sad.

AT the end of a week Mr. Brumfit, while becoming more and more exasperated by the plump insolence of Mr. Duke, could not refrain from marvelling at it. The fellow was amazing. Everybody called him " Dukie," and clustered about him and listened to him, and the ruder he was to them the more they seemed to like it. He was quite unshameable ; he had the cheek of the devil ; women became silly about him. Dukie was so good looking, such a lad, so witty, danced like a pro, had such sex appeal. Cynthia Carfax and Margery Pitman were quarrelling over him, and Mr. Duke was quite capable of telling them in person that they were a couple of bloody fools. He was very much attached to that sanguinary adjective.

He used it on Mr. Brumfit. In a moment of pique, and after the Imperial had presented him with his first bill, he had suggested to Mr. Duke that he—Mr. Duke—might pay for the ladies' cocktails.

" Don't be a fool, Thomas. It's your privilege. What's the use of having twenty thousand a year ? "

Mr. Brumfit's jaw had dropped. Well—really ! And to be perfectly candid this ornamental person was nothing but a damned sponger, a lounge lizard who was " taken up " by the women.

Mr. Brumfit ceased to play bridge, and though he continued to play golf, he shed Mr. Duke, and found a pleasant potterer of his own age. But he was not enjoying himself ; he had begun to realise that Mr. Duke's circle regarded him as a figure of fun to be exploited. He was both angry and miserable, and very lonely.

On the afternoon of the ninth day Dukie and Co. had gone down to gamble at the casino. The day was dreary, windy and wet, and Mr. Brumfit, feeling depressed, went down to the lounge to enjoy a solitary tea. A waiter brought him tea, but carried the patisserie tray past Mr. Brumfit's table as though Mr. Brumfit could not be allowed cakes, and Mr. Brumfit was peeved. Damn these fellows ! They were quick enough to serve Mr. Duke. Almost he shouted,

" Here—cakes."

The waiter reproved him politely.

" At once, sir, when the lady has been served."

Mr. Brumfit understood that he had put his foot in it. Someone at the next table was expecting the cakes, a plump, pleasant person in black. The lady was a Mrs. McGavin, Rebecca McGavin, and this was her third day at the Hotel Imperial. Mr. Brumfit had observed her, and she had observed Mr. Brumfit.

He got up and apologised.

" Very sorry, very rude of me."

She smiled at him.

" It's quite all right. I shan't empty the tray ! "

She was a jocund person with a natural colour and kind eyes, one of those women who arrive at fifty without regarding the crisis as a sort of railway accident. Obviously she had a nice taste in cakes, and did not worry about her weight ; she selected three.

Mr. Brumfit's impulse was to applaud. It seemed to him that the lady had a sympathetic eye and a cream-bun temper, and she was a cushion, not a knife-edge.

He dared to address and remark to her, " Dreadful weather."

She agreed with him, and when the waiter brought the tray to Mr. Brumfit he too chose three cakes.

" Very bad for one, I suppose."

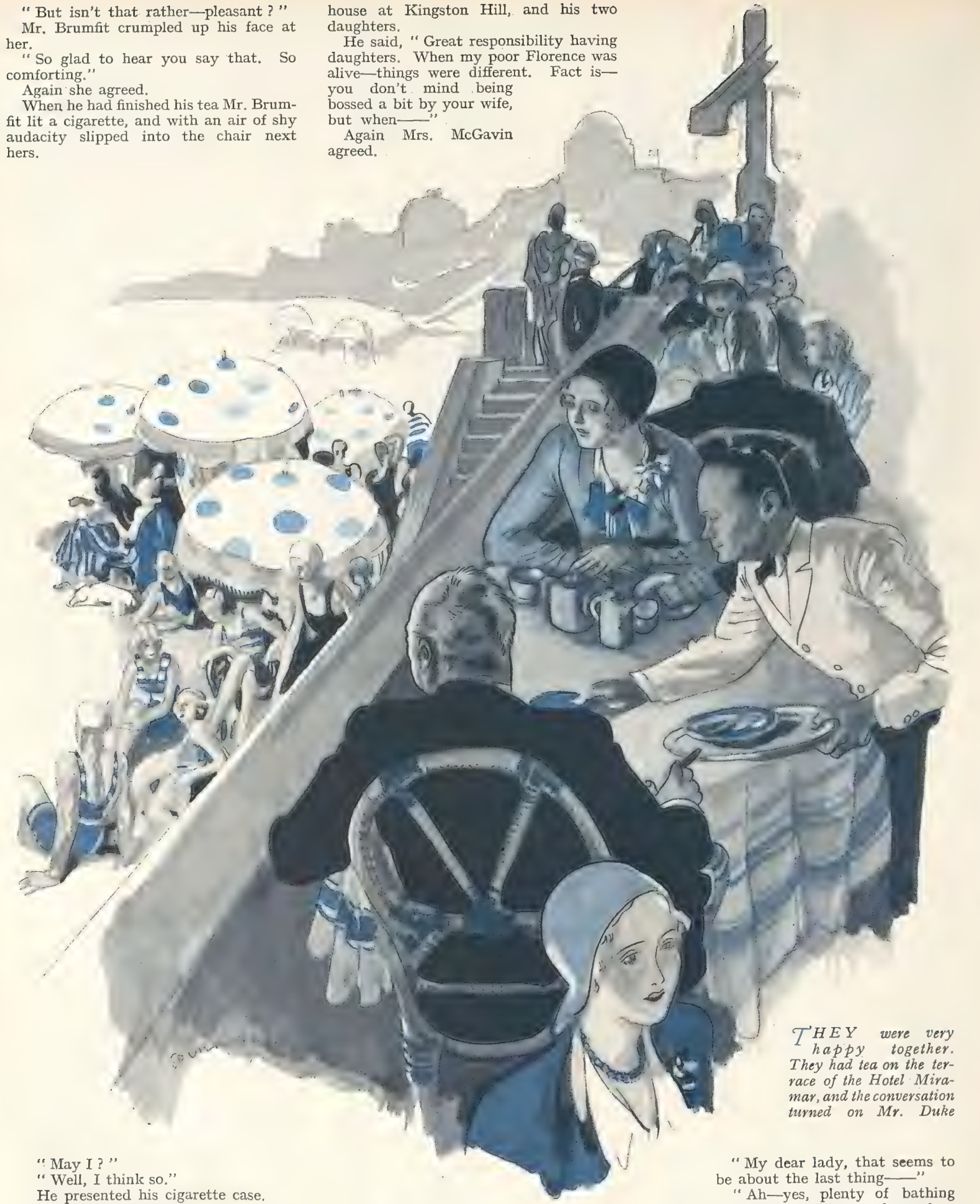
" But isn't that rather—pleasant ? "

Mr. Brumfit crumpled up his face at her.

" So glad to hear you say that. So comforting."

Again she agreed.

When he had finished his tea Mr. Brumfit lit a cigarette, and with an air of shy audacity slipped into the chair next hers.



THEY were very happy together. They had tea on the terrace of the Hotel Miramar, and the conversation turned on Mr. Duke

" May I ? "

" Well, I think so."

He presented his cigarette case.

" No, I don't smoke."

Mr. Brumfit said that he was glad she didn't smoke. He was fed up with vivacious vamps who were all face powder and cigarette ash.

They talked. In five minutes they had told each other their names and exchanged family histories. Mrs. McGavin was a widow with no children, and had a house in Richmond. Mr. Brumfit mentioned the house at Kingston Hill, and his two daughters.

He said, " Great responsibility having daughters. When my poor Florence was alive—things were different. Fact is—you don't mind being bossed a bit by your wife, but when——"

Again Mrs. McGavin agreed.

" Yes, you see, young things know everything. We don't."

And Mr. Brumfit laughed. He thought that this was one of the wittiest things he had heard for years."

" That's the whole show—in a nutshell. My girls——"

" Why don't you get them married ? "

" My dear lady, that seems to be about the last thing——"

" Ah—yes, plenty of bathing dress, and strolling on the sands—but no going in off the pier."

" That's exactly it. When I met Florence—I went in off the deep end."

Mrs. McGavin smiled.

" So did I."

Their conversation grew more intimate and more animated, and at half past six they were still talking, and Mrs. McGavin was asking Mr. Brumfit a question.

"Why—exactly—did you come here?"

Mr. Brumfit looked puzzled.

"I'm blessed if I know. And you?"

She laughed.

"I think I'm just as blessed as you are!"

But this sudden friendship ripened and ripened so rapidly that Mr. Duke and his circle were soon aware of it, and became greatly amused. Mr. Duke could say, "Old Thomas has got off with good old Sarah," for there was neither romance nor reverence in Mr. Duke. He reduced life to ridicule and a dozen oysters and a glass of old liqueur brandy. It did not occur to him that Mr. Brumfit's affair with the widow could affect him in any way, for it was quite possible that socially he might be of use to Mrs. McGavin. Actually, he laid Miss Carfax a bet that he would cut in and cut out Mr. Brumfit.

He tried it. He said to Mr. Brumfit: "Introduce me to the lady, Thomas," and Mr. Brumfit demurred. Mr. Duke was too universal, and Mr. Duke grew whimsical and accused him playfully of being jealous. Mr. Brumfit took on the challenge.

"All right."

But he thought it his duty to warn Mrs. McGavin. He suggested that Mrs. McGavin should not play bridge with Mr. Duke's party, unless, of course, she was an expert.

Mrs. McGavin laughed. She was no lamb to be shorn. She had observed and studied Mr. Reginald Duke, and when he was introduced to her she was charming to him. She listened to his doubtful stories and his impertinent personalities, and she had Mr. Duke catalogued and labelled. For there had been days when Mrs. McGavin had owned and run a cigar shop in Jermyn Street, and what Mrs. McGavin did not know about men was not worth knowing.

She had Mr. Duke nicely fooled. She knew that he would go back to his own set and say: "The old geezer's quite gay. Toss you for her and a dozen free cocktails, George."

Actually, Mr. Duke did say something of the sort. He asked Mrs. McGavin to play bridge, and she consented on the understanding that Mr. Brumfit was her partner. They sat down to oppose Mr. Duke and Miss Carfax, and the extraordinary thing was that not only did Mrs. McGavin hold the most devastating hands, but when she did happen to hold a bad one she extracted herself and her partner with fine finesse.

Mr. Duke and Miss Carfax were nearly two thousand points down on the evening. Miss Carfax paid Mrs. McGavin, but Mr. Duke offered Mr. Brumfit an I O U. Mr. Brumfit accepted it with an air of crumpled complacency.

NEXT day he hired a car and drove with Mrs. McGavin to Cambo. They wandered along the river, and in the spring woods Mrs. McGavin picked primroses, with Mr. Brumfit assisting. They were very happy together. They had tea on the terrace of the Hotel Miramar, and the conversation turned on Mr. Duke.

Mrs. McGavin referred to him frankly as "a pink and white cad about town," and Mr. Brumfit did not contradict her. In a moment of candour he confessed to his own foolishness and deplored it, but Mrs. McGavin did not scold him.

"You're too kind-hearted, Tom. The fellow's just a swell sponger. That sort always has been and always will be. He just lives on Sackville Street and a monocle and supreme swank."

"He's very well connected. His father was Lord——"

"Quite so. I knew the old rascal. Sold himself to half a dozen company promoters. He was expelled from his club."

Mr. Brumfit opened his eyes wide.

"You're a very exceptional woman, Rebecca."

She laughed.

"I am."

They returned to the "Imperial," and just before the shops closed Mr. Brumfit dashed out and bought a large bunch of carnations. He carried them home himself, and in the lounge he met Mr. Duke, and Mr. Duke's monocle fixed itself on that floral tribute.

"Very nice, Thomas. Where have you been this afternoon?"

Mr. Brumfit felt like saying "What the hell is that to do with you?" but he informed Mr. Duke that he had been to Cambo.

Mr. Duke looked amused, and with deliberation extracted a white carnation from Mr. Brumfit's bouquet, and put it in his own buttonhole.

"Oh, you dog, Thomas. The merry widow—what! Do you know what they do at Cambo?"

Mr. Brumfit was growing hot.

"We picked primroses."

Mr. Duke guffawed, and gave Mr. Brumfit a gentle dig in the ribs.

"Primroses! primroses! And you had tea at the hotel."

"We did."

"And did it include a bedroom?"

Mr. Brumfit moistened his lips, glared, and felt tempted to smack Mr. Duke's pink face.

He said, "That's a nice joke, isn't it? I haven't much sense of humour, but I'll think it over."

He did. He thought it over with Mrs. McGavin, though he did not describe the incident to her. He confessed that he was consumed by a burning desire to settle with Mr. Duke, and also, perhaps, to teach Mr. Duke a lesson. Mrs. McGavin questioned him as to some of the details of the partnership, and Mr. Brumfit began to see the light.

"Did you take return tickets, Tom?"

"Yes."

"Who has them?"

"I have."

"And what about the bill?"

"It's due—the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. McGavin admitted that Biarritz was a delightful place and the "Imperial Hotel" one of the best managed hotels in Europe, but she had spent two months at Cannes, and hotels had begun to bore her. She was ready for the spring in her garden at Richmond; yes, she was very fond of her garden, and even though an English spring was temperamental it had the familiar face of a friend.

"I think I shall travel on Thursday."

Mr. Brumfit was both homesick and disillusioned. Kingston Hill would not have been a bad sort of place in the absence of Irene and Moira.

"I might join you on Thursday."

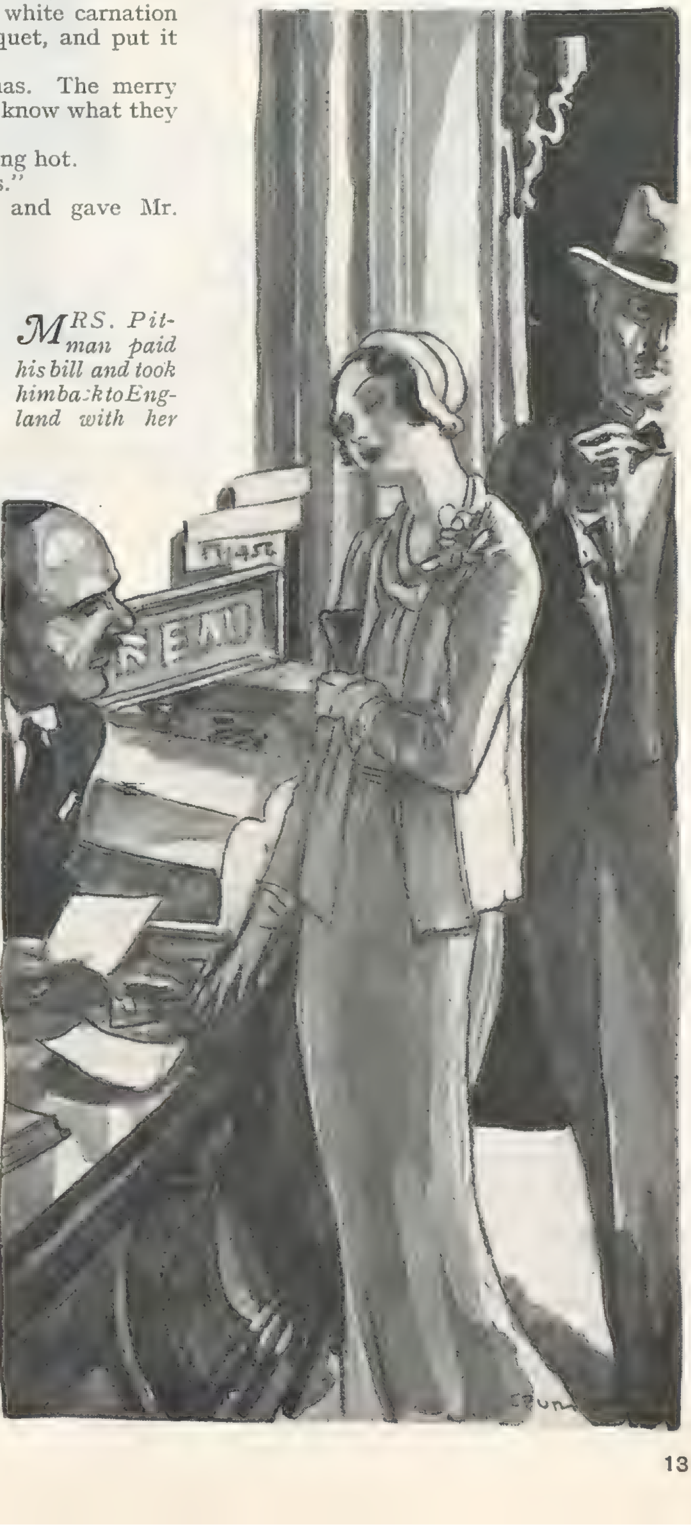
"Do. Let's play at secrets. We'll catch the 9.35 to Paris. And Mr. Duke need not know."

"You mean—I should——?"

"Exactly. Leave him to pay for himself."

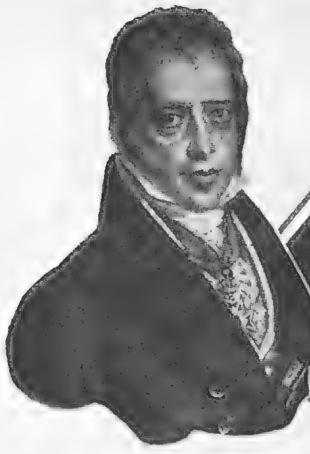
"But he'll find out."

"Why should he? Pack at night. What time does (*Continued on page 92*)

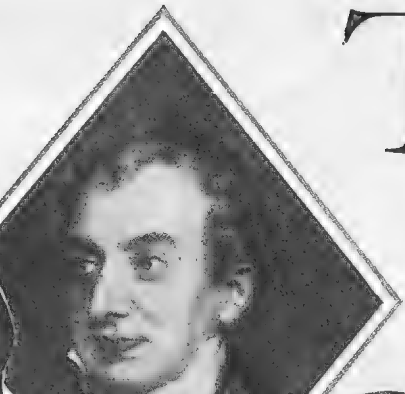


MRS. Pitman paid his bill and took him back to England with her

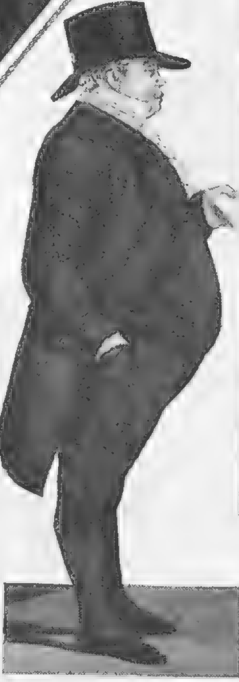
Twilight *of a* Money Baron



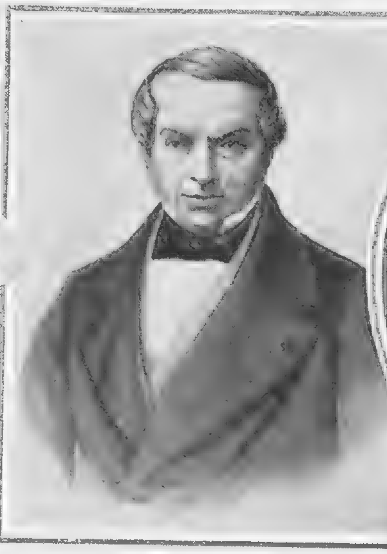
BARON Solomon Meyer Rothschild, founder of the Vienna house



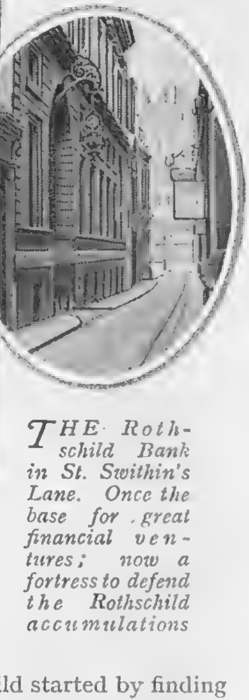
Above: "METTERNICH after Napoleon's fall was the most powerful statesman in Europe. Solomon Rothschild was his financier"



Right: NATHAN Meyer Rothschild (1777-1836), founder of the London house



BARON James von Rothschild (1792-1868), founder of the Paris house—"the heart of the enemy camp," for the Rothschilds, playing into each other's hands, backed all Napoleon's enemies



THE Rothschild Bank in St. Swithin's Lane. Once the base for great financial ventures; now a fortress to defend the Rothschild accumulations

IS this the twilight of the oldest and most romantic of the financial dynasties? The recent difficulties of the Oesterreichische Creditanstalt of Vienna and the embarrassments of its august president, Baron Louis von Rothschild, head of the Austrian branch of the Rothschild clan, suggest superficially that it is. And yet, with these Rothschilds, and in these strange times, one never knows.

Yesterday news that the Austrian house had got out of its depth, and that its Amsterdam subsidiary bank had gone into liquidation, might have staggered the financial world as though at confirmation of vague rumours that capitalist civilisation was ending. To-day, when giant corporations cut dividends, when bonds of great States fall to a discount of 30, when currencies are shaken off the gold standard, and it is almost vulgar for mere individuals to be solvent—to-day it is different. To-day we can contemplate the unfortunate Baron Louis, who cut so resplendent a figure in Vienna, with his banks, palaces, huge estates, art treasures, his passion for sport, lavish hospitality and profuse philanthropy, with the same philosophical sympathy one feels when a king dies: "Ah, well, so he, too, was human!"

However, a Rothschild is not quite the same as the Rothschilds. The Rothschilds, whose individual fortunes are far below the greatest individual fortunes of the New World, as a family probably dispose of more real wealth in the aggregate than any other family on earth.

The present world blizzard must make one or two of them wonder if they are not going to get financial frost-bite. But as a family they have lived through worse times. They have survived a hundred wars and revolutions, and all the astounding and unexpected changes which have transformed human life and the aspect of the planet since Napoleonic times.

THIS family of Jew millionaires, so rich, so powerful, resplendent with orders and titles, whose blood now irrigates some of the oldest and noblest families in France and England, were little Jews of the Frankfort ghetto, furtive, obscure, poor, when the Corsican started his great adventure. They began with Meyer Amschel, who, losing father and mother at the age of 12, launched out in business as a dealer in rare coins and presently went in also for money-changing. The former activity brought him in contact with a Hanoverian general who collected coins, and this association with the powerful connection of the ruling Prince of Hesse brought the humble, assiduous, sly, indomitable Jew alongside the Prince, an avaricious millionaire who added to an already huge fortune by hiring out his troops. Rothschild started by finding small antiques and coins for the Prince, who was a collector. The association developed, and when Napoleon swept over Germany, his imperial hand outstretched for loot, and the Prince fled, leaving chests of valuables and securities behind, Rothschild took charge. Handling great sums, he rapidly acquired reputation, credit, connexions and riches out of this business, and founded the Rothschild bank.

A grim sense of humour had old Meyer Amschel Rothschild. Dying, at 82, he called in the doctor. The doctor examined him and, thinking to keep up his spirits, said: "You mustn't talk about dying. You may live to be a hundred." "Nonsense!" grunted Meyer Amschel. "If God can get me at 82, He won't take me at 100."

He sent his sons to the strategic centres of Europe. Nathan went to London, Solomon to Vienna, James into the heart of the enemy camp, Paris. Thenceforward through the smoke and dust of Napoleonic wars one glimpses these astute, cold Jews playing steadily and assiduously into one another's hands between capital and capital. They arrange the wholesale smuggling of English goods to the Continent, handle English subsidies to the allies, transact financial business with the governments of England, Austria, Prussia and Russia (all Napoleon's enemies), even develop a private postal system which eventually is used by friendly governments for forwarding confidential documents.

AFTER touching the peaks of Power Rothschilds, hit by the Hapsburg downfall Liquidation. But although overtopped still heed the Exhortation of their Strongholds in London and Paris and maintained through 150 years of

The House and Destiny of Rothschild—Yesterday, To-day and . . To-morrow?

By C. Patrick Thompson

"THE Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, went to their dances and to their marriages. He also borrowed money from them, for Queen Victoria kept him short"

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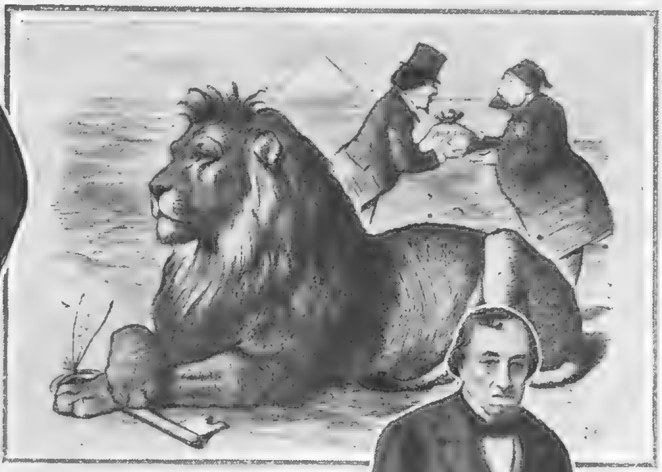
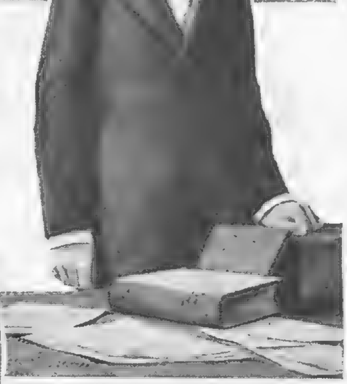


"THE Lion's Share," a "Punch" cartoon of Disraeli's deal for the Suez Canal shares in 1876. Baron Lionel "raised the money in a trice"

BARON Lionel de Rothschild "floated sixteen British loans and his successor, Nathaniel, already a baronet, was raised to the peerage, the first of his race to enter the House of Lords." He persuaded Parliament to enable him to sit as a Jew for the City of London

Right: *WHEN Hannah de Rothschild married the Earl of Rosebery, royalty attended the wedding*



"DISRAELI was their friend"

BARON Louis von Rothschild, head of the Austrian branch of the clan Rothschild

IN London young Nathan borrows, elbows, negotiates, pulls strings, and in next to no time has worked himself alongside the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and functions as his unofficial financial adviser. It is he who shows the British government how to get money to Wellington in Spain, by the subtly simple process of smuggling it into France and thence passing it through the spider's web of Jewish banking firms in the form of bills to Spanish bankers, who get it to the British army commander. He dazzles the English bankers and statesmen by his enormous resources and huge purchases of English stocks. The truth is the Hessian prince is putting large chunks of his capital where it looks safest; Meyer Amschel has got his son the business; and as considerable periods of time can be made to intervene between purchase of the securities, completion of payment, and delivery to the prince, Nathan often has control of great sums which he can safely employ in such short-term transactions as the purchase of bullion, which, constantly rising in value, shows Nathan a handsome profit besides immensely impressing the City.

Napoleon sunk, the Rothschilds applied their new-won wealth and the enormous credit they had built up to financing hard-up States and princely families. The old régimes look to them indestructible and eternal. The abrupt revolution in Paris in 1830 thus surprised and shocked them as much as it did the royal houses who had complacently taken it for granted that there were going to be no more Left upheavals. They were up to their necks in conversion and loan operations, and loaded up with French *rentes*, which had suddenly collapsed. They had to pull in their horns, cut commitments, wriggle adroitly out of loan contracts, hold on. It took them five years to get completely on their feet again.

Solomon in Vienna used the crisis as an argument for a relaxation in his favour of the strict laws prohibiting Jews in Austria from acquiring property. He pointed out how embarrassing it was in times of revolution, wars, rumours of wars, and bourse upsets, to have all your wealth locked up in paper. He wanted to convert part of that paper into something more tangible. It was a long struggle, but at last, a baron now, he got what he wanted, and promptly proceeded to create a big entailed estate heritable in the direct male line, and to buy up forests, mines, land—property which is the basis to-day of the wealth of the Austrian Rothschilds.

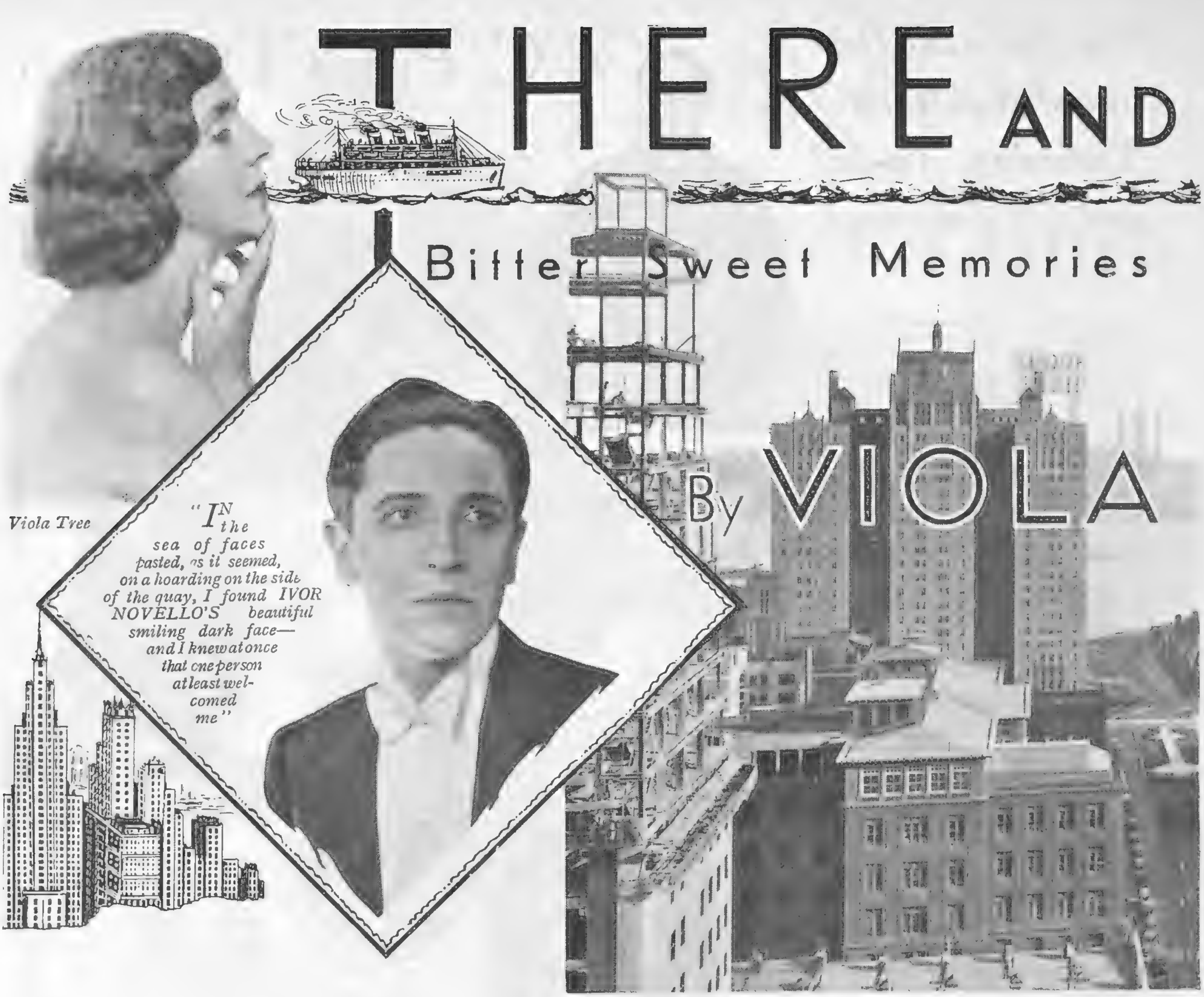
and Social Splendour, the Viennese
and the Economic Blizzard, contemplate
by vaster Banking Groups, the Rothschilds
founder to stand together, and from
guard the enormous fortune accumulated
Wars, Revolutions, and Epochal Change

METTERNICH backed Solomon. Metternich after Napoleon's fall was the most powerful statesman in Europe. The absolutist houses relied upon him to keep their end up. Solomon was his financier. Solomon served him well. He bought writers for him. He was financially useful to his lovely and vivacious third wife, whose extravagances were notorious, and he lent Metternich himself money and tactfully never asked for it back (Metternich, anyway, gave him plenty of opportunity for (*Continued on page* 124)

THERE AND

Bitter Sweet Memories

By VIOLA



Viola Tree

"In the sea of faces pasted, as it seemed, on a hoarding on the side of the quay, I found IVOR NOVELLO'S beautiful smiling dark face—and I knew at once that one person at least welcomed me"

ARRIVAL in a new Continent with the intention of seeking a fortune must carry the same sensations for everybody.

The little emigrant, with pack on back—the millionaire who has lost "a packet" in Europe and has decided to make his fortune again, would feel exactly as I did, when I arrived with a few suitcases only, and two vast volumes of *Gulliver's Travels*, which needed a whole porter to carry.

In the sea of faces pasted, as it seemed, on a hoarding on the side of the quay, I found Ivor Novello's beautiful smiling dark face—and I knew that one person at least welcomed me. Apart from him all were strangers.

We dashed "home," right across New York to the extreme opposite end, in a taxi; I did not know a single street by sight or name—Tenth Street was as strange to me as the now familiar Fiftieth Street.

The skies were scraped by innumerable buildings of great beauty, and as I looked out of the window, we talked of what we were going to do that evening. He had planned it all—corn flakes and coffee at his apartment, and supper after "The Green Pastures," which naturally was the thing I wanted to see first.

My little green bedroom in Miss Beatrice Lillie's unoccupied flat was very pleasant, and the bath, like every American bath, a dream of delight.

I was too excited to know that I would soon be unhappy, missing people—and irritating everyone I met by constant sad looks when there was a lull in the conversation.

No, I was happy, *exaltée*.

I dressed in a green satin dress too small for me—but I was thin from the voyage—one always is. Ivor said I looked "lovely." I had no evening coat, but wore my long new black leather, perfectly hideous—and also a bad choice, as one lives in one's overcoat.

I went alone with Ivor to "The Green Pastures," a very unusual turn of events, as he is generally surrounded by satellites, and never moves without his sort of Sancho Panza, Lloyd Williams whom everyone adores, and on whose account "two's company" has never been breathed.

However, we actually were alone, and of course we cried, being both deeply sentimental; and even a bit religious, and we held each others hands tightly when "de Lawd" spoke. I thought of what? The ones I loved at home or dead, and he thought of what? Of his own voice when he was a soloist at Magdalen College?

Then there was the always miserable walk to find a taxi, somehow worse in New York because of the intense cold—and we went to "Tony's Speakeasy," which he thought I would like, as many stage stars were collecting there—Leonore Ulrichs, Clifton Webb, Isabel Jeans and many screen stars like Buddie Rogers, and the newly married young Douglas Fairbanks, with his exquisite wife, Joan Crawford—much the most beautiful of stars off the stage.

I was distressed because the only drink was whisky or gin—and there seemed to be no food.

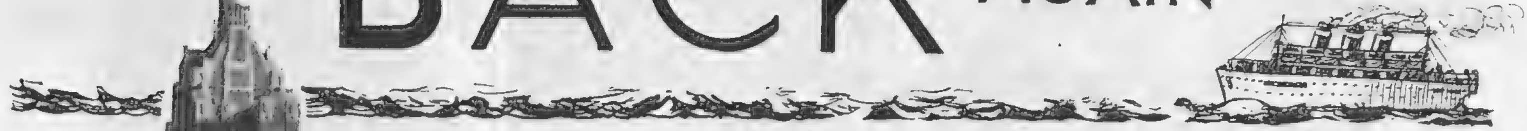
No one wanted food, all wanted to be "tight" and all wanted, at the same time, to be thin.

Some potato chips were found for me, but I am one of the always-hungry ones, and begged for milk or coffee.

People made quite a fuss of me, particularly a charming impressario called Dwight Deere Wiman. We both thought each other thrilling. Yes, I felt that I was going to be a success because I was English—and their idea of "a lady"—and because, once in a while, I said something they thought might be funny. Sometimes they were right, sometimes they were wrong.

So ended that typical day with the interlude of corn flakes and cream at Ivor's flat, which was on the same floor as my own, and we stood, our cornflake plates in our hands, looking

BACK AGAIN



TREE

of an American Adventure: Chapters from the Journal of an English Star who planted "TREE"-roots on Broadway—and dug them up again . . .

on to the East River, very beautiful and noisy with its all-night traffic, blowing and blasting.

IN the few days following before we started the rehearsals of "The Truth Game," I was rushed along by Ivor and his companions, from play to play, from drug store to drug store (for it is there that we eat), from party to party. Ivor's "set" was in the midst of the English theatrical one. There was also the most charming man who, from having been Melba's accompanist and a very fine musician indeed, became the Shuberts' "taste manager" and went to see all the European plays for them. He had a beautiful apartment, like Mr. Wu's, full of strange but beautifully arranged junk, and a quite perfect chef. His name is Simmons, but it does not describe him at all and I do not think he was called that before the war.

I was introduced to "Mr. Lee," a tiny Oriental with an interesting smile, who thought me a kind of joke, as he dismissed me quickly and turned to the queue of ladies who, one might say, have their eyelashes made up within an inch of their lives.

I DID not learn till I left America the importance of being made up and "dressed" off the stage. Very few actresses in England, with the single exception of Miss Isabel Jeans, can make up or dress up off the stage. Go to the actors' restaurant, where great and little congregate, and you will see what a rag-tag and bob-tail fellowship they are It is not so in America; a little artifice goes a long, long way.

I might tell you here that I had no trousseau of any sort—as I left England at twenty-four hours' notice—except a leather rain coat which, as my favourite Press representative said, I should only change for a better raincoat when I was richer. He sized me up at once. I became "the Tree girl" to everyone and had my carica-

THE author of this American memoir, as the gawky, eccentric, high-brow crank in "Symphony in Two Flats," by Ivor Novello. Miss Tree, doing dumb-bells and physical jerks, or daubing a still-life canvas, created a most amusing caricature of the pseudo-artistic hoyden

"THE Alfred Lunts were our constant companions"

"SHE (Miss Lynn Fontanne) was Elizabeth, the Queen, and he was Essex, and they are, as it were, the Guitrys of New York. He, at all events, is a genius; she, I think, has endless beauty and charm, and they are the only married lovers of New York with whom I happen to be acquainted . . ."

"MISS BILLIE BURKE, with her crest of flaming red hair, is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. At first I thought her rather prim and rich"

ture done for Sardi's restaurant, where all the "celebrities" ogle and frown down from the dado.

I went and bought yards of stuff and sat sewing myself shirts, which always reminded me of the "Cutty Sark" which took its name from the Captain's inspiration of flying his shirt, with the sleeves cut off, at the mast-head, in sign of what I do not know—but the "cutty sark" remains a famous sailing ship, bought for the nation.

The Alfred Lunts were our constant companions. She (Miss Lynn Fontanne) was Elizabeth the Queen and he was Essex, and they are, as it were, the Guitrys of New York. He, at all events, is a genius; she, I think, borrows his cleverness but has endless beauty and charm, and they are the only married lovers of New York with whom I happen to be acquainted.

She dressed divinely and sent me to her dressmaker, who made me a white picture dress called "Anna Karenina," 1880 period, and a coat to match lined with gold. It was very long and a very unwise dress to have ordered, as in New York one is always walking and moving from one party to another in the early hours of the morning; but beautiful it certainly was and months ahead of the fashion.

REHEARSALS began with a bang!

Phoebe Foster and Billie Burke met us at the Shubert Theatre. Miss Billie Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (lest we forget).

In all the world, I suppose, the stage is the same, and I thought myself back in Wyndham's or some familiar London theatre. There was no difference in the semi-twilight, the smell of painters' size, the long lines of gloom, the strange faces, familiar in an hour.

We had no actual director because all the play had been done by us before, but Constance Collier sat "in front" and made suave and rather detailed criticisms which Ivor and Billie took like lambs.

The part Miss Burke played was originally written for Constance Collier, who threw it up under very trying circumstances calculated to break any friendship. But Ivor's friendships are never broken, and his peculiarly Angel Gabriel character is the secret of his success.

My performance Miss Collier rightly, or wrongly, pronounced "cast iron" and would not change any of it.

At first I thought Miss Burke, with her crest of flaming red hair (brushed to a T every day as I afterwards discovered), rather prim and rich, with her many fur coats and two cars; but I also considered her an artist, by which I mean one that knows her job and can play with it.

I thought she gave much the best reading of anyone, and that Ivor and Constance were "chivvying" her.

After a few slight misunderstandings (I being shy and unpunctual and tiresome), she became one of my greatest friends, certainly my most permanent friend in America, and though she always kept her distance like a little queen, she was warm-hearted and affectionate to all those she loved. What particularly got "me" was that she adored animals and saved the little much-too-young kitten, who played a part in the first act, from starvation, without its mother.

WE did not know exactly which theatre we were going to open in, but hoped for the Ethel Barrymore, as it was uncertain whether her play would be a success or not. Their fears were justified; it was the first time in memory

"MR. ZIEGFELD had turned the light of his countenance from me and I never got a hearing . . ."

BILLIE BURKE, whose husband is the moving spirit of the famous Ziegfeld Follies, and her grown-up daughter. Miss Burke played Constance Collier's original part in the New York version of "The Truth Game"

"CONSTANCE COLLIER threw up the part under very trying circumstances, calculated to break any friendship"

"NEXT morning I woke up and found myself a star; they said that I had stolen the play." The author, in Ivor Novello's play "The Truth Game," which pleased New York

"RUTH DRAPER gave a party for me and, I think in pure goodness of heart, asked us to do our 'stunts' before some artists and critics. This was a ghastly failure..."

"MR. GILBERT MILLER saw our best performance in Mrs. Vincent Astor's drawing-room, where the atmosphere was so flattering that we could not fail, and pronounced it sensational"

that the great, the fascinating Ethel Barrymore had had a bad failure. It was a "black face" play, very banal in story, and she had to hide her beautifully boned face in a black make-up, which, on the first night, diminished as the play went on. After each act her friends went round to tell her to show her own face; in the last scene she was practically white.

She was puzzled, like all great people when they fail, not saying, like the lesser ones do: "It's a bad play; I was bad in it"—but just feeling that the world was against her. I have come across this mentality in many kinds of great artist. Perhaps I can only think of Somerset Maugham and Richard Strauss who are really capable of facing the fact that occasionally their work could have a fault.

It was the first time I had seen her since I was a girl, and I was thrilled by the glamour of her; her long, flowing sun-ray pleated gowns, her Dana Gibson shoulders and high-boned lace collars; her hats perched high over her graceful nose. She used to drift down St. James's Street with men bowing to her in tall hats, and people like Winston Churchill, Gerald du Maurier and, I think, Harry Graham, as her cavaliers. To all three in turn she was very nearly, if not officially, engaged. But she took a train to America and passed from their ken. Two or three of them were left weeping at the station and one of them down the ultimate length of the platform. No one thought she would

(Continued on page 110)

"THE fascinating Ethel Barrymore . . ."

"CLIFTON WEBB, the most graceful of revue performers, thought it good, but not quite good enough"

"NOEL COWARD had discussed me and decided that I had 'genius without talent'..."

'THE hundreds of beautiful girls were very sweet to me . . . the loveliest was Gladys Glad, the Queen of the Follies"

LEE SHUBERT had planned a long tour for us .. '

Spain — Russia: A Tragic Parallel

1931 *QUEEN ENA of Spain resting on the wayside en route to the railway station at Escorial on her departure from Spain*

1917 *THE late Tsar of Russia with his three daughters. A picture taken at Tsarskoe-Selo after his abdication and under guard*

"THE similarity between recent events in Spain and Russia having struck me, I have written an article entitled 'The Crown of Thorns' in which, speaking of the

"A first-hand bona fide account, hitherto unpublished, by an eye-witness of the events described"—*The Author*

MOTHER and child. The Tsaritsa with her only son, the Tsarevitch

The Crown of Thorns

THE Tsaritsa with her daughters, the Grand Duchess Olga and the Grand Duchess Tatiana, nursing wounded soldiers

THE Grand Duchess Tatiana with her brother, the Tsarevitch

EVENTS in Spain have developed with lightning rapidity. When the English-born queen returned to Madrid from her sick mother's bedside, at the end of February, she was met by the cheers of a seemingly loyally-minded population. Less than two months later the monarchy had fallen, the hot-blooded Southerns, working themselves up to a frenzy of republican feeling, paraded the new flag through the streets of Madrid and hastened to destroy King Alfonso's pictures and all the emblems of Royal Spain.

King Alfonso and his "Reina Sympatica" had to leave the palace at a few hours' notice, urged to do so by loyal adherents, in order to avoid a repetition of the Russian tragedy.

France was the first to welcome the Royal exiles—the Republic has not forgotten the chivalrous King's intercession for the Allies' wounded and prisoners during the great war.

After having shared the rousing welcome Paris gave to King Alfonso, Queen Victoria Eugénie has retired to Fontainebleau with her children to seek rest and quiet after the strain of the last weeks. The descendants of Louis XIV, living near the palace of the French kings, will be surrounded by memories of the former kingdom of France, of the last days of Napoleon's rule, and of the glory and fall of the Third Empire, about which the Queen must have heard much in her childhood from her godmother, the Empress Eugénie.

Fate, though it has robbed her of her throne, has been more merciful to this granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England than it has been to another granddaughter of the Queen's, Alexandra Feodorovna, the last Empress of Russia.

Queen Victoria Eugénie can rejoice in seeing her dear ones safe, and Monarchists in Spain

in Revolution . . .

Spanish Queen's departure from Madrid, I describe her cousin's (the Empress of Russia's) departure from Tsarskoe for Siberia in 1917"

THE late Tsaritsa with her four daughters, Maria, Olga, Anastasia, and Tatiana

MOTHER and daughters. The last picture of the Tsaritsa, taken at Tobolsk in 1918

By The Baroness Sophie Buxhœveden

"I was one of the Empress's three personal ladies in waiting—not one of the hundreds of honorary ladies—and was with her all through the Revolutionary period, being the only member of the household who is alive of the five who accompanied the Tsaritsa in her Siberian exile"

can still pin their hopes on their gallant King's possible return.

An unknown grave, a martyr's crown, haunting memories of the too-quickly forgotten tragedy of Ekaterinburg, that is the last chapter of the life of the ill-fated Empress of Russia. The last hours of the Spanish royal family in the Madrid palace, the outbreak of the revolutionary movement, have to my mind much in common with the events preceding the fall of the Russian Monarchy. As one of the few actual eye-witnesses of the events of 1917 in the palace at Tsarskoe Selo, I seem to hear an echo of thirteen years ago in reading the description of the Madrid happenings.

BETWEEN Queen Victoria Eugénie and her first cousin, the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, there is even a certain physical family likeness; both are tall, fair haired, fresh complexioned; both had that regal bearing which would never allow them to pass unnoticed anywhere. There is also a curious similarity in their fate. Both Princesses married into a country with a mentality totally different from that of their home. Both adopted another faith on their marriage, and in a short time completely identified themselves with their husbands' people. The Tsaritsa loved Russia passionately. Queen Victoria Eugénie is warmly attached to Spain. Even during her last stay in London, the Queen spurned the possibility of her chivalrous Spaniards ever repudiating their allegiance to the King as Russia had done to its Tsar.

[Continued on page 88]

Top:
THE most popular picture of the Tsar and his son

In Circle:
ALEXANDER KERENSKY, head of the Provisional Government, 1917

ALEXIS plays with the sheep at Tsarskoe Selo. A snapshot taken by the Tsar himself

SIMPLE SOULS

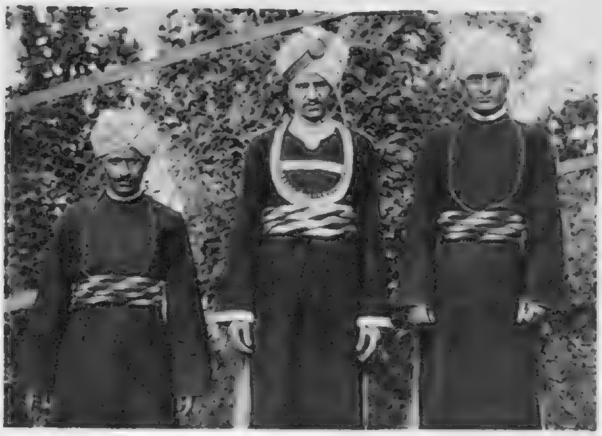
A KITMAGAR, or table-servant: a *koli* by caste who is proud of his blue blood

AN affluent confectioner and his trio of assistants

WHERE man and beast share the same house: a typical Himalayan villa

Left:

A SIMLA *ayah* (nurse). Note the nose-ring. These people put their savings into jewellery



Right:

MESSENGERS of the Imperial Secretariat who receive the small salary of a little over a pound a month

ALL nations of the earth may be of one blood; but so great has been the effects of climate, government, religion, and many other influences that to-day Man is a creature of many species. Such a fact might not be readily appreciated by one whose knowledge of his fellow-beings is confined to one or two countries where perhaps a single religion like Christianity, speaking generally, has given the people of those countries a definite and familiar national character. It would indeed be difficult for such a person to imagine the customs of a country where, on the one hand, women are kept in *purdah*, where a woman may not show her face to any man except her husband, where all matters of marriage relationship are of the strictest, where it is sinful for a son to kiss his mother; yet a country where, on the other hand, there is appalling laxity in such matters: worshippers at temples being provided with public women by the temple authorities; phallic worship and phallic dances being common practices. Such is India. Nevertheless, like the people of Nineveh, it might be said of them—the vast majority of the uneducated masses of India—"And should not I spare Nineveh . . . wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand?"

The vast majority of the people are so simple, so lacking in sense of judgment and discrimination, that the more wily are able to take advantage of their easy credulity and play upon their superstitions to an alarming degree. One need not go to a secluded district, where communications are lacking, to find the truth of these statements; ample evidence will be forthcoming in the most Westernised of India's towns—Simla, and the surrounding districts.

On one occasion I was returning home rather late one night. A rickshaw coolie suddenly appeared and, in a state of agitation, asked if he could walk along the road with me.

"What is the matter with you?" I naturally enquired.

"Forgive me, *sahib*," he said, "but, as you know, it is a long road to Simla, and in the dark places there lurk the Mumayii."

"Who may the Mumayii be?" I asked.

"They are the spirits of devils that lead men to places whence they never return. Once the spell of their evil eye falls on a man he becomes powerless to resist the devils, and must follow whithersoever they lead him. The unfortunate man who is thus overcome is first hung on a tree with his legs downwards. The Mumayii then pierce his head and extract from it a fluid which is the life and spirit of the man. From this is made a medicine called Mumayii. It is such a powerful tonic that

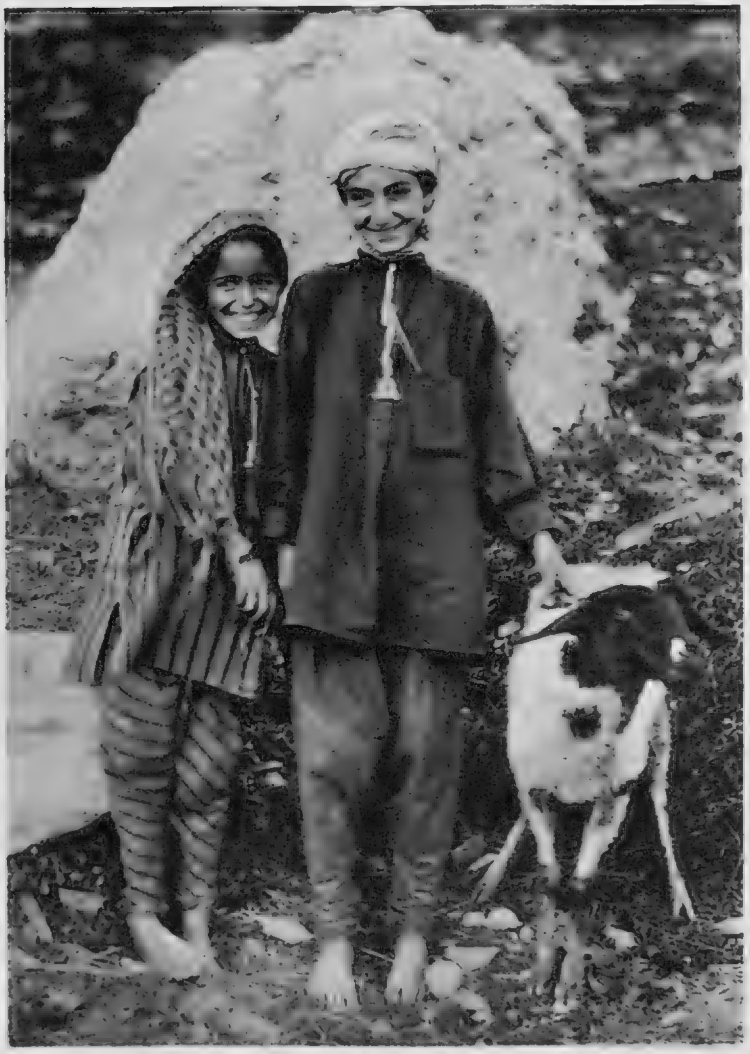
STRANGE lovers! One of the most useful animals in the forests of India, Burma, and Ceylon, and the pet of wealthy rajahs. The elephant has been aptly chosen for Delhi's coats of arms

# of SIMLA

How, in but one corner of India, Credulity, Superstition, Pride, and Caste present the strangest Contrasts and Complications

By Hugh A. Brinkworth

WOMEN will be women! The "Regent Street" of a small town of Bihar and Orissa



TYPICAL mountain girls of the Simla Hills

it can restore lost vitality and enables men to live well and long."

"I have never heard of the medicine; where may it be obtained?" I asked.

"It is sold by *Kabulis* [Afghans] at a great price, for it is exceedingly precious and difficult to obtain. Are they not big and strong men?"

Such is the way of the *Kabuli* with these poor ignorant folk!

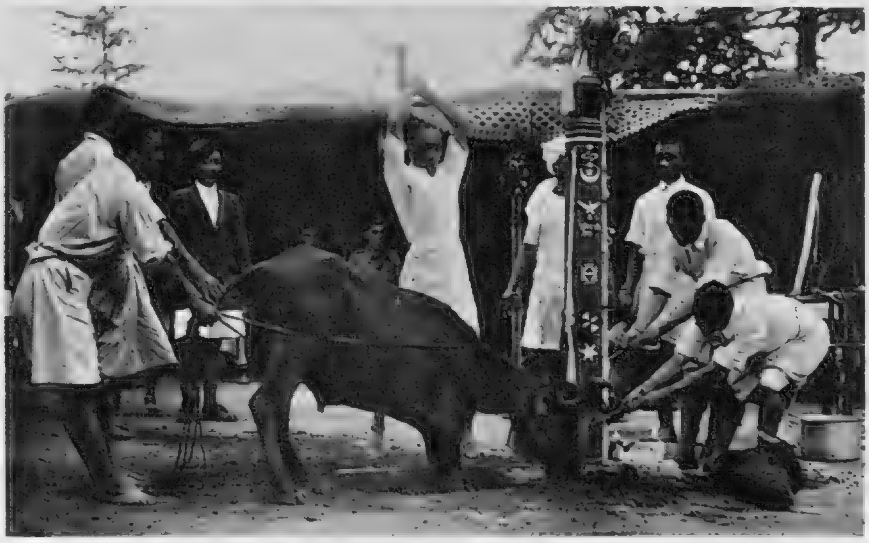
THE man was undoubtedly in a state of great fear. As we continued our journey, it gave me some degree of satisfaction to contemplate the sense of security that my presence afforded this man. But, strangely enough, as we turned a bend we heard a weird cry that might have been an infant in great pain. My companion, with a great shout of "Mumayii!", took to his heels and was off. In the next instant a panther flashed across the road with a monkey in its mouth and disappeared into the darkness of the forest. It was by no means a pleasant experience, and, much to my relief, a villager approached from the opposite direction at this moment. "What crossed the road?" I asked.

"That was only a *burra billi* [big cat]," came the cool reply.

This was all so typical of these people; brave men who will travel alone through the thickest of forests, fearing neither panther nor the great Himalayan red bear, that will kill for killing's sake, yet a people sadly stricken by superstitious fears. If it is whispered that a certain stream, road, or waterfall is haunted, nothing will induce them to go near it after sunset. There is little or no sectarian animosity among these simple hill-folk; one temple is as good as another to them, and frequently one will find images of several gods in the one temple.

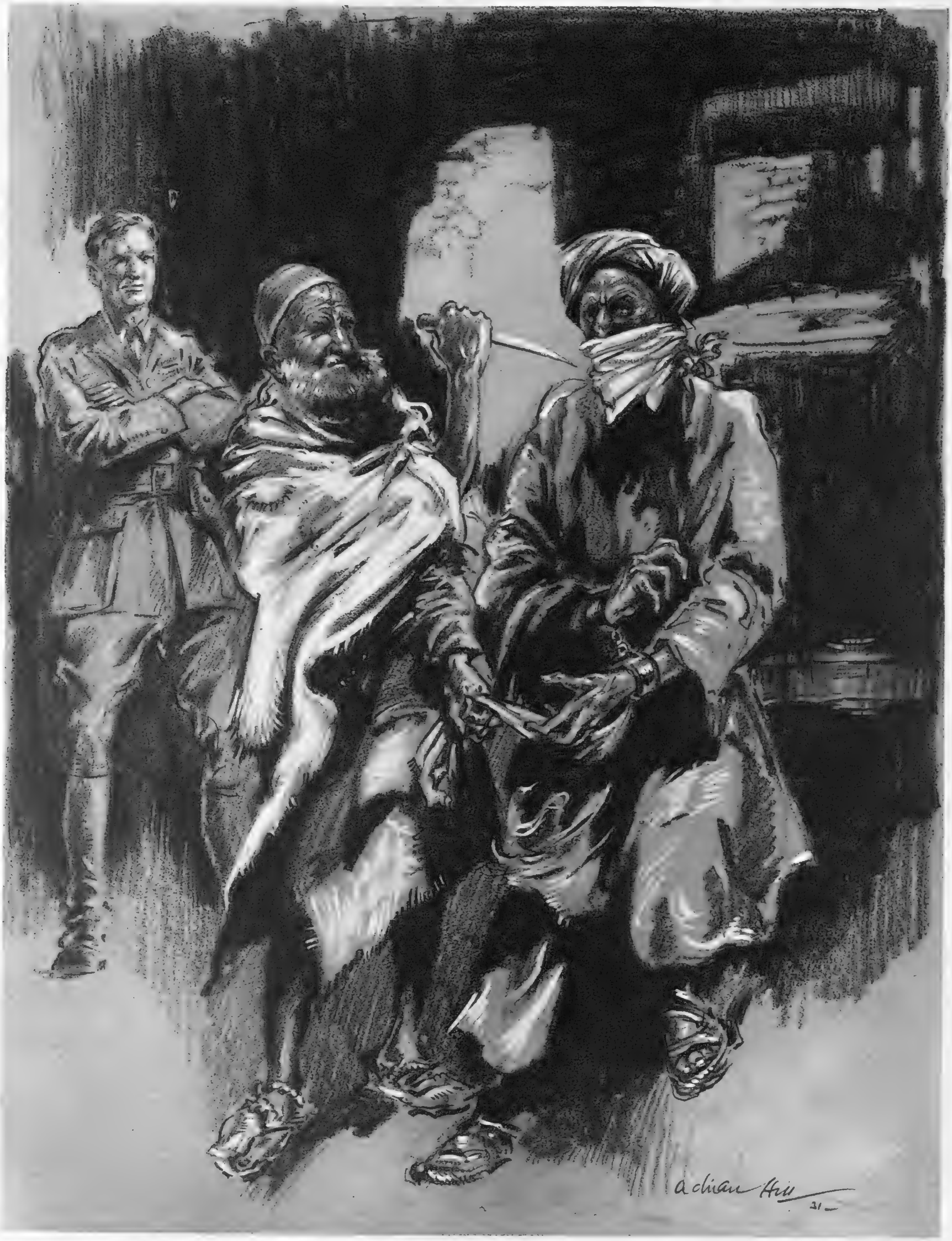
Animistic and demonistic beliefs are common; the peasant worshipping his plough or the soldier his weapons of war. Frequently, when misfortune befalls a man, it will be attributed to a devil living in a certain tree. The victim endeavours to propitiate the devil by sometimes raising a pile of stones near by—which, incidentally, are mistaken for boundary pillars—and here he will make offerings. Sometimes, if a person has been injured by anybody, he will go secretly to a temple and, drawing blood from his body, offer it to the image in the temple and ask for the man who has injured him to be punished. Sometimes he will offer a sacrifice of something more valuable to the temple

(*Continued on page 91*)



The annual buffalo sacrifice by Gurkhas at Simla

The Story of a Young Man who Dreamed of Glory

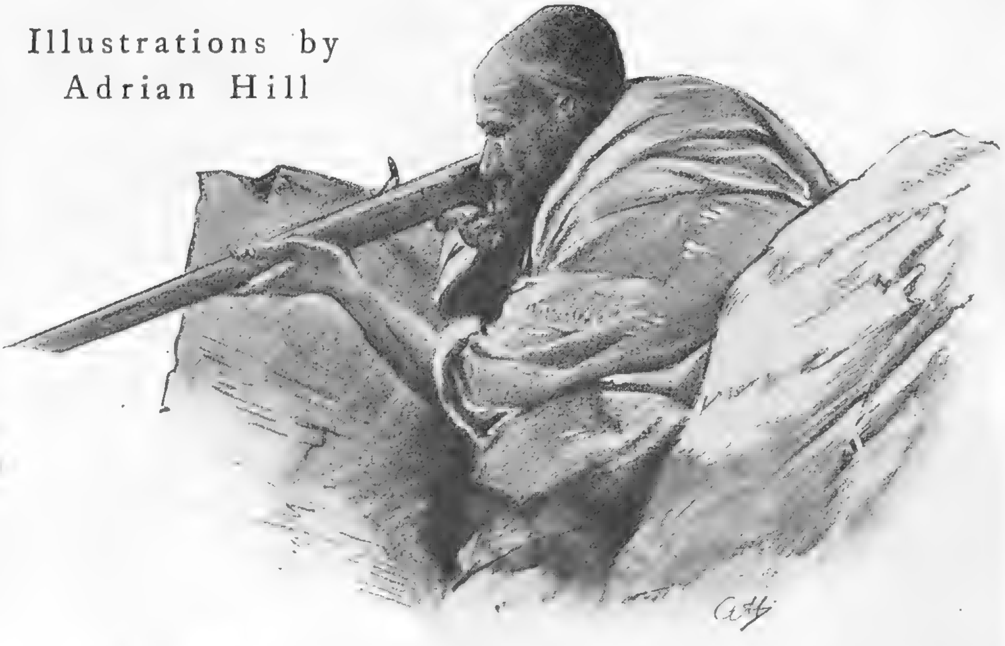


THE boy shrugged insolently and made a muffled grunting. His father said shrilly, "Thinkest thou I am some puling schoolmaster of Quetta?" He jerked the cloth. "March!" Again that shrug, whereupon Shergul Mohammed whipped out a knife and drove it ruthlessly into his son's shoulder

And of an Old Man who made the Dream come true

Life for a Life

Illustrations by
Adrian Hill



“I *will* Re-pay” . . . An *Adventure* of *the* Indian *Frontier*

By Allan Swinton

AT their furious pace, the ruggedness of the ground made it impossible to keep the rissalah together. It was every man by his own line, through the brown and naked mountains, three hours gallop hell-bent for the mouth of Jangore Gut, in the forlorn hope that they might be in time to intercept the ghazi as he rode north.

The horses slithered down shaly slopes, wound clattering among the boulders of dry watercourses and galloped headlong wherever there was open ground. Sparks flew from shod hoofs and billows of dust marked their progress, through which lance points and scabbards glittered in the pitiless sun.

When at last they swept round the final bend, five in a compact knot were far in the lead: Maxwell, *troop leader*, his trumpeter, Jamadar Amar Khan and two *sowars*. They came to a plunging stop by Maxwell, as he pulled up where abruptly the Gut broke into Kalkah valley, stretching brown, grey and olive green, empty and still to purple-misted distance. It was a vast and aching, barren plain, hemmed in by rugged slopes, which as they heightened grew more steep, to end in jagged crags, brown and grim against the turquoise.

The horses stood with steaming heaving flanks, heads low, foam dripping from their nozzles, and the smeared and sweat-streaked dust made grotesque masks for their riders' faces. Maxwell wiped grit from his eyes and stared intently down the valley, that quivered shimmering in the brazen glare.

Pushed forward in the theatre of war, gathering on the border, to an old fort twenty miles into the mountains, Maxwell had heard a rumour that the Garuli mullah, firebrand and admitted source of all the trouble, was riding from Kohan to Garuli, and had at once realised that here was a golden chance to intercept and capture him, if the rugged Jangore Gut could be traversed fast enough. Maxwell was a man who dreamed of glory, and ten minutes after the thought was born he and his fifty sowars had thundered out of their fort and into Jangore Gut as if it were a polo field.

Now he turned to Amar Khan, “What do you think, Jamadar? Is it possible we can be in time?”

“That I know not, sahib. But I can swear Timur himself never passed this Gut faster.”

If he did, he could ride, Maxwell assured himself. Well, no more to be done but collect his command, post them strategically and wait and see. He signalled the others, dismounted and looked to his sweat-drenched horse, which snorted and nozzled him with undiminished spirit. The rest did likewise, growling to each other in their beards. They were tall, hook-nosed, hawk-eyed men, awkward afoot but graceful in the saddle, their lances swaying slim and venomous above them and their spurs clinking among the rocks. High in the immaculate blue above, two kites wheeled, wailing forlornly. The air was parching in the nostrils, and odorous of sun-baked earth and the aromatic pollen of the sage-green thorn.

Suddenly the head of every horse jerked up, ears pricked, staring down valley, and a half-mile away loped into view some twenty horsemen, Kurram Valley mountaineers in flowing white, and at their head a man on a grey horse, wearing the green robes of a prophet of Islam.

MAXWELL cursed with profound exasperation. Always ambition had burned in him, like a quenchless flame. He had met opportunity, golden and glorious, such as might not recur again in twenty years, had seized it and ridden, to bring it now within his very grasp. And he was to lose it all, because most of his men could not ride as hard and fast as he and these firebrands. There was no sign of the rest of his command. And the opportunity was fleeting. Ten minutes would see it gone for ever and himself back chafing in the harness of eternal garrison duty.

To young Hugh Maxwell there was but one course open. Yelling to the others, “Mount,” he swung into the saddle. “Jamadar, we shall engage and try to hold them till the rest come up. Gallop!”

Wheeling his horse, he spurred headlong down the stony slope to intercept the quarry. He was five weary men against twenty fresh ones, fierce Afghan swordsmen, tempered to and loving war. But he gave no thought to odds. He set his eyes on the man in green and rode for him, his party in a compact line close behind him, Amar Khan feeling for his sword and the rest unslinging lances.

The enemy, who at first sight of the well-known uniform had burst into a fleeing gallop, now realising that they were so rashly attacked by a mere five, wheeled with threatening bass shouts and charged. The sun glittered evilly on the long Khyber knives they drew.

Hoofs rattled among the stones and dust rolled up in choking billows. Sweat poured down Maxwell's face and the dust and reek of his lathered horse stung his nostrils. As he reached for his sword he glanced back at the others, his dark, lean face twisted in a peculiar grim smile. All four of them grinned back. Then his blade swept out, he jammed in the spurs and rushed down on his destiny. The crowd of fierce, bearded faces, flickering steel, wild manes and rolling equine eyes thundered to meet him, yelling the age-old war-cry, "Allah! Allah!" He rode straight for the man in green, and as the two parties crashed together with yells and the shatter of engaging blades, drove his horse into the mullah's grey, flung his arms round the man and rolled with him from the saddle down among the struggling thrown horses, stones, thorn and frantic hoofs. The fellow fought like a tiger. But Maxwell was strong with youth and the lust of glory; he had him in the full embrace of both his arms and he hung on like death itself. A horse stood on Maxwell's leg, causing excruciating pain; a shod hoof pounded down viciously, barely missing his neck. Blood from the beast's wounded rider fell, sticky and warm, upon his face. Then a maddened horse kicked the mullah's head and the body went limp in his arms. He heaved him under the projecting side of a boulder, snatched up a long Afghan knife and lunged up at a man who had just cut down the trumpeter. As the man pitched sideways from the saddle, the noise of battle soared up on a mighty chorus, the fight redoubled, paused, then swept over and away from him like an ebbing tide, a hundred horses where before there had been twenty-five, fifteen or so surviving enemy driven headlong up the valley by his triumphant sowars, who had arrived in the very nick of time.

MAXWELL stood, a lithe, dishevelled, truculent figure, gasping but exultant, knife in hand, among a welter of battle debris; three dead enemy, one with a lance through him; the trumpeter, sprawling and still, and Amar Khan swaying and choking on his knees with blood pouring from his neck. He leaped to the body of the man in green, who lay quite still in the lee of the boulder. As he rolled him over, the voice of Ressaldar Ghulam Hyder said, "I thought it best to rally the rissalah before rounding the last bend, sahib."

"You did well, Ressaldar. See, we have accomplished what we hoped to do."

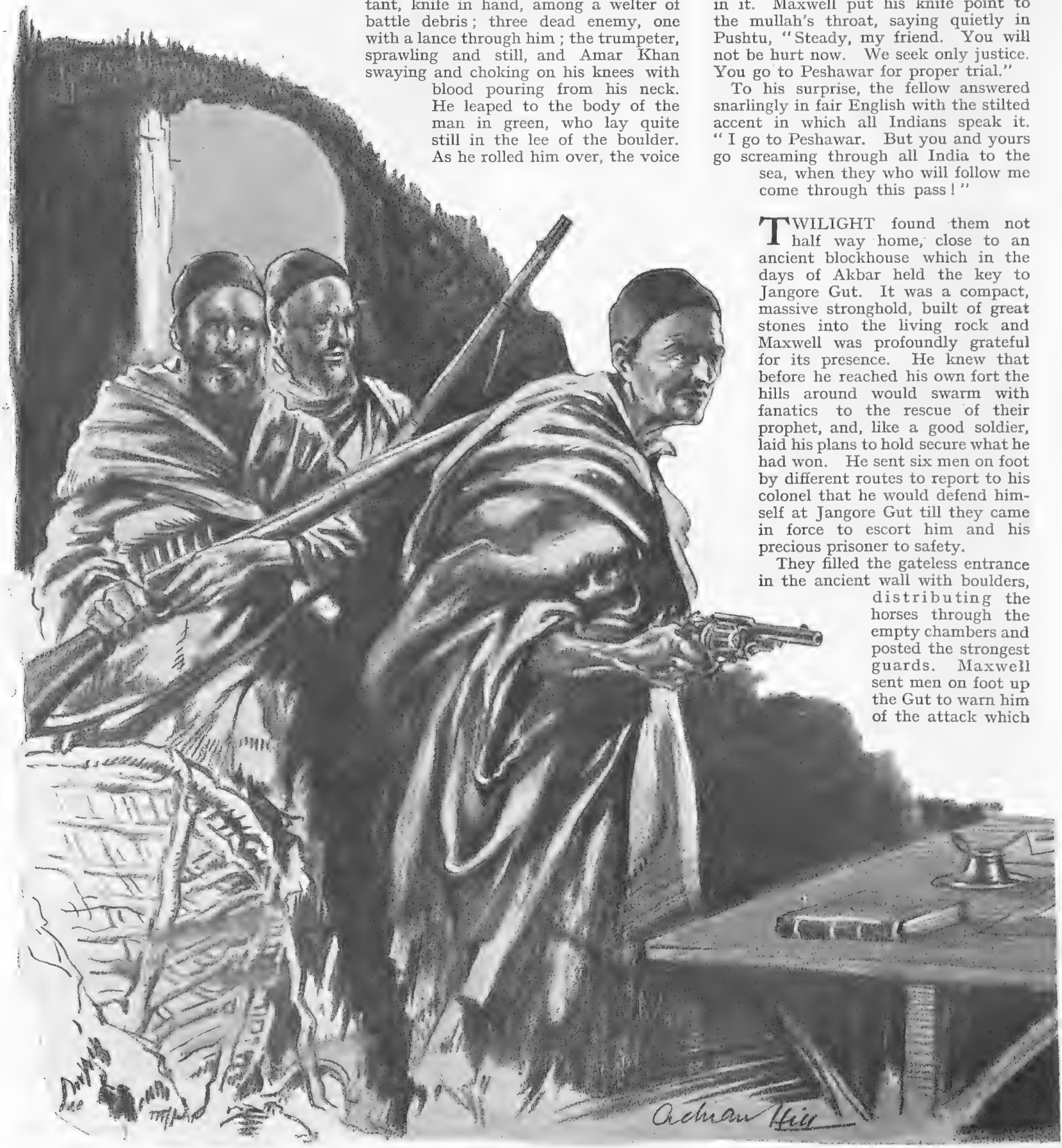
"Is that indeed he—a stripling without years on his head?"

In truth, the green-robed man was very young, a lanky Pathan youth with a fluff of jetty beard on a saddle-coloured face. His eyes opened and he moved and sat up, his long hooked nose and piercing eyes giving a strange resemblance to a fledgling bird of prey. His gaze flickered to and fro like lightning and then it focused on the form of Maxwell—knife and hand, helmetless and flushed with victory—and hate and fear were born in it. Maxwell put his knife point to the mullah's throat, saying quietly in Pushtu, "Steady, my friend. You will not be hurt now. We seek only justice. You go to Peshawar for proper trial."

To his surprise, the fellow answered snarlingly in fair English with the stilted accent in which all Indians speak it. "I go to Peshawar. But you and yours go screaming through all India to the sea, when they who will follow me come through this pass!"

TWILIGHT found them not half way home, close to an ancient blockhouse which in the days of Akbar held the key to Jangore Gut. It was a compact, massive stronghold, built of great stones into the living rock and Maxwell was profoundly grateful for its presence. He knew that before he reached his own fort the hills around would swarm with fanatics to the rescue of their prophet, and, like a good soldier, laid his plans to hold secure what he had won. He sent six men on foot by different routes to report to his colonel that he would defend himself at Jangore Gut till they came in force to escort him and his precious prisoner to safety.

They filled the gateless entrance in the ancient wall with boulders, distributing the horses through the empty chambers and posted the strongest guards. Maxwell sent men on foot up the Gut to warn him of the attack which



would surely come. When all was done, dog-weary but well content, while the moon got up, the lancers squatted round smoking thorn-wood fires and supped frugally on their iron rations.

His meal over, Maxwell made the round of his guards, stood ten minutes contemplating the terrific stretch of mountains, then went below to a chamber, rolled in his saddle blanket, and stretched himself on the stone floor with a sense of luxury no spring bed and scented linen could have given. Above him, through the shattered roof, stars jewelled purple velvet. He was ravished with a sense of exultation and of work well done. The day had begun of which all his life he had dreamed ; and greater than anything else his father would be proud of him. His last thoughts as he fell asleep were of the drowsy old Cornish manor which was his home, his parents and his sisters and his brothers. He could almost smell the roses and the lavender, and hear the bees drone and the cawing of the rooks. His memories of these dear, familiar sights and odours filtered through the *yip yip* of distant jackals in the aching hills, the clack of weary hoofs and the long snaffle of the restless chargers.

He awakened violently to the sound of shots, clatter and snort of startled horses and the deep shouts of his men. Rolling out of his blankets and to his feet in one convulsive movement, he grabbed a pistol and dashed into the stone court, eerie and echoing with the bass of sleepy *sowars* handling naked swords that flickered in the moonlight, and questing like eager hounds for the source of trouble.

Ghulam Hyder, sombre and huge, with eye-whites gleaming and his blade like a sceptre in the crook of his arm, stalked from the shadows, shepherding two men of the guard and another.

" Sahib. The sentries caught this man right under our walls."

From the prisoner a cracked, indignant voice exclaimed, " Huzoor, I come openly and unafraid, seeking audience with you. These beardless whelps of *sowars* see foes in every shadow."

" And who are you to criticise the finest cavalry in India ? "

" Not the finest, heaven born. Did they ever beat the *Murmir* Horse at *anything ?* "

" Who are you ? What do you know of the Murmir Horse ? "

Someone now brought a lantern, showing the prisoner to be an ancient Pathan, shrivelled and bent, his jutting eagle nose and his only eye glittering from a mass of snowy beard.

" You are Maxwell sahib, son of the great Maxwell sahib, the Murmir Horse."

" What is that to you ? "

" That is for thine ears alone, huzoor. Let us go within."

Ghulam Hyder protested urgently, " My Lord, go not alone into a room with any shock-headed hillman ! "

" He is old. Search him, though," Maxwell said.

A keen search found the old man quite unarmed. " Bring him in," Maxwell ordered. " Leave the light and go ! "

The old man moved with a painful limp.

To the sound of the ressaldar's reluctantly retreating footsteps, Maxwell said, " Now what, old man ? "

" Huzoor. I am Ressaldar-Major Sher Gul Mohammed of the Murmir Horse."

Maxwell peered, startled and perplexed, into the one black eye meeting his with an uncanny effect among the silver hair. His father had been colonel of the Murmir Horse.

" This medal will speak for me, Huzoor. I won it at Maiwand, the day I lost mine eye." He held out a bronze cross and a bit of faded maroon ribbon. The cross was engraved " *Ressaldar-Major Sher Gul Mohammed. The Murmir Horse. For Valour.*" The Victoria Cross, highest award for bravery in the gift of the King. Then Maxwell remembered. Sher Gul Mohammed the Euzufzai, who at Maiwand had charged alone into the Afghan horde to bring out his colonel, left for dead, and had lost an eye and spoiled a leg in saving Maxwell's father from a grisly death by torture at the hands of Afghan crones.

There was a lump in his throat as it came to him how much he owed this wizened hillman. He said, " Sher Gul Mohammed, I have been grateful to you all my life. I am honoured in your presence. My father will be glad indeed to know that we have met."

" Is he well, huzoor, my Maxwell sahib ? "

" He is well, Ressaldar-Major. Thanks to you, he lives happily at our home in England. And always when old friends from India eat our bread, he speaks of Sher Gul Mohammed."

" That I know well, sahib. Thirty years I rode at his shoulder, through battle, hunger, thirst and pestilence, and there grew up between us that which neither time nor sea nor death can kill. And, when we depart this life, I am assured that we shall ride together once again in some new world."

Maxwell said, quietly, " And how come you here, thus alone to this fort in the night ? "

The old man seemed to falter. His whole presence lost its air of arrogance and pride, and his gaze met Maxwell's with a look, half pleading, half defiant. " Sahib, woe and shame is mine, but I have heard that to-day you took prisoner my only son, last of my house."

" No, Ressaldar-Major. I took one man only, the Garuli mullah, who has been fomenting war. He shot the colonel of the Uzbeg Rifles from ambush with his own hand."

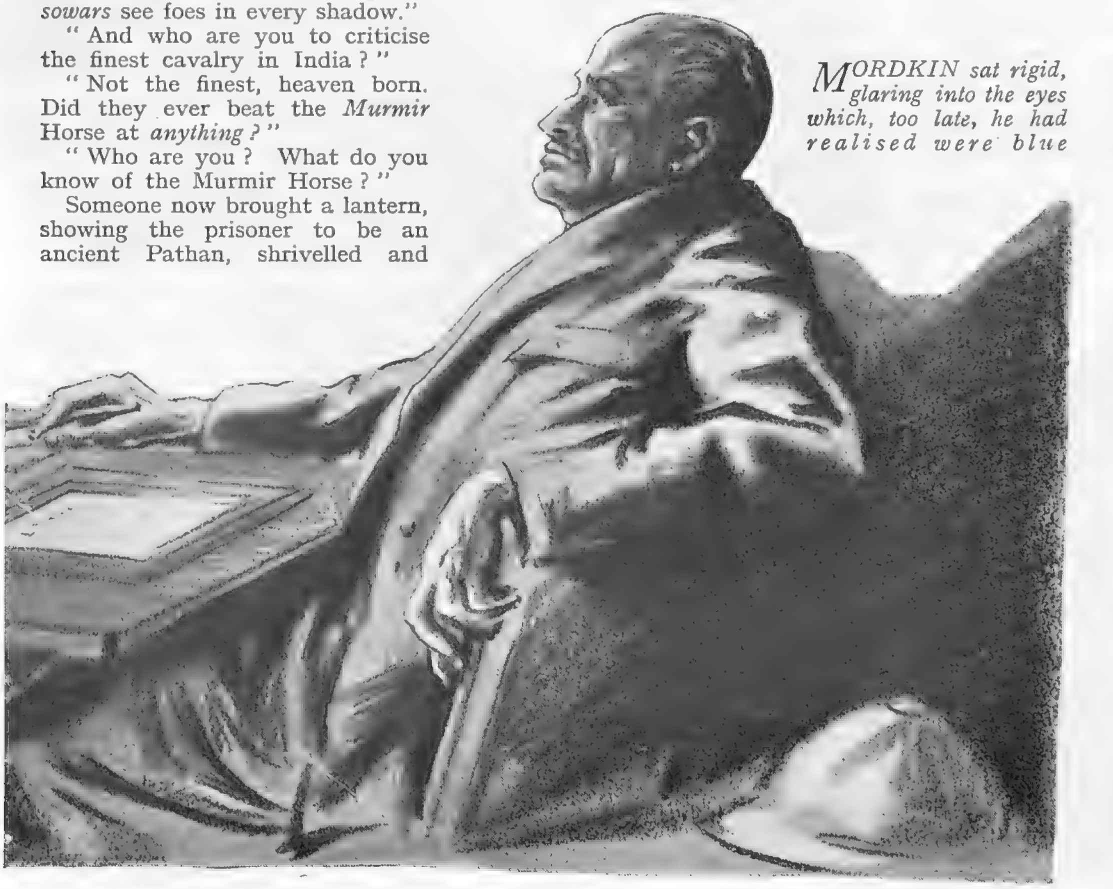
" Dust in my mouth and shame on my soul, it is my son. Cursed be the day I let them send him to the school at Quetta to learn English. I dreamed he might be Ressaldar-Major after that. But he talked to dogs of babus and his blood turned white, and then he went north to Turkestan, where he learned lies and madness."

The old man's words left Maxwell speechless, and Sher Gul Mohammed went on with pathetic urgency. " But he is a boy only, huzoor, puffed up and ignorant and thoughtless. These two years I have been trying to lay hands on him, not having seen him since he went to Quetta. But the dogs would not let me enter Garuli. He is the last of all my house; the great war, plague and vendetta took the rest. Give him to me and I will lock him up and beat him well. I will remind him what it is to be heir of the house of Gul Mohammed, and he will forget the hot air learned of *babus.*"

" Ressaldar-Major, how can I do this thing. He is the life of the unrest, that assuredly will end in war from Kabul to Peshawar. Already troops are gathering from India. With him out of the way, the *djehad* will lose heart and fade. If it keeps on, thousands will die before it is put down."

Sher Gul Mohammed shook his head in deprecation. " Nay, sahib. Is the sirkar so easily deceived. This boy of mine is but a catspaw. It is not he who spread fire from Garuli but a big man of Turkestan with yellow hair, an envoy of the great new power of Soffit, which all know has risen far to the north, hating the English and all men, and working always for war. This man is wise and subtle, knowing that there is no war-cry in these hills like that of Islam. So he speaks always of the ninth chapter of the Koran, ' And when the sacred months are past, kill those who join other gods

(*Continued on page 96*)



MORDKIN sat rigid, glaring into the eyes which, too late, he had realised were blue

Behind the Scenes in the Record

By Van Phillips

MAKING records on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre during the run of "The Desert Song." Standing before the microphone are Edith Day and Harry Welchman, with Hermann Finck conducting

IN recent years the gramophone has become such a familiar part of our lives that we no longer marvel at its faithful reproduction of music and speech. Records of infinite variety are so easily obtainable at so many shops that we have come to accept them as commonplace—like bread or matches.

The entrance of gramophone records into the field of big business (over a hundred million are sold in England annually) has served to blind us to the miracle of recording. We forget that each of the little round discs is a living representation of a singer or player, which would have been incredible to our grandfathers.

But in the studios where the actual recording is done—where is a question of engraving on wax for all time the personality of an artist or the soul of a mighty orchestra—there one finds a romance, a fascination, a drama surely unequalled in any other big business of to-day.

In the recording rooms of the larger companies there are three or four separate studios, in all of which recording of different kinds may be going on simultaneously. Each company has the exclusive use of one or more concert halls, for the recording of large orchestral or choral works.

The working day is made up of two sessions of three hours: from 10 to 1 in the morning and from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. Thus the privileged visitor might have the opportunity of seeing in one day half a dozen famous artists under the most informal and interesting working conditions. Three or four minutes of the highest possible nervous tension in the studio, during the making of a "master"; then the buzzer sounds, the artist relaxes and hurries to the little recording room to learn whether or not the wax will pass the expert eye of the recording operator.

SHALL we make a tour of one or two of the larger recording studios? I am sure you will be interested in coming behind the scenes with me. Let us begin with the Columbia Studios in Westminster.

Here we are at the front door in Petty France. It seems to be an ordinary office building until we step inside and hear strangely disordered and intermingled sounds of music coming from above. Wrapped in our magic cloaks (for we must be either invisible or Very Great Persons to be allowed to see what we want to see) we slip past the doorkeeper up the stairs to the first studio.

A red light is glowing over the door. Beneath it is a sign reading:

Silence. Recording in progress.
Do not enter while light is on.

We wait a moment until the light goes out, and then enter through two sets of heavy swinging doors.

We are in a room about the size of a large living room, but strangely empty. The only furniture is a grand piano, the microphone standing near it on a pedestal, and eight or ten chairs ranged along the sides of the room. Those long grey hangings, stretching from ceiling to floor against the walls, are called "damping," and may be drawn to give more or less "room tone" as desired.

There are only three people in the studio besides ourselves. Already you will have recognised the two artists who have just finished singing—the fine baritone voice of Layton and the distinguished white-haired presence of Johnstone need no introduction to most of us.

LAYTON AND JOHNSTONE, American songsters and prime favourites among record buyers. Their royalties, growing with their popularity over many years, now bring them in a small fortune annually

The third man, holding open the door of the little recording room on the far side of the studio, is the studio manager. What is he saying?

"Sorry—we'll have to have one more of that. Chipped wax." This means that a flaw has been found in the surface of the wax after recording, although it could not be seen before. It is useless to send it to the factory for production purposes, however good the performance of the artists may have been.

"Well, can you beat that? The best one this morning, too!" replies Johnstone.

"Let's hear it, anyway," says Layton. "The playback might give us some ideas."

They all go into the recording room, and we follow. It is small, crowded on all sides from floor to ceiling with elaborate electrical apparatus and a maze of connecting wires, baffling to the eye of the layman.

The recording operator, looking like a surgeon in his white apron, is shaking his head mournfully over a large disc of what seems to be yellow toffee. It is larger in circumference than a record and about an inch and a half in thickness, but from the minute circular grooves cut in its surface we realise that this is the "wax" on which Layton's and Johnstone's singing has just been recorded.

"There's the chip—see?" he says, pointing out an almost invisible pin-point in the wax. Then, irreverently jabbing two small holes in the grooved surface, he says, "That last note was a little too heavy, Mr. Johnstone—the high one; and the piano was a bit too loud in your solo, Mr. Layton."

He can tell simply by looking at the grooves whether there are any dangerous places—that is, whether there are places which will "blast" in playing the finished record. A recording operator of long experience can even distinguish between various

MAKING a gramophone record—over a hundred million are sold in England every year—isn't as simple as buying one. This personally conducted tour behind the scenes shows the human and romantic side of a fascinating industry

ing Studio

MORAN AND MACK, whose records, "The Two Black Crows," have had a tremendous sale

SIXTEEN years ago: Vi Lorraine, Harry Tate, and Morris Harvey singing songs from "Business as Usual" into the old-fashioned horn

kinds of music—piano, orchestral, vocal, etc.—by the appearance of the grooves.

But now he places the wax on a turntable at one side, swings into position an electrical pick-up and we hear the first sounds of a record completed only two minutes before!

Half-way through the record a loud knocking is heard as the needle passes over the first of the small holes made by the recording operator. You are puzzled, but Layton and Johnstone look at each other significantly, realising that this is the part where the piano was too loud. When it happens again, just at the close of the record, as the *tempo* retards and the two voices sustain a high major third, Johnstone laughs ruefully and says, "Gee, I'm glad it broke down. That last note of mine wasn't so good."

AS we climb the stairs to the next floor, wondering what we shall find in the large studio, a fine, solid fanfare of brass comes to greet us. The danger light is not glowing here. We realise that this must be a rehearsal and push our way through the now familiar double swinging doors.

This room is twice as large as the one we have just left, and considerably higher. Sitting in a semi-circle, with their backs to us, are fifteen young men intent upon their instruments and the music before them. Standing by the microphone in their midst, and facing us, is the broad-shouldered, well-dressed figure of a man whom you may not know by sight, but whose name is a household word throughout the British Isles and the Continent—Jack Payne. And this is his dance orchestra, which so splendidly fulfils its function at the B.B.C.

The band is in the midst of a swinging, rhythmic fox-trot when Jack suddenly claps his hands. The music stops short and he says, "There's a wrong note in that bar—the sixteenth from the beginning of this chorus. I think it was the second or third saxophone."

You look at me in astonishment. You heard nothing wrong? Quite—but the fact that Jack could, and did, is one of the reasons for his success.

They try the passage again, correct the wrong note, and go on. Again Jack claps his hands and, turning to the recording operator who is watching through a little window in the wall of the recording room, says, "Ready for a test, please."

Ah, good! We have arrived just as the band is making the first test, and will be able to hear the playback and watch Jack checking any mistakes in playing. A buzzer sounds—one long ("Ready?"), two short ("Get set"), and then a red light flashes ("Go!")—and Jack starts the band.

We recognise the opening bars. It is the fanfare we heard coming upstairs. A full ensemble chorus follows, with Jack drawing out a precision and unity of performance which might well be envied by many a conductor of our large symphony orchestras. Then comes a modulation, and you look at me in surprise as one of the trumpet-players hurries from his seat at the back of the band up to the microphone, where he arrives just in time to take up the solo part in the second chorus. You ask me why he is blowing directly into the microphone at a distance of only three or four inches. I whisper in reply that he is using a special mute which chokes back the tone, so that he must be much nearer the microphone than the others to secure the proper balance. He knows that at that close range a difference of an inch or two could make or spoil the effect desired. We cannot hear him playing from where we are, but we shall hear the result on the playback soon.

While we have been talking, the music has been progressing, and we look up to find Jack with his back to us, apparently singing into the microphone, although we hear no sound (*Continued on p.* 94)

DON BRADMAN playing a piano solo for the reverse of his cricket record "How It's Done"

The £

Some Surprising Facts and Figures

If you were to tell a Socialistic economist that at least £75,000,000 of the wealth of this country was annually distributed and circulated by sports and pastimes, a large proportion by those sports which are æsthetically termed "Blood Sports," he would hold up his hands in horror. It is a large sum, a sum far larger than the annual revenue of certain Balkan kingdoms. Yet in this country, where our national income and expenditure transcend the monetary dreams of even the most Crœsarian empire, even £75,000,000 a year is not lightly to be disregarded.

And if one is asked to give some sort of structural basis for this Napoleonic financial gesture, I would reply with the following table of approximate figures which, examine it as closely as one may, is not far short of the truth. In fine, the sports and games of Great Britain are responsible for distributing annual sums of money at the following rates :—

Racing	£40,000,000
Hunting	15,000,000
Shooting .. .. *Partridge only*	3,685,000
Golf	7,000,000
Bloodstock Breeding	1,500,000
Fishing	1,500,000
Dog Breeding ..	250,000
Coursing	50,000
Cricket and Football	5,000,000
	£73,985,000

The extra million and a bit needed to attain the comfortably round total of £75,000,000 can be easily allotted by any ingenious statistician to such pursuits as falconry, stoolball, knurr and spell, whippet racing, rat-catching and other like corner-stones of our national fabric.

This total, formidable as it may seem, is easily understandable when one bears in mind the enormous sums of money invested in sporting enterprises in this country, and the great proportion of its inhabitants who are interested in one way or another in various sports and games.

When I use the word "sport," I do not forget that there is a wide gulf fixed between a sport and a pastime. The late Alfred E. T. Watson, editor of that excellent series of books, "The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes," whose like has never been equalled, was at great pains to discriminate between sports and pastimes. I cannot remember that he arrived at any exact line of demarcation, but from my own point of view, which is, I think, a fairly general one, I should be inclined to say that a sport is a pursuit in which one risks actual bodily danger—whereas in a pastime one may indulge in a healthy game, but the chance of personal injury is infinitesimal as compared with that in a sport.

This, of course, is dangerous ground on which to argue, for it may be at once said that, whereas in hunting, steeplechasing, or race riding, there is a definite chance of breaking one's neck, or another and lesser limb, the same cannot be said of shooting, fishing or coursing.

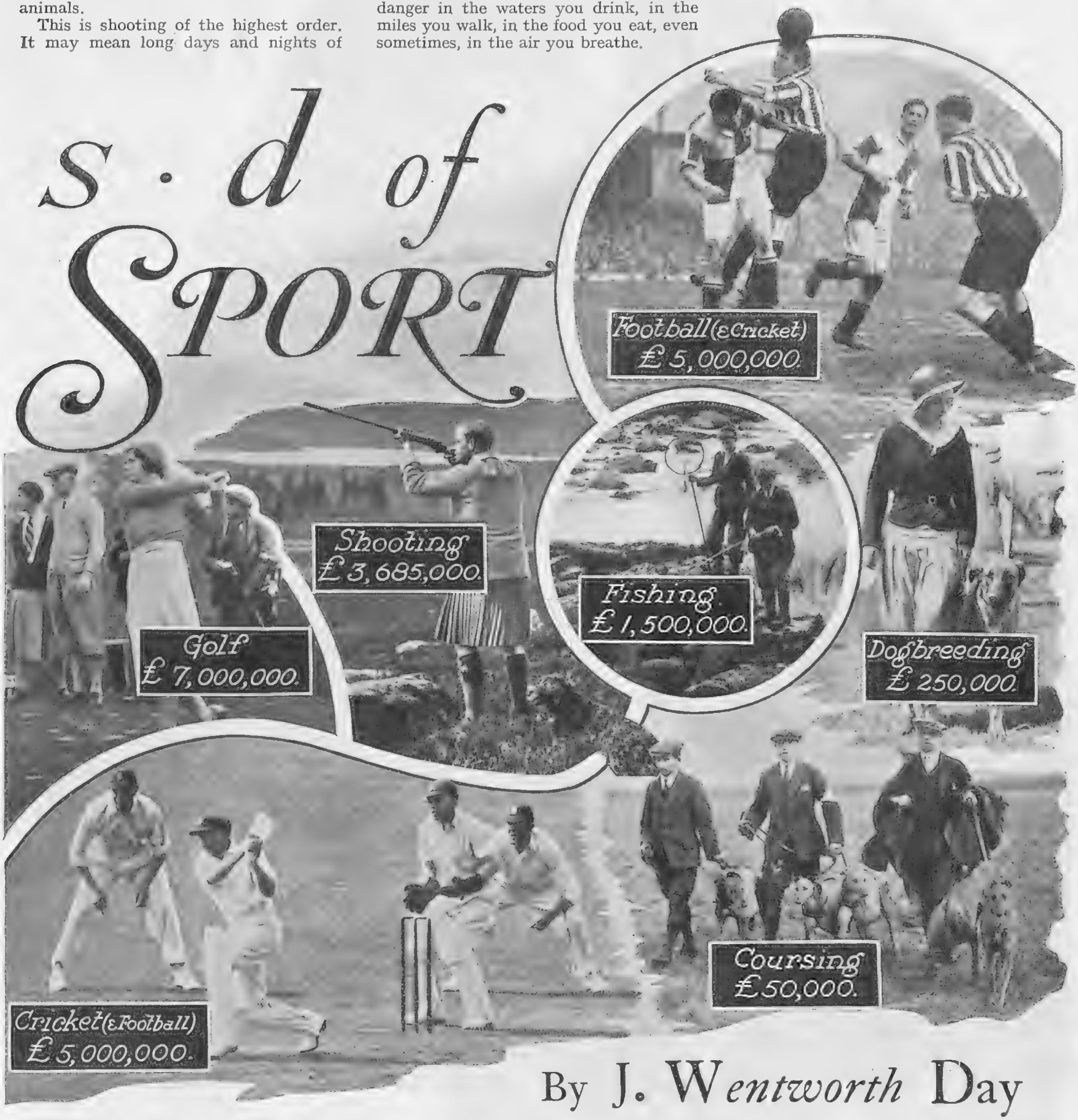
Yet one must include the latter three in any category of sports as distinct from pastimes. Admittedly, there is little chance of personal injury in a pheasant or partridge shoot—unless of course you shoot with one of those stockbroking marksmen who are safest when round a corner—but it must be remembered that shooting is a wide term. It means not only the tame, uneventful and somewhat

Hunting
£15,000,000

Bloodstock Breeding
£1,500,000

Racing
£40,000,000

s · d of SPORT


Football (& Cricket)
£ 5,000,000.
Shooting
£ 3,685,000.
Fishing.
£ 1,500,000.
Golf
£ 7,000,000.
Dogbreeding
£ 250,000.
Coursing
£ 50,000.
Cricket (& Football)
£ 5,000,000.

By J. Wentworth Day

uninspiring shooting of the English pheasant or partridge, but also the slaying of such quarry as the African lion, the Indian tiger, the bush-buffalo of Africa, the rhino, the hippo, the eland, the grizzly-bear, the strange sheep of farther India and China—such other-worldly beasts as the gaur, the goorhal, the Ovis Poli, the Ovis Ammon, the Golden Takin, the Serow and a hundred other equally odd animals.

This is shooting of the highest order. It may mean long days and nights of trekking and camping under the hottest of African suns, in the coldest of Himalayan snows, in the farthest of far Canadian woods, long trails across the Tundras of Labrador, the Steppes of Kirghistan, the plateaux of Mongolia and Tibet. It may even mean, for the more adventurous of us, journeyings to that grim barrier of mountains which rise like walls of hell beyond the lonely beaches of the Sea of Okhotsk, the mountain valleys of Kamskatka, the river ravines of the Indus, where Alexander trod centuries ago.

This is shooting of a different sort. It combines all that a man may ask. Here you have all the danger of the explorer, all the risks of the soldier, all the terrors of disease, the fears of banditry, and the lurking menace of tribal raids.

Danger may come from the hills, even as danger lurks in the plains. There is danger in the waters you drink, in the miles you walk, in the food you eat, even sometimes, in the air you breathe.

So, then, we include shooting in its broader sense, in the sphere of dangerous sports. And the same with fishing. There are all sorts of fishing. True, you may watch a float by a sluggish Midland stream, but equally you may fight a salmon in the foaming fosse pool of a Norwegian river, where one false step means that you are swept to death; you may hook a ninety pound Nile perch, or fight a mahseer in an Indian river; there are tarpon off the Florida coast who will tow your boat for miles and tunny in the North Sea who will fight you for half a day—all these are the hazards of fishing. Surely they are greater than the hazards of cricket? So I think that fishing sits aloft among the sports.

As for coursing, one cannot pretend that the chances of personal danger are as great as in the two previous sports. It is said, on credible authority, that a news editor of a past generation once remarked to a budding journalist—"If a dog bites a man there is no news in it—but if a man bites a dog, that's a great story."

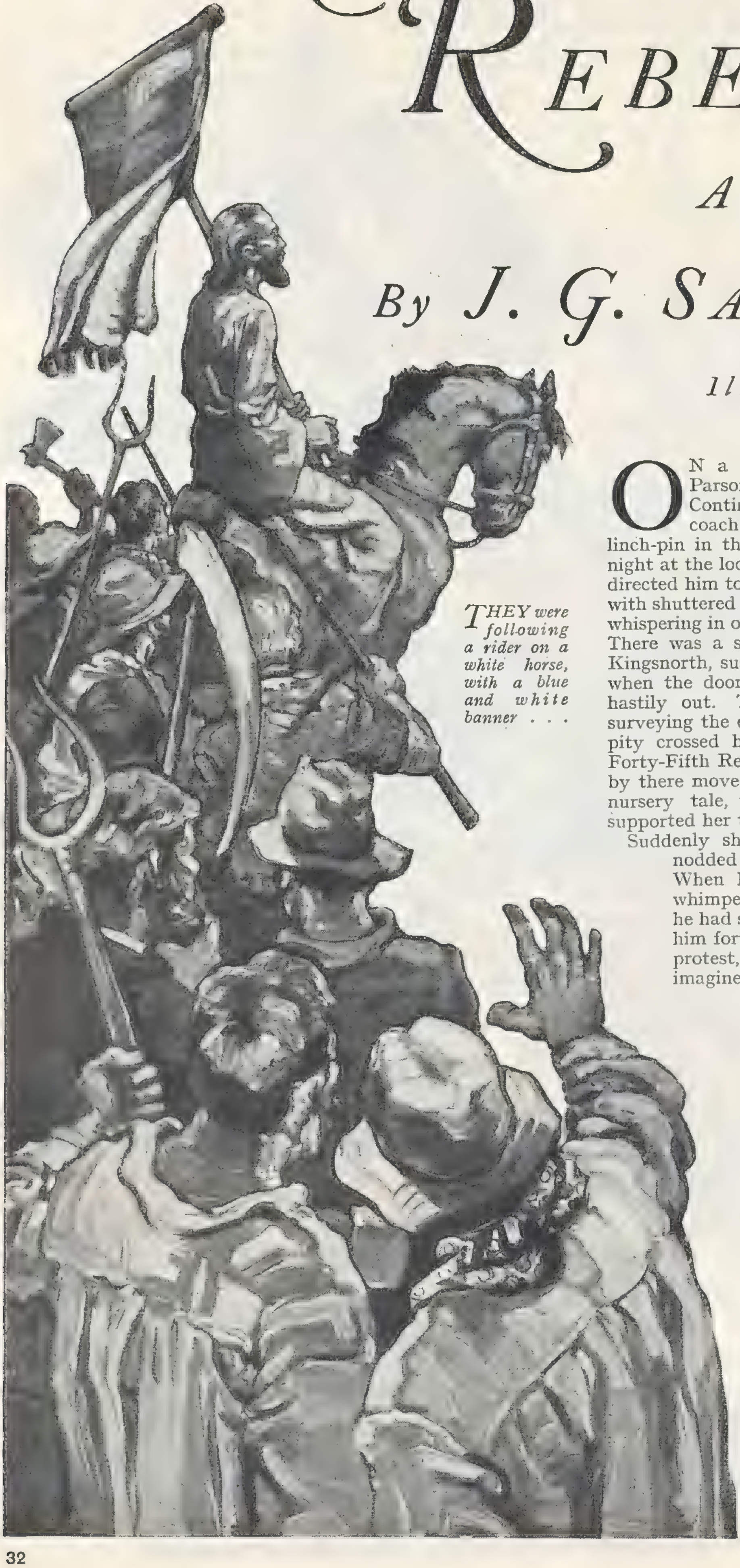
But greyhounds do not habitually bite their owners in the (*Continued on page* 109)

THE Courtenay REBELLION

A Village Tragedy

By J. G. SARASIN

Illustrated by Caney



THEY were following a rider on a white horse, with a blue and white banner . . .

ON a June day in eighteen-thirty-eight, the worldly Parson Kingsnorth, having landed at Dover from his Continental travels, and journeyed twenty miles by coach towards his rectory, was delayed by a damaged linch-pin in the district of Dunkirk, and was forced to spend a night at the local inn, instead of lying in Rochester. A shepherd directed him to the Red Lion, and he set out for it past cottages with shuttered windows and closed doors, where men and women, whispering in ominous groups, scattered like sheep at his coming. There was a strange atmosphere about the little village, and Kingsnorth, suspecting an epidemic, had come to a sudden halt, when the door of the inn burst open and five men crowded hastily out. The first, a typical country clergyman, stood surveying the empty lane, while an expression of contempt and pity crossed his face. A sergeant and three soldiers of the Forty-Fifth Regiment were talking angrily behind him. Close by there moved an old woman like some witch escaped from a nursery tale, with her thin grey hair and knotted stick that supported her tottering steps.

Suddenly she caught sight of Parson Kingsnorth, for she nodded her head at him, then pointed away up the road. When he spoke to her carelessly, she only began to whimper, and did not seem to understand a word that he had said. She looked so wild and worn, and beckoned him forward so desperately that, after one faint shrug of protest, he agreed to accompany her. Perhaps he imagined she would bring him to some neighbouring cottage, but she limped off over some bleak fields and through a shadowy wood, where a burly farmer, tramping by, fell under her spell also and, being dumbly bidden to walk her way, obeyed with some reluctance.

Dusk was falling when a grey tower rose up among some trees. The door of the churchyard was still swinging on its hinges, for the men who had left the Red Lion had come here by the main road, and were now within, surrounded by a frightened crowd of villagers. Kingsnorth felt himself possessed of a crazy dream, for before him rose a broken yew, beneath it a grave, and beside it a nameless coffin. The country clergyman stood like a shadow on the brink, and the soldiers' coats were glowing like fire in the twilight. The farmer took Kingsnorth by the arm and led him forward till they halted by that reeking hollow that seemed like the bottomless pit. . . .

"*We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out.*" Kingsnorth heard his country brother read the Burial for the Dead, and thought that his monotonous voice sounded eerily through the dusk. Suddenly he knew that something terrible was occurring in the churchyard and that he was the only one there in ignorance of it. Why did the soldiers stare at the old woman so brutally? Why did even that rough farmer wear such a grim, perplexed expression? And why did he, Parson Kingsnorth, feel perfectly convinced that parts of the Burial Service were to be deliberately omitted?

Later: "*Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take to Himself the soul here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*"

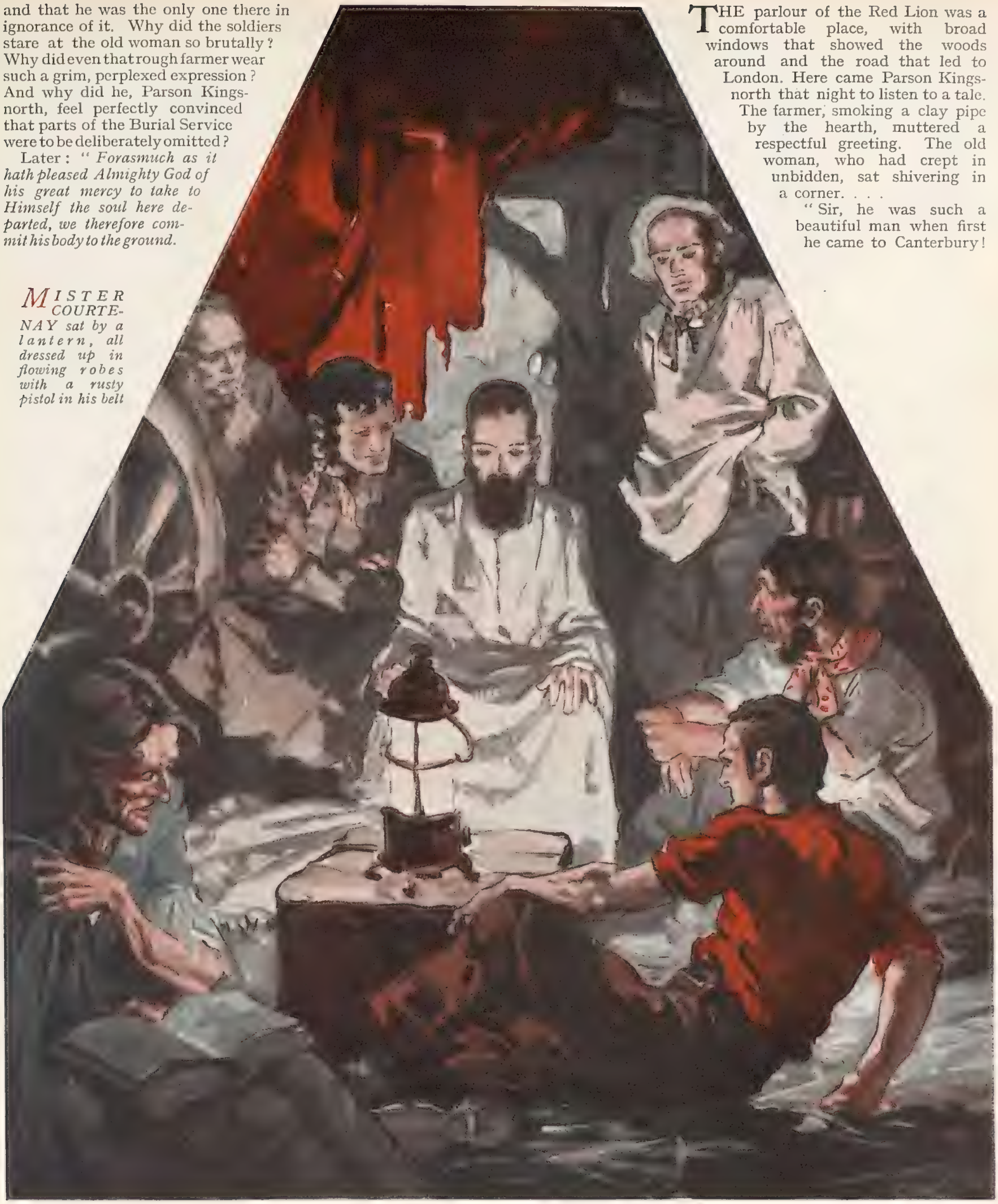
"Lord have mercy upon us," whispered the haunted crowd.

"*Almighty God, we give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world.*"

"Amen!" cried the sergeant in a triumphant voice.

Now the rector backed away from the open grave and vanished among the trees. The soldiers hurried out of the churchyard and took the road for Canterbury. Only the old woman was left huddled beside a mound of soil, trying to fill that deep hole with clods of wormy earth. The farmer hesitated an instant, then came over to her side, took up an abandoned spade and thrust it in the soil. Kingsnorth's well-nurtured flesh crept with the riddle of it all, but at last he compelled himself to walk forward and speak to the silent pair.

"Who has been buried here, my friends, *without hope of resurrection?*"



MISTER COURTENAY sat by a lantern, all dressed up in flowing robes with a rusty pistol in his belt

THE parlour of the Red Lion was a comfortable place, with broad windows that showed the woods around and the road that led to London. Here came Parson Kingsnorth that night to listen to a tale. The farmer, smoking a clay pipe by the hearth, muttered a respectful greeting. The old woman, who had crept in unbidden, sat shivering in a corner. . . .

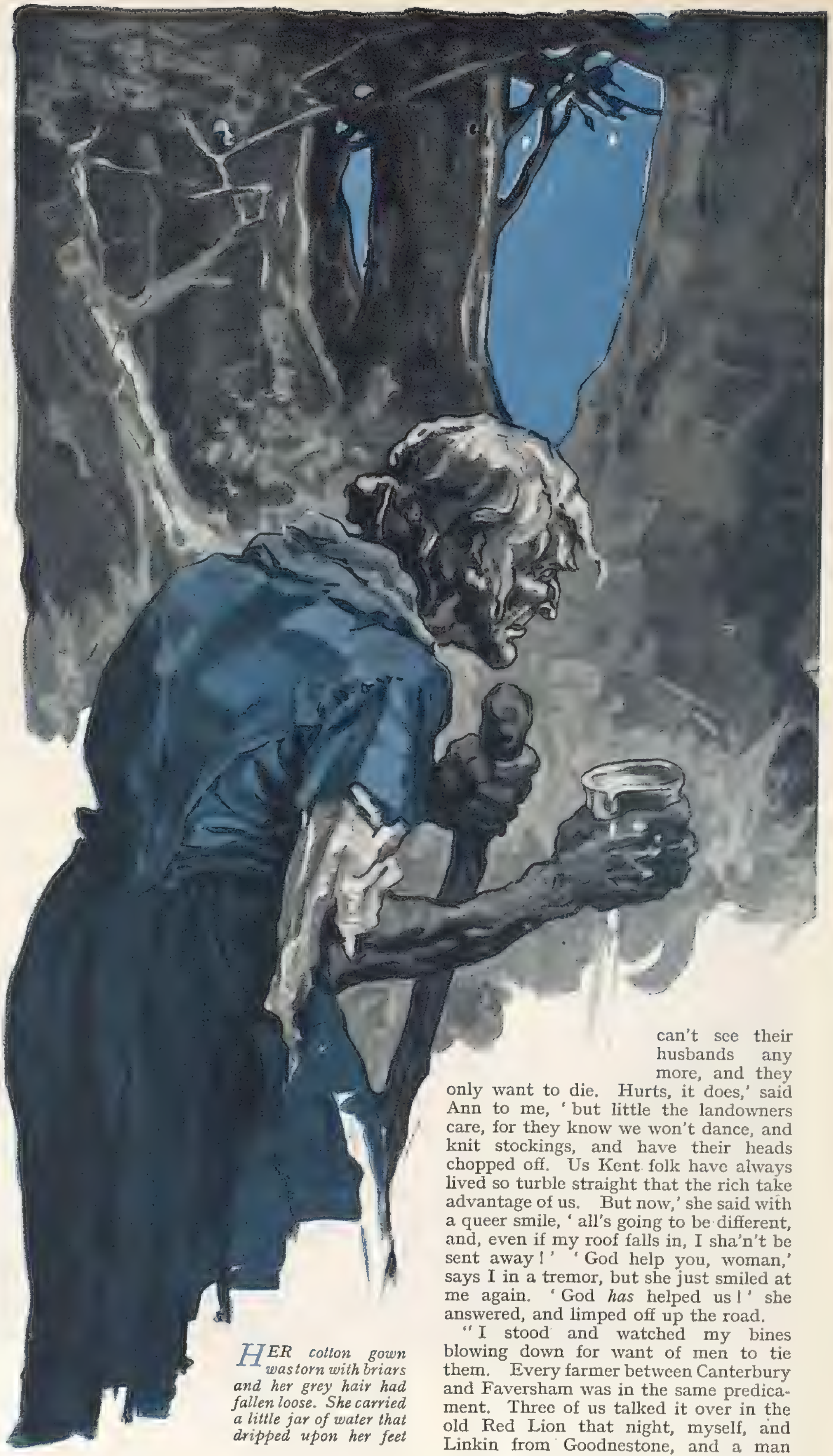
"Sir, he was such a beautiful man when first he came to Canterbury! He flung his money about so much that folks called him Baron Rothschild; then, as he began wearing some Eastern rig, he was known as the Knight of Malta. *He* said his name was Courtenay, and soon a Sir William was tacked on to it; then people vowed that he was really the King of Jerusalem. Some—" and the farmer pointed his pipe stem at the listening old woman—"some called him——" but his voice died away into a broken murmur.

"Well," he continued resolutely, "he

lodged at the Rose Hotel, making speeches about the great day that was coming for the poor, when there would be no more injustice done to honest smugglers, and no more low pay for farm hands on either side of Medway. No more old folk were to be put away in Bastyles. (That was their name for the workhouses, sir, after some French prison.) Ann, here, must go to such a place if her cottage roof fell in, so she often crept into the High Street when Mister Courtenay spoke from a balcony, looking as if she thought that something good *was* really going to happen. However, he took the part of some men who had been prosecuted for smuggling wines. The people in high places caught him out i' the windy side of the law. *Voilà!*—as those Frenchies say. Mister Courtenay had to cool his heels in the county gaol; then he was sent away from it, but none of us knew where. . . .

" Months later," the farmer resumed his tale, " I was going down the High Street, when I saw a mighty crowd about the Cattle Market. Now, it wasn't cows or sheep there, but only a blue and white flag on a pole. The man who carried it sat a white horse he had got from Patrixbourne. It was a fine, upstanding beast foaled out of the Squire's prize breed. The rider had long, dark hair, and a fine beard flowing down, and he made me think of the Eastern rulers in the Panorama, and the Miracle Plays that people act at Easter time, and a bright window in the Cathedral. Go and look at it, sir, to understand why we all looked at Mister Courtenay, as he talked about lightening men's burdens, and helping little children. Why, he even said before he rode away that he loved the poor, and nobody spoke as his white horse went vanishing down the street.

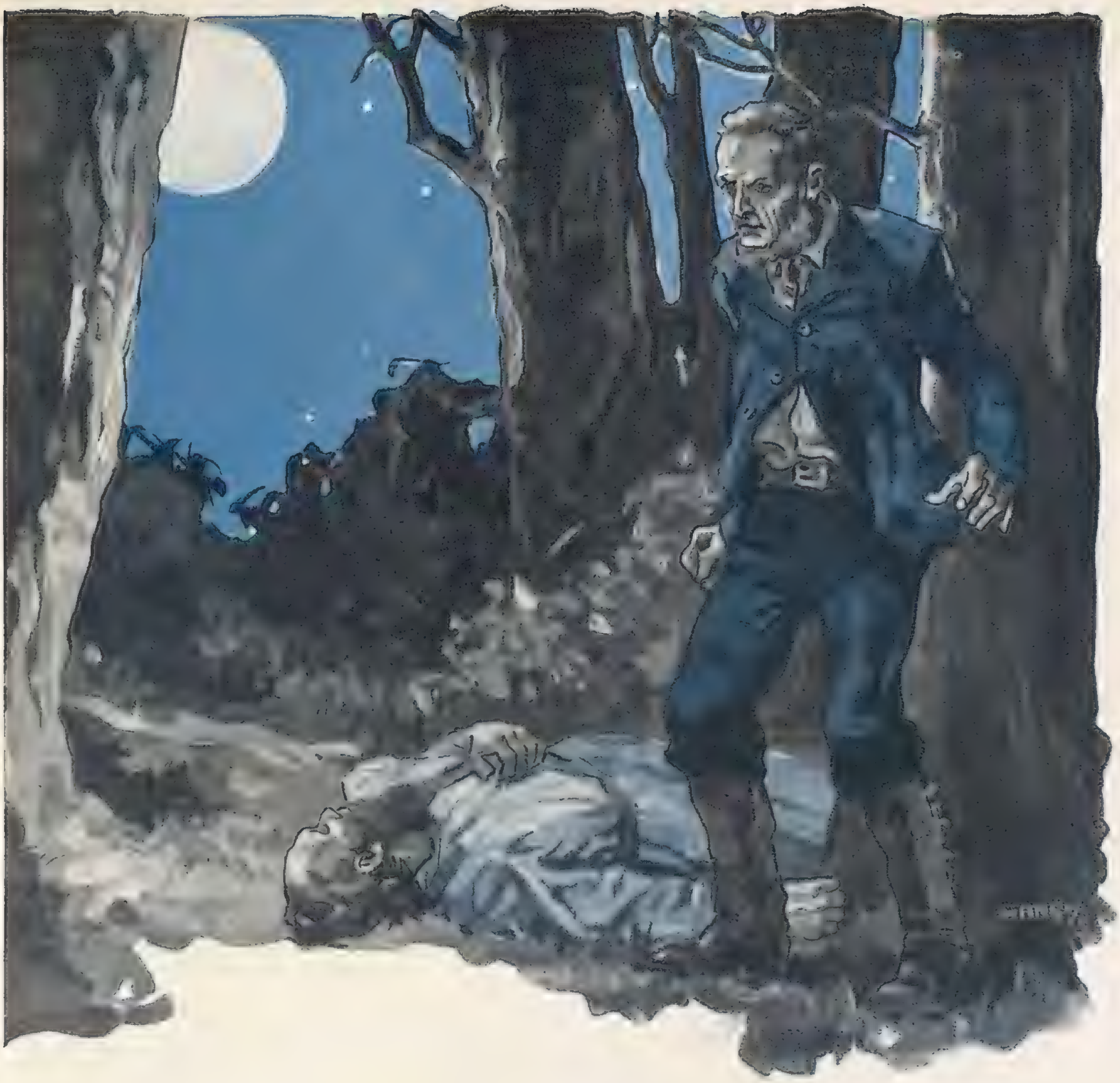
" Next week," said the farmer in a changed voice, " I went out into my hop gardens. I found that the bines needed tying, after a heavy storm, but the district was swept clear of workers, from Dunkirk to Goodnestone and Dargate, and not a sign of them was to be seen, only old Ann hurrying down the road as fast as her legs could carry her. 'Woman, has everyone gone mad, or am I only dreaming?' She came and stood beside me, and pointed towards the wood, just as Iggulden, and Godden and Jamesy Whipple marched out with fifty more behind, walking in single file and carrying scythes and hatchets. They were following a rider on a white horse, with a blue and white banner. His face was lifted up to the morning sun, and his hands scarcely held the reins. I said: 'Why, Ann, it's Mister Courtenay,' but she turned a crazy glance on me. 'Oh, no, no, no. 'Tis Christ Himself,' she cried.



HER cotton gown was torn with briars and her grey hair had fallen loose. She carried a little jar of water that dripped upon her feet

" I felt struck all of a heap, but Ann patted me on the arm. 'My dear soul, who else would care so about the likes of us? Us go on working, day after day, and night after night, till, when the rheumatiz grips our bones, our betters send us packing. They throw all the old folk into those Bastyles, like that dreadful place in France, till the women can't see their husbands any more, and they only want to die. Hurts, it does,' said Ann to me, 'but little the landowners care, for they know we won't dance, and knit stockings, and have their heads chopped off. Us Kent folk have always lived so turble straight that the rich take advantage of us. But now,' she said with a queer smile, 'all's going to be different, and, even if my roof falls in, I sha'n't be sent away!' 'God help you, woman,' says I in a tremor, but she just smiled at me again. 'God *has* helped us!' she answered, and limped off up the road.

" I stood and watched my bines blowing down for want of men to tie them. Every farmer between Canterbury and Faversham was in the same predicament. Three of us talked it over in the old Red Lion that night, myself, and Linkin from Goodnestone, and a man called Jonathan Foad. Linkin was bothered about it all, but he didn't want to do nothing. Foad, a bit of a visionary, quite fancied following the procession. 'What if it *were?*' he kept on saying. 'Where would us cowards be then? And think what a turble thing it would be if the Blessed Lord had honoured Kent by coming here, and we all turned our backs



on Him ? ' 'Well,' I said in a humble kind of way, 'the Book says something about rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but this isn't rendering to Queen Victoria, God bless her ! We know the Saviour picked corn on Sunday morning, but He didn't say nothing about letting the crops spoil for want of hands to tend them. He helped the fishermen with their nets, but He didn't say much about smuggling. I'm an ignorant man,' I says at last, 'but all this seems wrong to me, and if it isn't stopped in time, why, turble things may happen. I'm going down at once to Canterbury Barracks, to ask if they can make the men come back again. There'll be no rioting,' I says, 'and it will all be settled quietly.' Quietly ! Quietly ! If I had only known !

"I went down to the barracks and asked for help, and the officers were sympathetic, though they smiled more than I liked. They sent me off to the Mayor, who lent me a constable called Mears and three men to come along with him. We set out to look for the procession, and soon heard where it had gone. Mister Courtenay had taken them all through Boughton and Herne Hill and Dargate Common. We could have come up with them there, but they were all on their knees, and when we heard *him* praying we hid behind a cottage wall. We listened to him for a while, and we understood why they were following him so. He loved them, sir, from his very heart, and that was all the mystery. The old, tottering folk, and the little children, and the fine, mad young men—He had gone in all their homes like a familiar friend, and heard their foolish troubles, and even bought them food. Sir, he fed the multitude out of his own purse, and *that* was a kind of miracle !

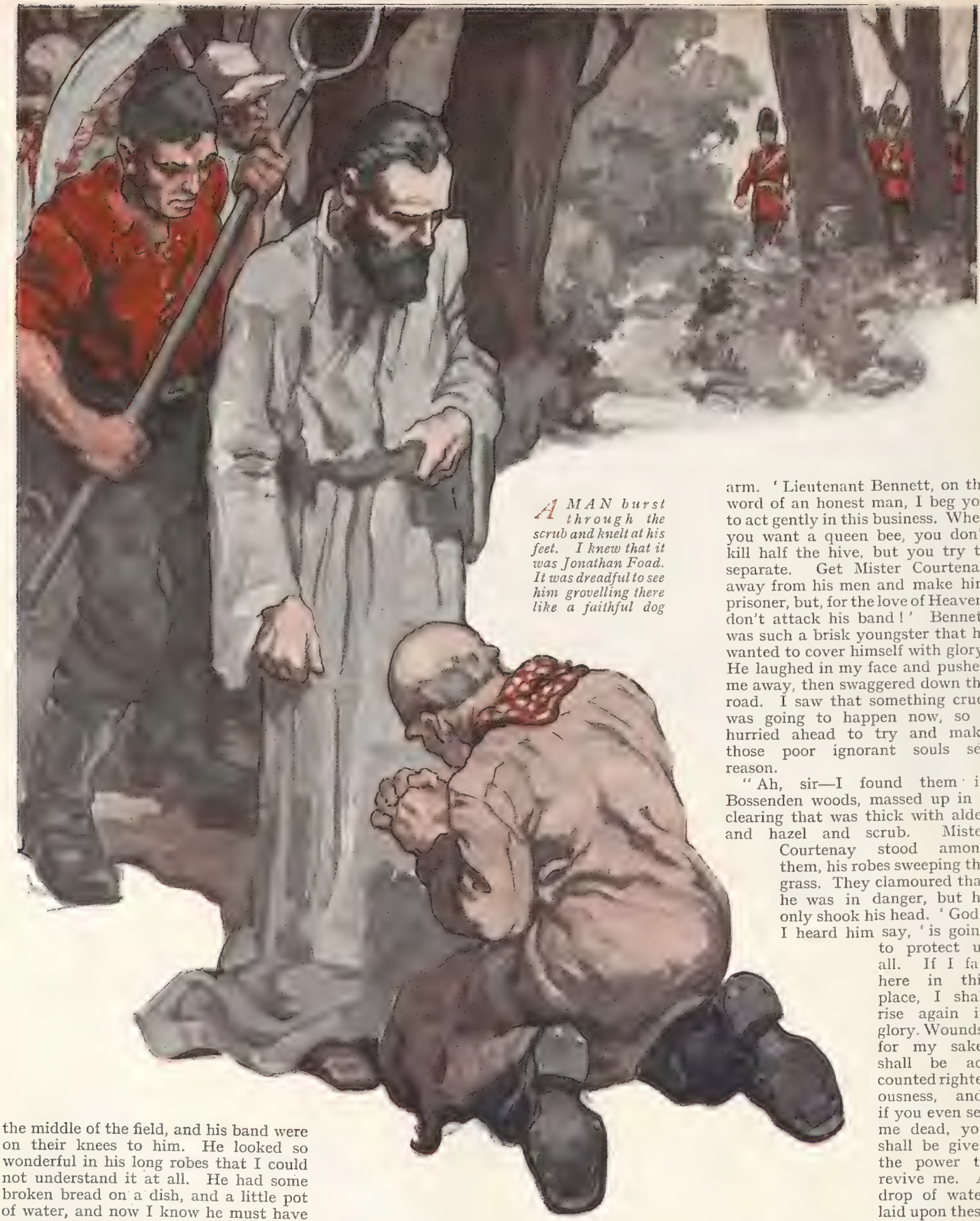
"At last they went to Bossenden Farm and stayed there in a barn. 'Twas one of them big barns, with hay and straw about. There were lads lying tossed down among the hay, and their sunburnt chests and slack arms looked fine in the lantern-light. Old Ann here was huddled in a corner, a Bible clutched in her hand and the straw drawn up to her chin. She was the only woman there except for a drunken trollop. Mister Courtenay sat by the lantern, all dressed up in flowing blue robes, with a rusty pistol in his belt, and his banner laid beside him. His white horse stirred somewhere in a stable farther off. It was a fine May night, and a little wind was blowing. There were bats flitting across the clear sky, and glow-worms in the grass. . . . Sir, you may not believe it, but we *dared* not go into that place, for there was something sacred there, though it was not Mister Courtenay. We stole off at last, and left them to their folly, and at three o'clock in the morning we heard them go away.

"NEXT day we avoided them, as they marched about the roads. Sometimes they halted at a village, and Mister Courtenay fed them. Next night they came back to Bossenden Farm, and still we did not go near. But when the sun rose Mears said to me: 'I don't like this affair at all, but I've got to do my duty. We have let them play long enough and now they must go back to work.' Mears was a big, valiant fellow, and we were all glad he seemed so decided. He set off ahead, at a good round pace, and when we overtook him he was close to Mister Courtenay's band, that was resting in a meadow. He went walking across the grass and spoke to them peaceably. 'Men, I command you on lawful authority to go back to your work. John Whipple !' Whipple only smiled in a silly manner and moved away from him. 'Iggulden !' The same thing happened again. 'Godden ? Why, Godden ?' and he went on calling our hands by name.

"Mister Courtenay began watching him with a strange look, and fumbling with his belt. Mears strode into their midst and put his hand on Whipple's shoulder. He was only a slip of a lad, who had always been weak in the head. He cried out: 'Master—Master,' and Mister Courtenay turned about, then—I heard a heavy crash, like someone scaring birds, and a cloud of smoke burned bitter in my nostrils, and—Mears fell down all his length on the grass with a bullet in his brain.

"The poor fellow died soon afterwards, but nobody seemed to know it, or else the fools were thinking about a High Priest's servant, and waiting patiently for Mister Courtenay to heal him. I held up Mears on my shoulder, and his blood was hot upon my hands. Mister Courtenay stood close by in a dreamy kind of way, looking down at us without a word, and putting back his long hair. . . .

"I must have gone into a kind of swoon, and when I came to later I was lying half across poor Mears, and the other constables had rushed away to Canterbury. Mister Courtenay stood in



A MAN burst through the scrub and knelt at his feet. I knew that it was Jonathan Foad. It was dreadful to see him grovelling there like a faithful dog

the middle of the field, and his band were on their knees to him. He looked so wonderful in his long robes that I could not understand it at all. He had some broken bread on a dish, and a little pot of water, and now I know he must have been giving them a kind of sacrament. This was terrible, but of course, sir, Mister Courtenay was mad, and all the men were behaving like good people in church. Mears was only something that had crossed their path and had been set aside. Dreadful, dreadful, but how were they to know? There had never been a school in the district, sir. They hadn't been taught different. . . .

" I crept away," said the farmer, " and spent all the day by myself. I durst not speak to anyone, or say what I had seen. The weather was bright and pleasant, with a clear, wind-swept sky, and the dust whirled past on the spring breeze until the sun went down. At twilight I heard tramp, tramp, *tramp* upon the London road. Part of the Forty-Fifth Regiment was coming out from Canterbury, in charge of a young officer called Bennett, who looked like a lad athirst for adventure.

" I shook off my moods and went running forward and grasped him by the arm. 'Lieutenant Bennett, on the word of an honest man, I beg you to act gently in this business. When you want a queen bee, you don't kill half the hive, but you try to separate. Get Mister Courtenay away from his men and make him prisoner, but, for the love of Heaven, don't attack his band!' Bennett was such a brisk youngster that he wanted to cover himself with glory. He laughed in my face and pushed me away, then swaggered down the road. I saw that something cruel was going to happen now, so I hurried ahead to try and make those poor ignorant souls see reason.

" Ah, sir—I found them in Bossenden woods, massed up in a clearing that was thick with alder and hazel and scrub. Mister Courtenay stood among them, his robes sweeping the grass. They clamoured that he was in danger, but he only shook his head. 'God,' I heard him say, 'is going to protect us all. If I fall here in this place, I shall rise again in glory. Wounds, for my sake, shall be accounted righteousness, and, if you even see me dead, you shall be given the power to revive me. A drop of water laid upon these lips——'

" A man burst through the scrub and knelt at his feet. I knew that it was Jonathan Foad. It was dreadful to see him grovelling there like a faithful dog. 'Master, shall I follow you in body or in heart?' Mister Courtenay lifted the hand that had shot down Mears. 'Now follow me in body.' Foad sprang up, crying: 'O be joyful, joyful—I'll follow thee till I drop, but—master, here comes the military. What are we to do?'

"THOSE dull, misguided creatures took cover all around, scuffling away behind the hazel scrub, for now the Forty-Fifth were tramping through the wood. Lieutenant Bennett walked into the clearing and strode up to Mister Courtenay. He was such a gay, defiant young man as he raised his voice in command! 'John Nicholas Thom, I arrest you in the Queen's name.' 'In the Lord's name,' a man shouted, behind a tree, and he shot Bennett through the heart.

"All the men ran out of the bushes, waving scythes and cudgels, and red coats and brown smocks seemed struggling everywhere. A few soldiers fell down in the clearing, and dragged themselves away, or gasped out their lives where they had dropped. Somebody called out 'Fire!' and a volley rang out, and twelve of the rioters were dead upon the instant. The birds rose crying from the trees, a jay chattered noisily, and somewhere in the distance there was a cuckoo calling. With a scurry of feet, the men left alive took to the woods again. The soldiers marched back to Canterbury. Tramp—tramp—*tramp*—like that. . . .

"Everything was so quiet now that I wanted to call out. I could see bodies lying in their blood, and Foad crying over a broken arm. Ann had come creeping into the clearing, and was kneeling down by a man whose blue robe dripped red across his chest. Beside him lay Ann's sister's child, and he was badly hurt, but she never looked at him she had loved so dearly, for Mister Courtenay had got a ball through the lung, and was stifling to death.

"I found that I could not walk straight when I tried to go across to them, for the grass and trees looked so fine in the golden sunset that I became sick at heart to see my poor fellows lying there. I stood and watched Ann while the light began to weaken, and she went on wiping his mouth and brow, and putting back his long hair, till at last I knew that I must speak, for now he was going too serenely. I said: 'O Courtenay, Mister Courtenay, what *have* you done to us?' Ann said: 'Master! Just one word. Us have believed in you.' Then Mister Courtenay lay smiling and spoke in a gentle voice. 'Yes—but I have——' then he checked, as if we could not bear the truth. 'Master,' said Ann again. '*Master?*' 'I—have—Jesus—in—my—heart.' He died on those very words, did Mister Courtenay, and it was like the passing of a little child.

"Sir," resumed the farmer later, "these things hurt us when they happen. I stood there sobbing and cursing among those dead men, while Ann laid Mister Courtenay down and went wandering off through the trees. The sun dropped like a burning ball while I walked up and down, listening to the chatter of the jay, and the wind in the green boughs, and all the silly noises of a wood. Later the moon came up into the sky, and a few stars shone out, and there were big white clouds that seemed to threaten rain. I was thinking how all the rain in the world couldn't wash Bossenden Wood, when I heard someone walking close by, and saw Ann coming back.

"Her cotton gown was torn with briars and her grey hair had fallen loose. Her shoes were broken, so they went noisily. Slip-*slop*. Slip-*slop*. She carried a little jar of water that dripped upon her feet. She stood it on the grass, and rubbed her hands and knelt down by Mister Courtenay. 'Us are going to have a miracle,' she said to me. 'It may be an earthquake, or a big white angel, but it will be something glorious, certain sure it will.' She had a torn black scarf around her thin old neck. She took it off and tied it round her eyes. 'Mustn't look,' says Ann to me, 'for this is holy ground.'

"LIFE was becoming so awful now that I tried to hide myself. The big moon seemed to watch us like a single eye, and when the wind went rustling through the trees, it was like people walking in the wood. Suddenly I heard a queer whimper of trouble, and I fell down on the ground. 'Deliver us from evil,' was all I could say, but it didn't seem to help at all when poor Ann came past. She still had the little jar in her hand, but it was nearly empty, and the last drops were splashing down. Drip—drip—drip. Her shoes creaked, and her torn gown dragged over the path, and she went with her old head drooping. 'I don't understand,' she said to herself. 'I'm cold. I'm mortal cold—' and so she moaned herself away through Bossenden Wood. Later the rain came down and washed the grass.

"Well," said the farmer, "that was the end of the Courtenay Rebellion. They buried the soldiers with drums and black horses, and they buried the countryfolk with nothing at all. They refused to bury Mister Courtenay till belief in him was dead. They brought his body to a shed outside the Red Lion and coffined it up in there. For three days the villagers stood in the road and waited for his resurrection. Once a thunderstorm burst over Dunkirk at night, and they all sang hymns and waited. The door of the shed shook with the wind, and a man cried out: 'Hallelujah!' but soon the storm went by, and that was all. . . .

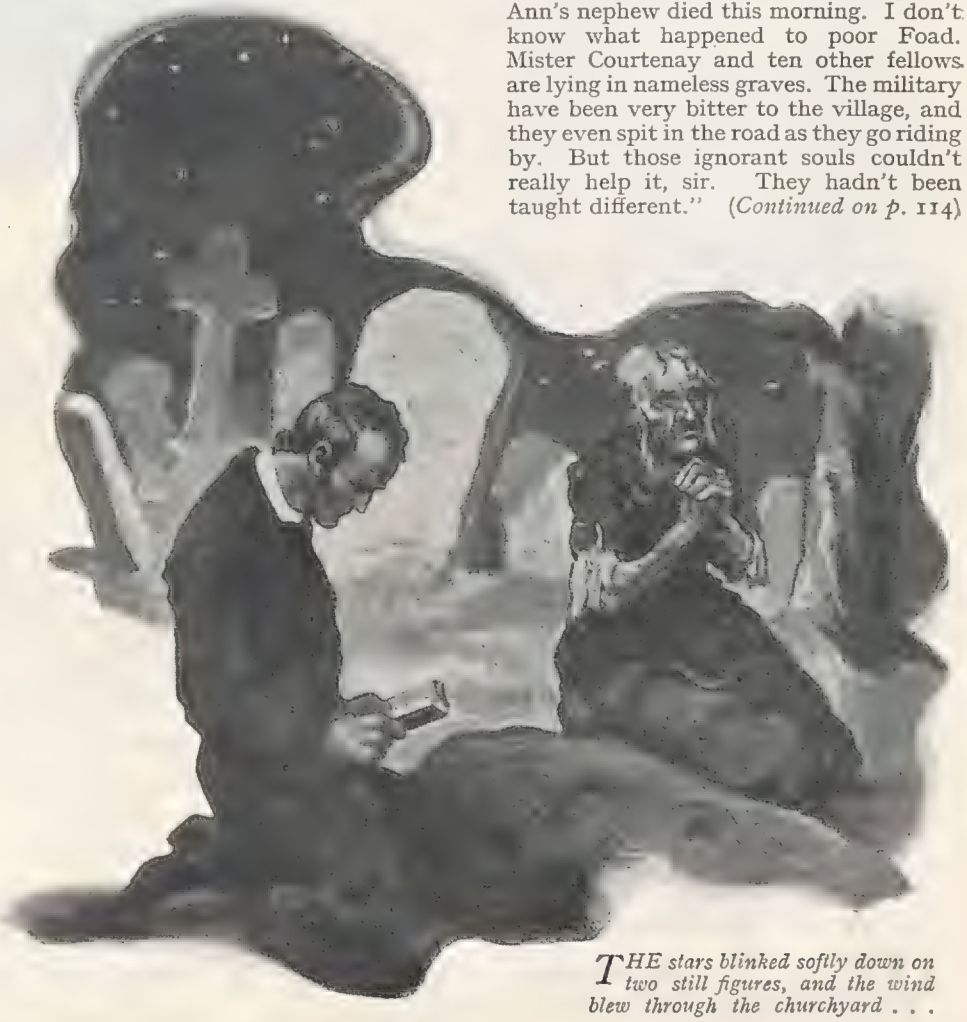
"Next day an officer in a brave red coat came riding into Dunkirk. 'This fellow was a bastard lad from Devon, who was called John Nicholas Thom. If you admit it, we will bury him at once. Now—I'm asking you— Who was he?' They never answered him, of course, and he swore and rode away. Next day he was back again on the same errand. 'Who was he? Who was he?' 'The King of Jerusalem.' 'Oh, that's all wrong,' said the officer, and trotted back to Canterbury.

Dunkirk was like a haunted village when he returned three days later. 'Sir, for God's sake, bury him,' a man called out. 'Then who was he?' 'Sir William Courtenay.' They were giving in at last. 'Well, the body must stay there till you see sense,' and off he went again. This morning they all waited out in the rain for the sound of his horse's hoofs. Ann was among them, in her broken shoes and dabbled cotton gown. At last they heard the rider on the hard chalk road, then they heard his altered voice over their bent heads, and now it seemed to pity them.

"'His body has lain for eight days in the shed,' said the officer from Canterbury. 'Tell me who he was, my men, and we will bury him.' All waited for someone to give the death-blow to their belief, till old Ann tottered out of the whispering crowd and went up to the fidgeting horse. We heard a bridle clink in the silence, and mud splashing up from the hoofs. 'Well,' asked the man in the red coat. 'Can *you* tell me who he was?' '*John Nicholas Thom*,' she answered. And she hasn't spoken since.

"Now there are some men lying in gaol, and others crippled for life, and some will soon be transported out of England. Ann's nephew died this morning. I don't know what happened to poor Foad. Mister Courtenay and ten other fellows are lying in nameless graves. The military have been very bitter to the village, and they even spit in the road as they go riding by. But those ignorant souls couldn't really help it, sir. They hadn't been taught different."

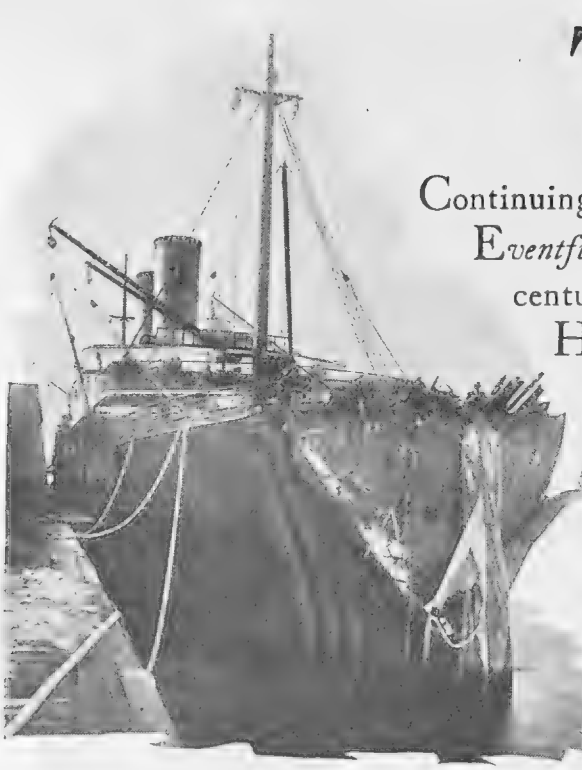
(*Continued on p.* 114)



THE stars blinked softly down on two still figures, and the wind blew through the churchyard . . .

Twenty-four

Continuing the Series, in which the most *Eventful* Days *of* the *last* Half-century are recapitulated Hour by Hour



THE s.s. "Florida," showing the damage to her bows after colliding with the liner "Republic"

THE White Star liner "Republic," sunk by the s.s. "Florida"

Introduction

¶ *On Friday evening, January 22nd, 1909, the White Star liner "Republic" sailed gaily down the Hudson river in New York bound for a Mediterranean pleasure cruise.*

It was an auspicious evening in another sense, for on the morrow a new era in the navigation of the sea was to be born.

The interesting—but slightly impractical—invention called Marconi wireless telegraphy was destined, for the first time, to startle the world in the rôle of a saver of human lives.

5 *a.m., January 23rd,* 1909

THIN-LIPPED Captain Sealby of the s.s. "Republic" is peering with tired eyes over the edge of the canvas wind-screen on his bridge into the enshrouding fog. A few yards away his officer of the watch is also staring intently into the opaqueness ahead.

Silence broods over the whole ship.

The dimly-lit dials of the engine-room telegraphs register "dead slow"; the familiar rush of water along the vessel's side is stilled to a gentle lapping; the great engines far below are turning over lazily to keep way on the ship.

An able-seaman steps from behind the quartermaster at the wheel and pulls down a lanyard from the roof of the wheel-house. There is a preliminary hiss, followed by an ear-splitting roar from the vessel's syren. Every two minutes, for many hours past, this warning blast has disturbed the night.

The officer of the watch presently crosses the bridge. Somewhere ahead he has heard the faint wail of another syren. Minutes of tension follow while the blanket of fog seems to lie even thicker, to wrap the ship even more closely in its damp folds.

From the wheel-house rings the rhythmic *ding-dong-ding* of 3 bells in the morning watch. High above from the unseen crow's-nest steals the muffled answering ring. Then the same silence of such overpowering pressure descends again upon the watchers on the bridge.

It all happens with incredible swiftness. . . .

Out of the yellow pall surges an angular black mass. Fifteen thousand tons of steel and iron beneath Captain Sealby's feet stagger violently as the "Republic" heels to starboard under a crashing blow amidships; and then rolls drunkenly back to port. Shouts come from the mysterious darkness beyond. The clang of an engine-room bell; a syren's hysterical blast.

And then, for a few seconds, silence again descends upon the wounded ship. It is a silence before the gathering storm. . . .

5.35 *a.m.*

STUMBLING in the darkness, shouting with terror, the passengers of the "Republic" are fighting their way up the stairways to the splintered decks. With the first crash of the collision the dynamos in the bowels of the liner have ceased to work. Only a few flickering kerosene watch-lights illuminate the eerie scenes.

Already the crew are passing quickly amongst the scantily clad passengers, with lanterns and lifebelts, to the boat stations on the upper deck. Perfect discipline is being maintained by the officers. The passengers are advised to provide themselves with warm clothing, and a few daring spirits return through the darkened corridors to their cabins . . . three bodies have just been taken from the twisted and gaping wound in the ship's side.

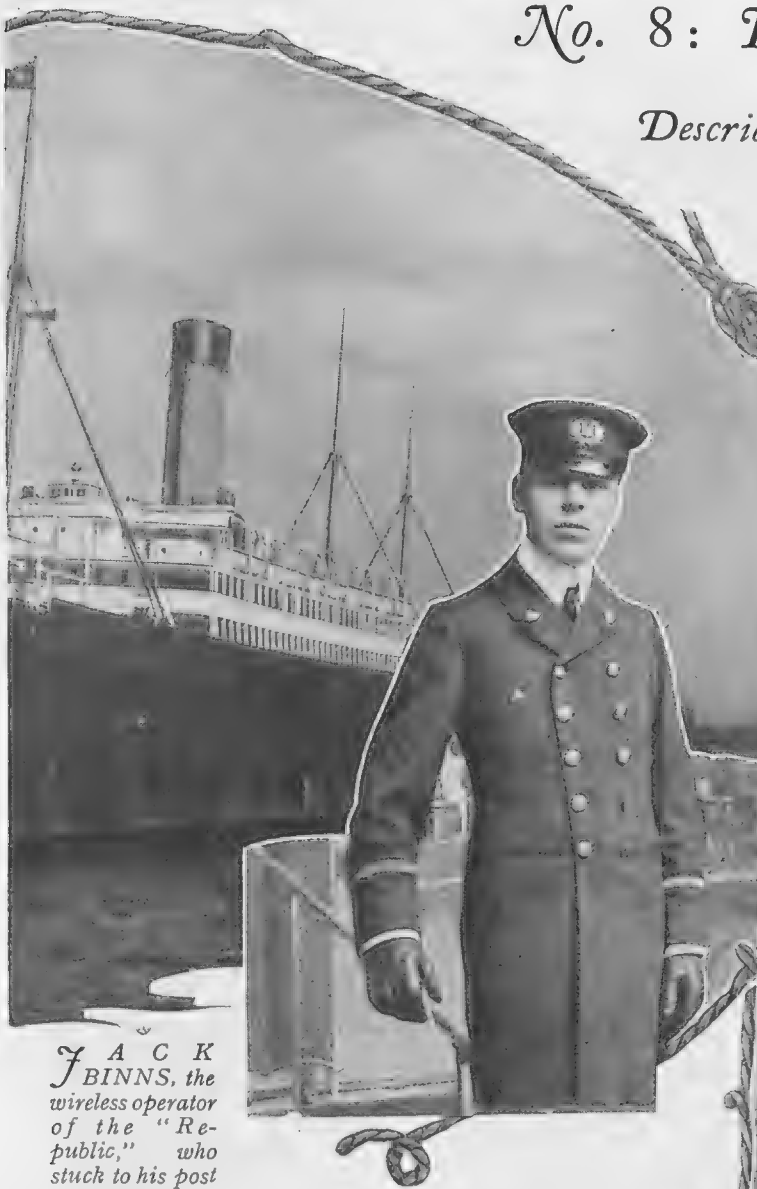
5.40 *a.m.*

IN a small cabin, one side sadly shattered, sits a young Peterborough telegraph operator called Binns. He nervously taps the key on the table before him; the current from the dynamos below has ceased; will the accumulators work? Suddenly he smiles; wireless connection has just been established with Siasconsett station on the American shore. It is

Hours: *Days* that have *made* History

No. 8: The Sinking of the "Republic"

Described by Gordon Beckles



JACK BINNS, the wireless operator of the "Republic," who stuck to his post

the "C.D.Q." signal of distress that Binns is sending; his ship is sinking—70 miles off the Nantucket lightship.

This is an historical occasion.

Not to the stern commands shouted by Captain Sealby on the bridge, but to the nervously pulsating wrist of this young telegraph operator in his cell-like cabin must the 760 odd passengers of the stricken liner now entrust their safety.

5.45 a.m.

IF pandemonium had threatened the liner "Republic," on the s.s. "Florida," hidden a few hundred yards away in the fog, it has broken loose with the wildest fury.

On to the decks of this small Italian immigrant ship struggle the 800 wild-eyed victims of the recent Messina earthquake. With memories still pregnant with the horror of their devastated homes, these swarthy hordes are filling the night with screams and prayers.

Captain Ruspini has, as yet, no knowledge of what—or whom—he has battered his fo'castle head against.

6 a.m.

THE White Star liner "Baltic," bound for New York, has just put her helm sharply over to starboard.

It was not her master, Captain Ransome, who ordained this sudden change of course, but young Mr. H. G. Tattersall, who has just picked up the news being flashed from Siasconsett.

"The 'Republic' has been hit, and is sinking," he calls to Captain Ransome. "She has sent out the 'C.D.Q.'"

With all watches doubled, the "Baltic" speeds through the fog to succour her stricken sister-ship, with boats swung out and sleepy passengers, awakened by the increased activity, peering down over her steep sides.

8 a.m.

BRAVE deeds are being performed beneath the crowded decks of the "Republic."

Within ten minutes of the collision the engine room was full of water up to the cylinder heads, and for two hours now men have been picking their way across the gratings in momentary danger of drowning *inside the vessel*!

One engineer has been working up to his neck in water, that the danger of internal explosion might be lessened by his labours.

The sweating men down in the stokehold have stuck to their posts after the first awful avalanche, long enough to rake out their fires.

Now the risk of explosion seems over.

The dark greasy waters swirl harmlessly against the bulkheads in the cavernous engine room as the great liner lurches helplessly about in the rising sea. But the chief engineer, by the light of a lantern above his head, is watching the water-line creep slowly upwards. . . .

(Continued on page 100)

The liner "Baltic" returning to the quayside at New York with the rescued passengers

CAPTAIN SEALBY, of the "Republic," being hero-worshipped by an American crowd outside the White Star offices in New York

TRAGEDIES and COMEDIES

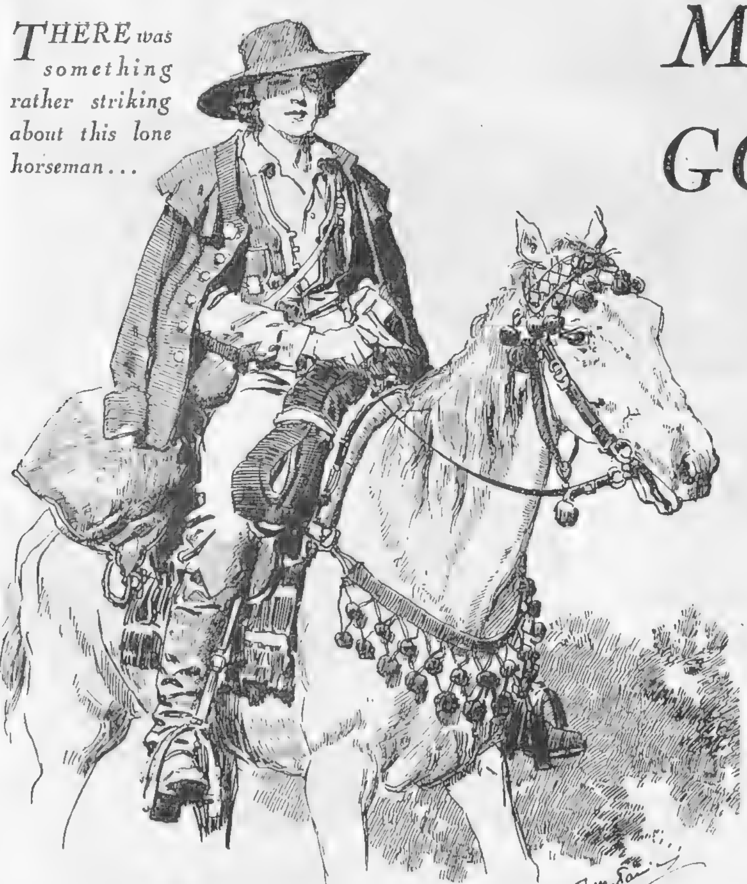
No. 11

The Strange Story of MANUEL GODOY

ONE hot and dusty day there rode into the city of Madrid a solitary horseman. It was the year 1784 and the whole of Spain was rather stupidly content under the wise rulership of Charles III, the last of the great monarchs of the peninsula. There was something rather striking about this lone horseman. He sat his sorry horse as became a man long accustomed to the saddle. His eyes were bold and dark. His hair crowned a face that seemed made for gracious smiles and his figure was of the kind which Madrid maidens were to come to regard as comely. This young man felt in his pocket for the letter of introduction which his father had given to him to one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court, together with the certificate of nobility, without which no cavalier had much hope of success in the most conservative and narrow minded of all the palaces in Europe. He wished there were more coins in his purse and sighed as he handed over his horse to the ostler at the poor inn where he decided to obtain lodging for the night.

Such was the undistinguished arrival of Manuel Godoy to the capital of Spain. Few men who were to leave their stamp on history began their careers so unobtrusively. Certainly no one in Madrid that hot afternoon dreamed for a moment that this young nobleman from Estremadura was to become the most hated man of his day, and was to leave behind him a reputation which would be execrated even a hundred and thirty years after his death. On the contrary, Madrid just smiled its usual languid smile. The matrons in the streets looked straight before them. The men in their coloured coats ogled from the shadows of the white walls in the way that the men of Madrid do to this day. The youth of the city went to the bull ring. Incredibly dirty beggars beseeched the gift of small coins at the steps of the churches.

MANUEL GODOY drank a bottle of wine in a small tavern and looked out on the scene before him. He had never seen a great city before. In the course of a day or two the young man presented his letter of introduction to the *camarista* who was acquainted with his father. She took one glance at the document and another at the home-spun clothes of young Godoy He was not dressed as men of fashion dressed in Madrid, but the *camarista* was intelligent enough to realise that beneath the shabby travel-soiled coat and breeches there was a very gainly figure. And no man with eyes so black as this stranger possessed could fail to be passionate. Heavens! It was dull enough at the court. Charles the King was too intent on government to care much about amusement. She would try the quality of this rustic. So she introduced him to her friends at court, and his gaucherie provided the idle and indolent with something to laugh about.



THERE was something rather striking about this lone horseman . . .

Godoy did not mind. God had intended him for success, and therefore provided him with a thick skin. In a day or two he was cutting a dash in brand new clothes, and the heart of the *camarista* fluttered. She was so grateful when he knocked on the door of her chamber late one evening, and showed her gratitude by persuading the king to give the newcomer admittance to the royal bodyguard.

The private corps of His Most Catholic Majesty was one of the strangest bodies of men in contemporary Europe. They had numerous privileges and a private in the bodyguard was equal to a lieutenant in another regiment. They had poor pay, but their various allowances and rights more than compensated for empty purses. Their flashing uniforms were captivating to look at, and they were so closely associated with the court that few women dare resist their advances. They lived in magnificent quarters and the king provided each private with a personal servant.

Young Godoy found himself posted into the ranks of this select body and he must have realised that he was on the first rung of a ladder of triumphant success. He was bound to come into contact with the king and the various members of the royal family. And in that royal family there was a woman who was even more susceptible than the *camarista* who had first granted him favours.

Godoy was to become the d'Artagnan of Spain—but with a court sword dangling uncertainly by his side.

AT the time when Manuel Godoy first stood on his sentinel's beat in the royal palace, King Charles III was an old man. He had ruled wisely and had raised Spain to an approximation of her former power and majesty.

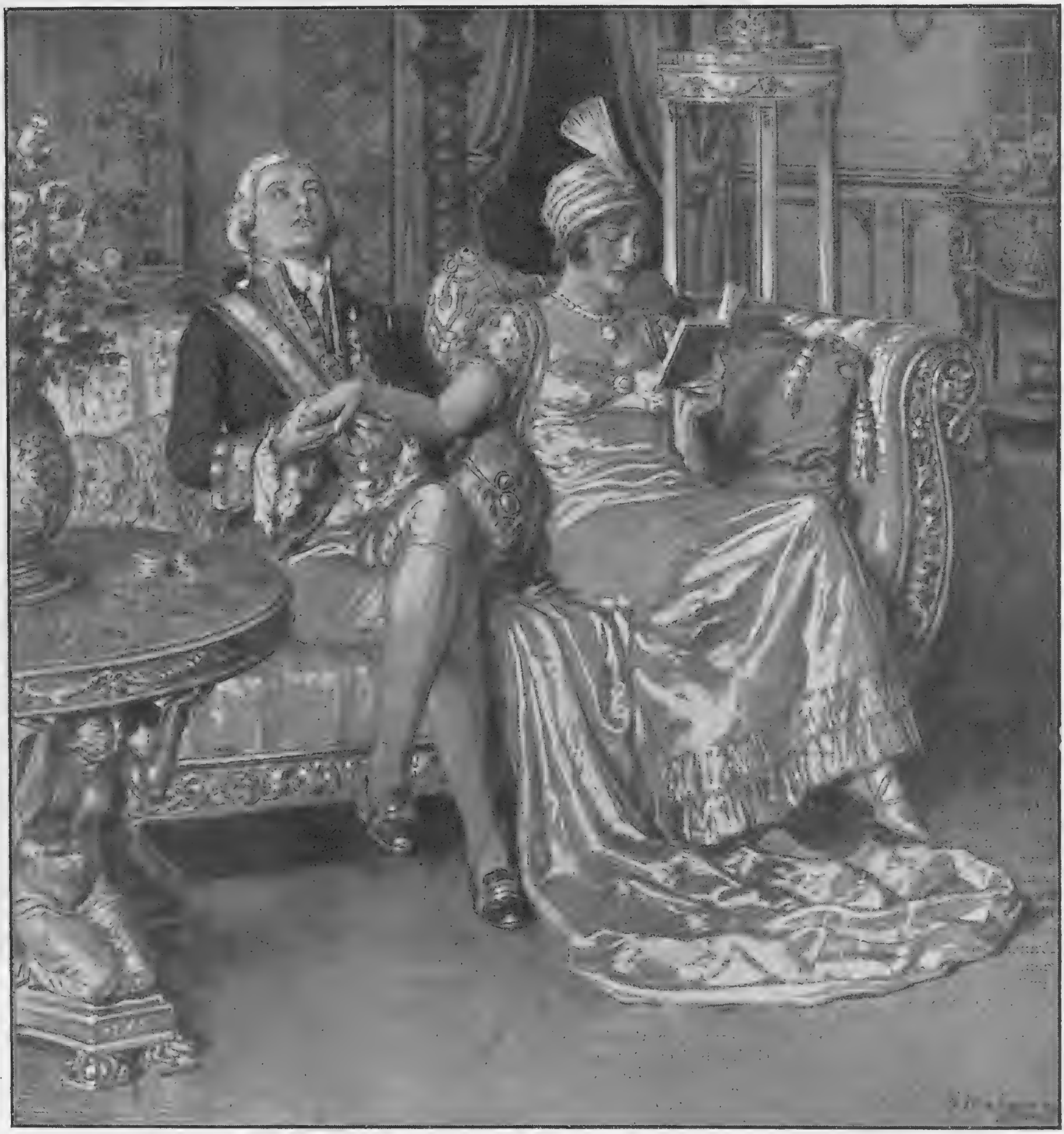
It was a little early to anticipate the great upheaval which was to follow the rise of the third estate in France across the Pyrenees. Spain seemed destined to a long period of happiness and prosperity, for everyone knew that when the old king died the real power would pass into the powerful and masterful hands of his daughter-in-law, Maria Luisa de Bourbon, the coarse but insanely passionate woman who had married his heir, Prince Charles. The young prince was a stupid, unintelligent man who was guileless enough to believe in his wife's fidelity. In their early married life Dona Maria Luisa had borne him many children, which had played havoc with a figure that was never too graceful.

BEFORE she reached middle age she was a hideous, prematurely old woman. Her eyes leered and her teeth were uneven, but because she was a princess she could command the passions of men. She had a succession of admirers whom the old king exiled or removed as soon as he discovered the liaison. Her husband would never believe that his wife could think of anyone but himself, and sometimes wondered why the latest lover was banished overnight to the Canary Islands or some other outpost of the Spanish empire. The old king, however, stood no nonsense from his daughter-in-law, and while he was alive Dona Maria had to be a little circumspect. But he died in 1788, leaving this hoyden virtual ruler of Spain as the

# of HISTORY

Described by
NORMAN HILL
Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.

SHE refused to allow him to see any woman younger than herself



consort of one of the greatest and most tragic weaklings who ever interfered with the happiness of the Spanish people.

By this time the young private of the bodyguard, Manuel Godoy, was well known to both Dona Maria and the prince. He had developed a very handsome presence and captured the heart of the princess. Moreover, in the last months of the reign of Charles III this liaison was not discovered and the young nobleman therefore did not suffer the inconvenience of exile like his predecessors. On the contrary, he ingratiated himself with the prince, who went round Madrid speaking of "my good friend Godoy" and not noticing the significant smiles of his hearers. The prince bestowed honours upon him and increased his rents. But Dona Maria Luisa exacted her price. She refused to allow him to see any woman younger than herself. She insisted on his remaining near her the whole time. She would not agree to his taking up active military service. He had to play the role of the exalted gigolo and after a while Manuel Godoy was grand adventurer enough to accept the inevitable. He agreed to intrigue. He stood in the background while the aged prime minister Floridablanca, one of the few brains left in Spain, was quietly jettisoned. The next minister, one Aranda, was foolish enough to oppose a grant of lands to the royal favourite and that made him a marked man. The king objected and the lands were duly handed over. He further offended the king by his decree ordering the French noble *émigrés* who had arrived in Madrid consequent on the French revolution to work for their living. He must surely go. The king's wishes and the king's friends could not be overridden in this way. And go he did. But a few days before the dismissal became effective there was a royal decree appointing Manuel Godoy to the title of Duke of Alcudia. It was inevitable that when Aranda tendered his resignation, the seals of office would pass to Godoy, the king's friend, the queen's lover, the greatest adventurer in all Spain.

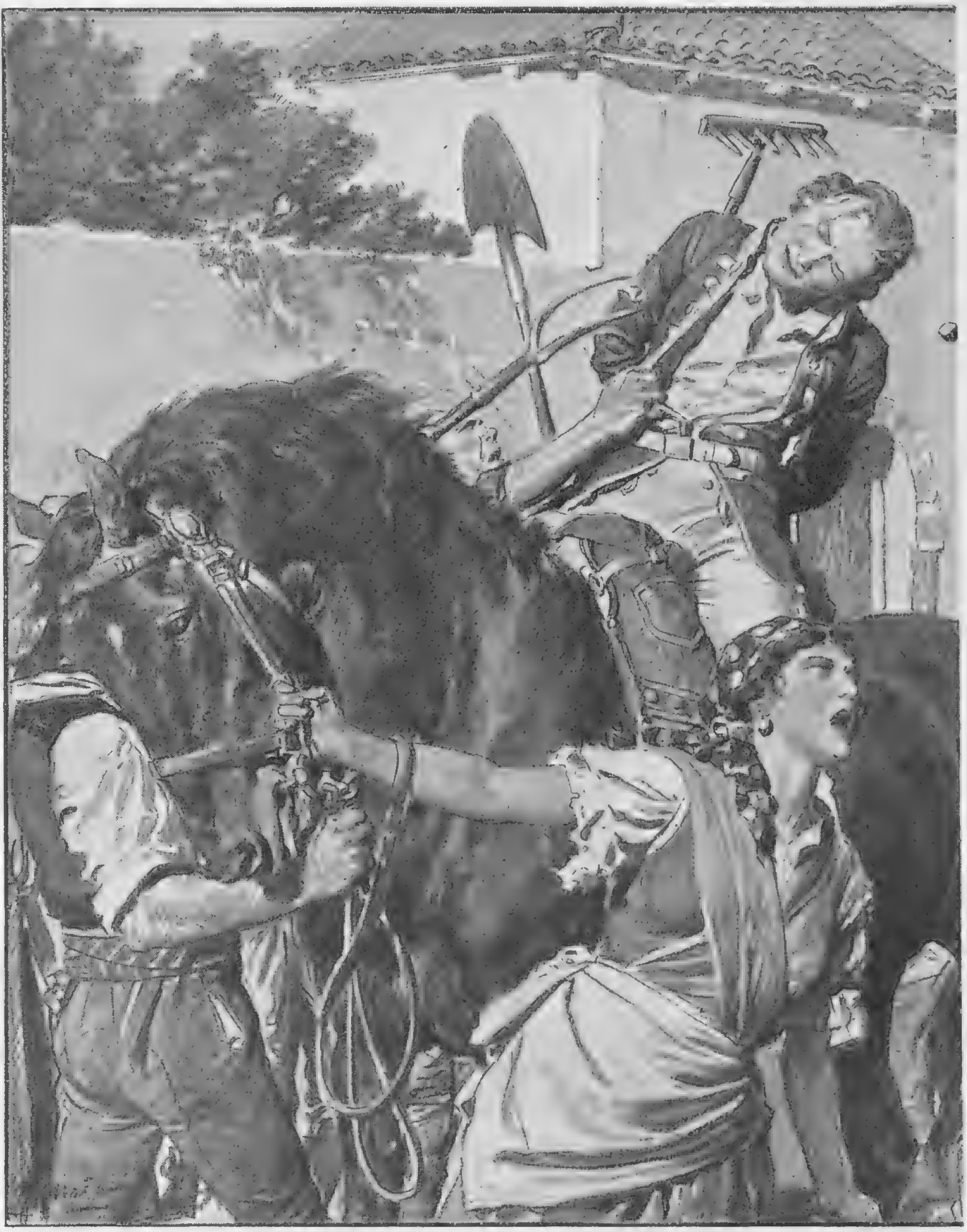
In some countries a handsome figure and a way with women have been more certain passports to spectacular success than erudition and honesty.

THE storm had burst over Europe when Godoy, the inexperienced private of the royal bodyguard, was given supreme power. Beyond the Pyrenees France was in the grip of the worst and most significant revolution recorded in world history. The whole of Europe was arming in defence of legitimacy. Professional agitators were in every capital of Europe mouthing things they did not understand about the liberty of the people. At this time Godoy was only twenty-six years of age. He was taunted by veteran statesmen with his lack of experience and he found adequate reply in pointing out that with all their knowledge of affairs of state, Spain was unprepared for any decisive action. The arsenals were empty and the troops unarmed. It was absurd for the grandees to talk of a war with revolutionary France. Did they want the Spanish legions to cross the frontier armed only with clubs?

Godoy temporised because he did not realise the temper of the French people. When the news came that the head of Louis the Sixteenth had fallen the whole of Spain was stunned. The ignorant and superstitious peasantry demanded a war with France to aid the remaining members of the French royal family. Old ladies offered their jewels to the public funds. Monks in hill monasteries melted down their gold and silver plate and sent it in the form of ingots to the treasury in Madrid. Godoy had no other course but to declare war on the French republic, and an ill-equipped Spanish army ventured across the Pyrenees.

The Spanish fleet was sent to Toulon to join the British in the defence of that last stronghold of royalism, but the commanders could not abide by the efficiency of the English admirals and there was nothing but dissension. On the Pyrenean frontier although there had been minor successes, the ascendency was generally to the French and after desultory fighting lasting about two years the Spanish people grew weary of a war in which they had long since ceased to take an interest. Besides that, the success of the French armies on the Rhine and in Italy showed that the *sans culottes* were formidable. They might force the Pyrenees and invade the sacred soil of Spain.

King Charles IV with all the obstinacy of the Bourbons, wished to continue the war because of some hazy impression he had of the divine right of his family and its various branches to govern. But when the news became known that the Dauphin, Louis XVII, had died a prisoner in the Temple, he realised that further conflict was useless and he empowered Godoy to make peace. Spain had come out of the contest honourably, although she had been worsted and Godoy was even able to persuade the Spanish people they had won the war. Even the King was carried away by the popular enthusiasm. After all, Godoy had embarked on a war with the most redoubtable foe in Europe and had emerged from it without disaster. That was surely a very great achievement and for its successful accomplishment the young adventurer was made "Prince of the Peace," a title which had only once been conferred on anyone outside the immediate royal family.



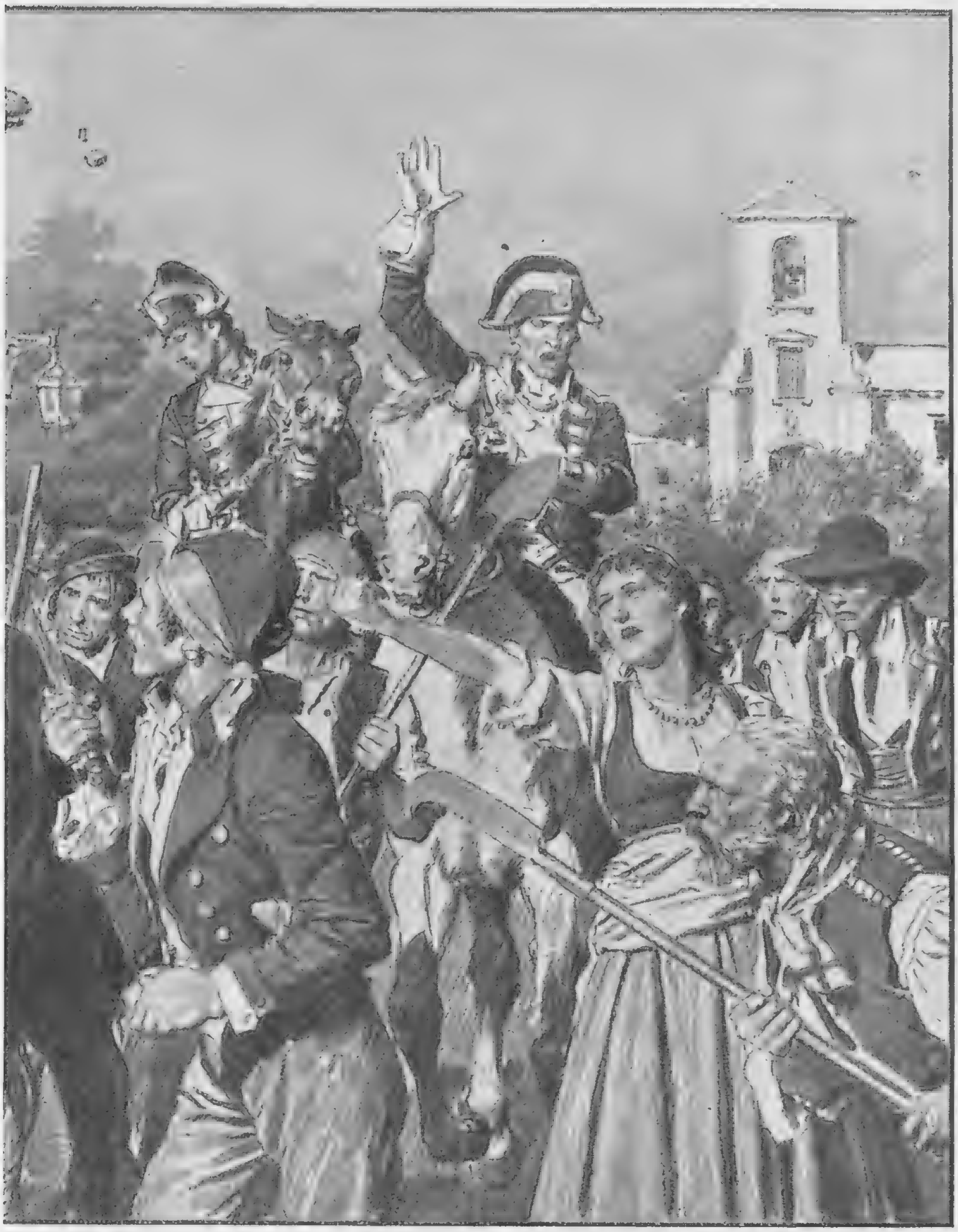
Godoy and the guard could not escape the infuriated

It was Godoy's supreme hour.

NO other man, Napoleon not even excepted, had made such a spectacular rise to fame in so short a time. His titles filled a slender volume. He was a prince twice in his own right, a duke, a knight of the Golden Fleece, a captain general, and a knight grand cross of endless orders of chivalry. Moreover, he was granted such generous allowances that he was able to maintain a court and salon of his own. The whole of the proud aristocracy of Castile and Aragon waited on his good will, and his appearance in his audience chamber was the signal for obeisance and genuflexion more in keeping with the Escorial or the house of a Spanish Cardinal than the home of the erstwhile penniless cadet of minor nobility who had come to Madrid on a worn-out horse from Estremadura.

But he had no sooner risen to power than a legion of enemies arose. Spain has always been the country of petty as well as grand jealousy. And the rapid advance of the Prince of the Peace became a subject for intrigue and casuistry. The sudden access to power turned the head of the young man, and in the gaze of so many expectant eyes it was only natural that he fell from that state of servile fidelity which had been hitherto his chief recommendation in the eyes of Queen Maria Luisa. She discovered him in several affairs, most of them not very serious, but all of them sufficient to arouse the latent animosity of any middle-aged woman who realises that she has passed her first charms. She herself took lovers. She selected them promiscuously. She even promoted Godoy's former brothers in arms of the King's bodyguard. But Godoy, much to her annoyance, did not display that jealousy which she thought was her due.

On the contrary he even jested about the Queen's weaknesses in public. On the other hand, whenever his political influence was questioned, he was the first to sink his pride and to wait on Marie Luisa with all the attendance of an ardent lover. If it were not for the fact that Godoy carried in his head something of the instincts of a genius and statesman he could be dismissed from history as an egregious coxcomb; as it was he showed himself to be a superlative self-seeker and in the end he was man enough during times of adversity to show himself a most honourable and faithful servant.



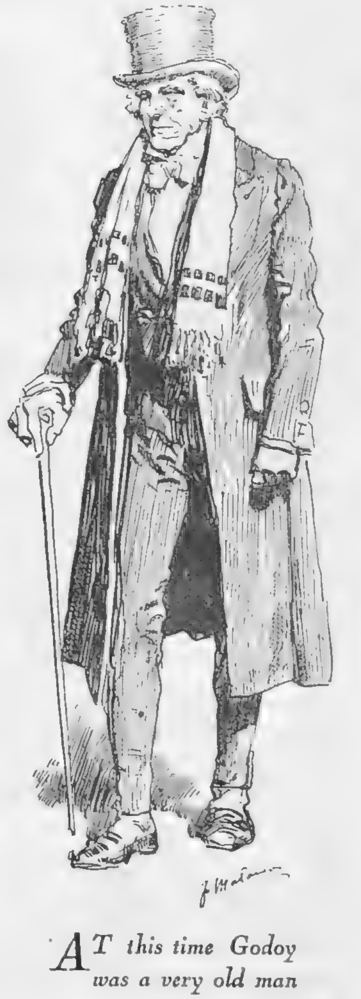
peasantry which closed in from every turn

WE must pass over that interesting period of Spanish history during which King Charles IV came in contact with Bonaparte when the Corsican adventurer passed from the dignity of First Consul to the magnificence of Emperor of France. Throughout those stormy years during which Spain was alternately the ally and half enemy of France, Godoy managed to maintain his supreme position as virtual dictator of Madrid. On more than one occasion French troops were admitted beyond the Pyrenees, but on each occasion Godoy was able to explain away their presence. The time came, however, when this great adventurer could no longer compete with the ever-growing power of the French Empire. Moreover, during the twenty years that passed by since the first elevation of the Prince of the Peace to power the Prince of the Asturias, Don Ferdinand, had grown to manhood. Don Ferdinand proved himself to possess all the fascination and devilry of the house of Bourbon. He had that insidious manner which has always endeared itself to Latin peoples.

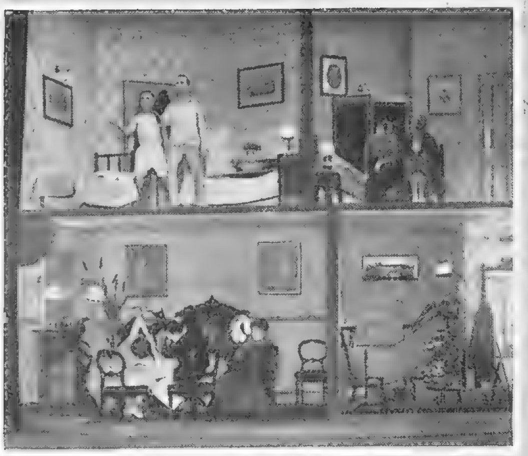
With the sublime instinct of the Spanish nation to judge wrongly the masses regarded Don Ferdinand as a hero and looked on Charles IV as the unscrupulous tool of the adventurer Godoy.

The time arrived when the French legions were pouring over every frontier in Europe. Napoleon Bonaparte now Emperor of the French, had already deprived the King of Naples, head of a branch of the House of Bourbon, of the throne of Naples. The uncertain attitude of the Court of Madrid decided the all-powerful Emperor to drive the Bourbons from Spain and to impose on the Spanish people one of his own brothers as their king.

But in these columns we have to do with Godoy. During the difficulties which preceded the invasion of Spain by the French armies (*Continued on p.* 106)

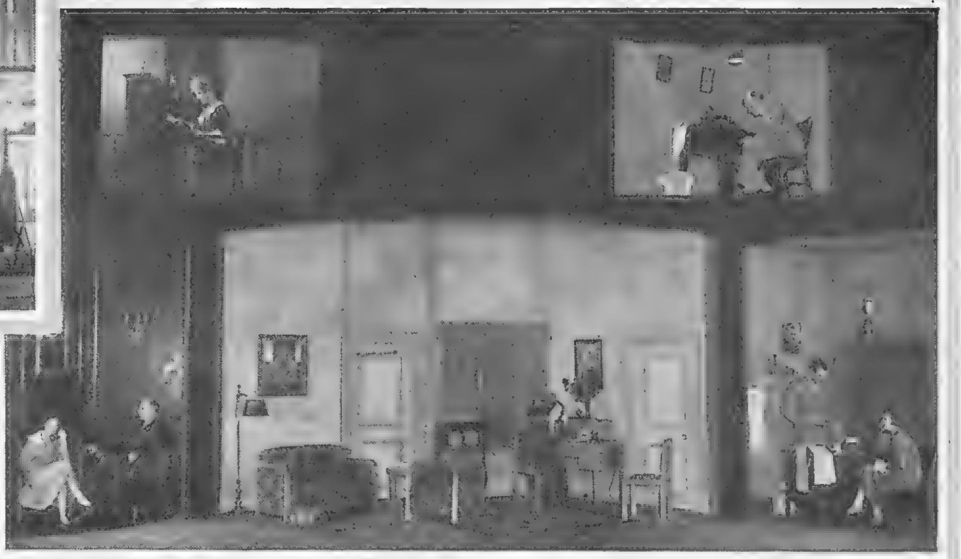


AT this time Godoy was a very old man

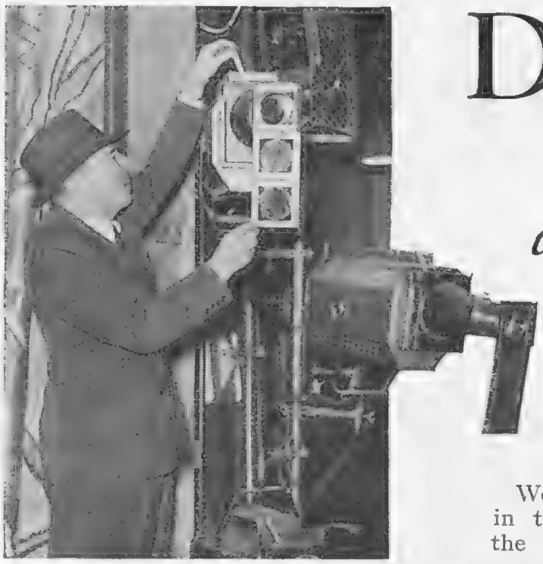


ALL together or one at a time; an effective scene from "Ever-Green," at the Adelphi, showing simultaneous action in four rooms of a seaside boarding house

Below:
A SIMULTANEOUS projection with three revolving stages; a five-in-one effect from "Late Night Final" at the Phœnix



Taking *the* British Drama *for a* Ride . . .



HASSARD SHORT, the producer of "Waltzes from Vienna," with a unit of his new and elaborate lighting system

ALL the world is a machine, and all the men and women merely Robots. It is getting like that, anyway—especially the stage.

For years, commercialism has nearly ruined whatever art the Theatre had left. Now, more and more, mechanicalisation—the cash register in the manager's office and the whirl-me-around-again-Willy stages they are building everywhere—are trying to make it a triumph of dehumanised mechanics.

In a little fable I wrote, the other week, I made one manager say to another, "Are you going to buy a revolving stage?" I made the second one reply, "No, I'm going to buy a revolver."

The reason that he was going to buy a revolver was because he could not afford to buy a revolving stage.

You see them everywhere, now. The Adelphi Theatre has two, one on top of another! The first one was put there for "Ever-Green" and the second was placed immediately over it for "Grand Hotel," the reason being that Gilbert Miller, who bought the second one for the Lyric Theatre, put it in temporarily at the Adelphi, the one already there not being large enough for his more elaborate production.

Well, the consequence of the invention of the revolving stage was not that scenes were moved much more quickly than they used to be in the old days when, believe me, in spite of all they say, Tree's stage staff was as efficient as almost any modern machinery, but that, when they had got revolving stages, managers began to use them for scenes which need not have been in the play at all.

AS a novel, "Grand Hotel" was a success, not only because it had, as a central character, a poor little book-keeper who was determined to enjoy the few weeks of life remaining to him, and so was determined to spend all his money in a smart hotel in Berlin, but because, at the end, it told you, in gripping tenseness, what happened in different rooms and corridors on the same floor during the height of a most vivid drama.

Well, the poor little book-keeper got lost in the machinery, all the psychology of the play became crushed under all the

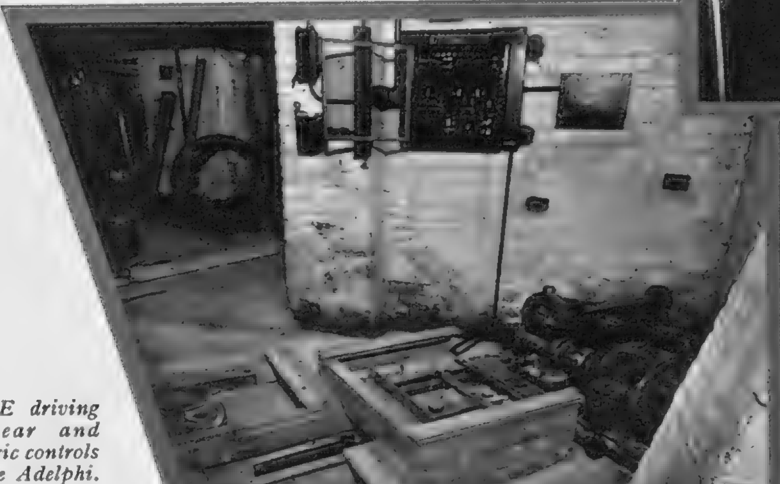
Right:
ONE of the many kaleidoscopic scenes from "Grand Hotel" at the Adelphi, made effective by the revolving stage

H*annen* Swaffer

Speaks *his* mind *about* the Mechanisation *of the* Stage

mechanism, and while you certainly saw, when they staged the vestibule of the large hotel, a really lifelike representation—well, if you want to see that sort of thing, you can sit in the front of the Savoy Hotel whenever you like and see it for nothing. They used to cheer hansom cabs on the stage. Now they cheer hotels. Besides, that vestibule scene, the best one in the play, did not want a revolving stage.

SETTING the machinery in motion: the operator, watched by some of the cast, pulling the lever which makes the stage revolve

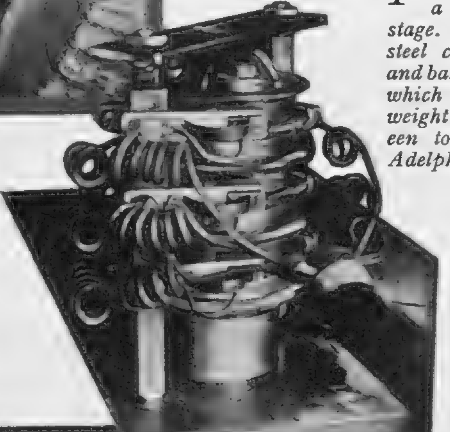


THE driving gear and electric controls at the Adelphi. Part of the circular framework of the stage is visible on the right

THERE were, I should think, nearly as many scenes in "Abraham Lincoln" as there are in "Grand Hotel." Episode plays, as they are called, have been common enough for some years. The scenes have been moved quite quietly by ordinary stage-hands and they have shown us quite enough reality.

Why all this sudden fuss about a most elaborate way of doing a simple thing?

If more trouble had been taken in casting "Grand Hotel," if they had stuck more closely to the story and got more of the sudden action of that midnight drama—where a crook kills a manufacturer, and the typist with whom he is spending the night rushes in desperation through the hotel and finds solace in the arms of the poor little bookkeeper — and been less mechanical about it all, "Grand Hotel" should have been a triumph. As a matter of fact, one night the company had to help push the stage round!



THE heart of a revolving stage. The heavy steel centre-pin and ball-bearings which carry a weight of eighteen tons, at the Adelphi Theatre

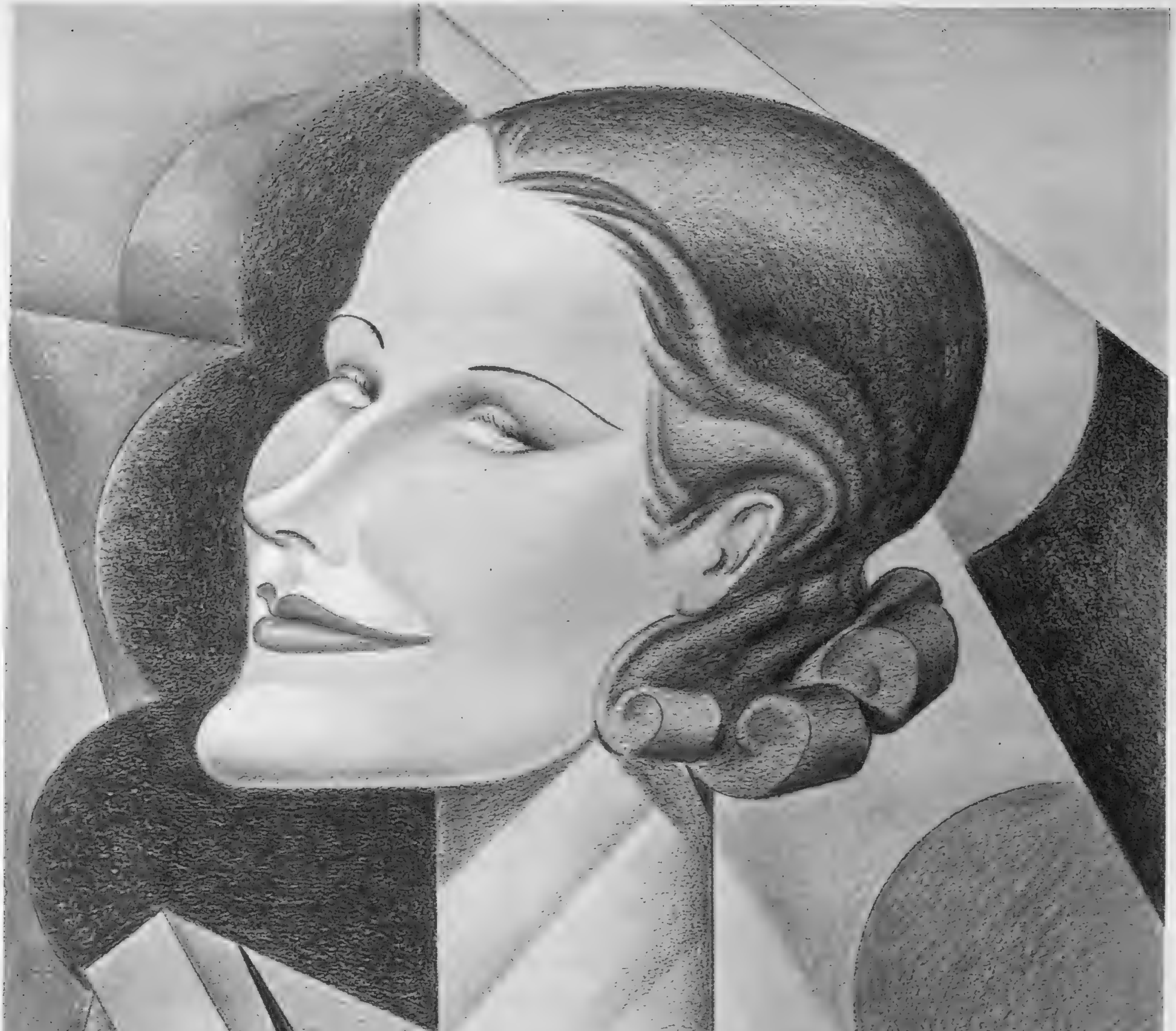
Now, no one is more keen than I am in fostering managerial ambitions. Everybody knows that I am so surprised if ever I do see anything new in a theatre that I regard it as so remarkable that it seems to me almost the beginning of a new era.

It was for that reason that, when, almost in a body, the managers of London rushed abroad to buy revolving stages, only about twenty-six years after Sir Oswald Stoll had put Europe's first revolving stage inside the London Coliseum, I felt that some new courage had come bursting suddenly into their minds.

Strangely enough, it was the success of "White Horse Inn" at the Coliseum that suddenly made them wake up to the importance of a revolving stage. We had seen on it, in the Coliseum, a Derby, dog-racing, and several other shows which made it necessary that the audience should see the stage actually in motion. Everybody knew all about it.

LIFT
LIFT
PORTER

(*Continued on page* 91)



Norma Shearer, *the* Pocket Venus *of the* Screen

A Caricature Portrait by Autori, the famous Covent Garden Bassso

An exception to the Hollywood rule that heroines must be Fair (and Frail) is Norma Shearer, whose semi-bobbed hair is brown and wavy, though her eyes are blue. In her latest pictures, "Strangers may Kiss" and "A Free Soul," she demonstrates once more the importance of being *chic*. Miss Shearer is one of the best-dressed women on the screen, as well as an actress of outstanding accomplishments. Her playing in "The Divorcée" won her the Academy of Motion-Picture Arts and Sciences' Award for the best performance by a screen actress in 1929. Canadian-born, she went to New York eleven years ago, with her mother and sister, to try her luck on the "movies," and nearly starved before she got to Hollywood, where she met her husband, Irving G. Thalberg. She plays the piano, rides well, performs creditably at tennis, is five feet one inch tall, speaks French fluently—a heritage of her childhood in Montreal—is partial to small hats, and is considered one of the best hostesses in Hollywood

A Good Film *about* a "Bad Girl"

The simple Love Story of a working girl and boy

SOME films go to the head, some to the heart. "Bad Girl," from the novel by Vina Delmar, a Fox talkie directed by Frank Borzage, has a sentimental appeal which proclaims it at once a best seller. James Dunn, a newcomer, who has made an instantaneous hit in his first picture, and the charming Sally Eilers play the lovers, and are well supported by Minna Gombell, William Pawley, and Frank Darien

"LLOYD of the C.I.D." is an English picture with an English story, an English background, and an English cast. It is produced by Mutual Pictures—an English company. But the chairman of Mutual Pictures is Mr. Carl Laemmle, of Universal City and the scenario and direction are by Mr. Henry Macrae, who is a Canadian with nineteen years' experience in Hollywoodl and the picture is being made on Hollywood lines. It will probably beat the English production companies at their own game.

Let 's face it. English films are not good enough to compete in the world markets and the American companies have been *forced* to establish production-units over here because of the inferiority of English quota pictures.

There have been a few exceptions, the most recent, "Hindle Wakes," and "The Ghost Train." Anthony Asquith has shown that he is a director of imagination and promise. But promises, verbal, moral, or financial, are at a discount at the moment. The "Secrets of Nature" series of "shorts" were unique, fascinating and had international success. "Drifters," the herring-fishing film by Grierson, was perfect of its kind. "The Windjammers," for which Pack Herbert wrote the dialogue, had a special appeal because of its subject—the voyage round the Cape of one of the last sailing-ships; but the photography was, at times, murky, the sound thick, and the action lymphatic. "Blackmail," directed by Hitchcock, was good; and "Piccadilly," made from the scenario by Arnold Bennett and "Atlantic," both directed by Dupont (a German), were up to the standard of American and Continental program pictures and had some success in America.

I DO not know why our stage comedians—Henson, Lupino Lane, Mundin, and Verno—are disappointing on the screen, but I think they are. "Oop for the Coop," in which Sydney Howard was starred, was funny in parts. The Tom Walls comedies go down well, especially in the Colonies, but these are really photographed stage-plays and hardly come within the scope of cinema criticism.

Right:
ADRIENNE ALLEN, one of the few English actresses who have style or personality on the screen

Below:
MISS JEANNE STUART can wear her clothes as well as any of the American stars

ISOBEL JEANS, whose "chic" is as strongly developed as her own personality

The Greatest of All Film Mysteries

What *is* the Matter *with* British *Film* Production?

By Sydney Tremayne

I shall doubtless be attacked by readers who have admired or enjoyed other English pictures—"Murder," perhaps, and "Escape," because Gerald du Maurier and familiar bits of Dartmoor appeared in it, but really they do not compare from a critical point of view with hundreds of American pictures and scores of continental films, and what do these few pictures amount to, anyway, among so many?

It is not patriotic to be "kind" to English films and to judge them by a different and lower standard. It is rubbish to explain away their failings on financial grounds. Plenty of good films have been made with little money, and a lot of money has been spent, often very foolishly, on English productions. "Tell England" cost more than, I think, it will ever earn. "Bad Girl," the irrelevantly titled, most excellent American film which reduced strong men and made-up women to reluctant tears at the Tivoli, cannot have cost very much.

LEWIS DAYTON and Janice Adair in a scene from "Lloyd of the C.I.D."

Right: *JACK LLOYD who plays the title rôle in "Lloyd of the C.I.D." and Shayle Gardner*

EMILY FITZROY as she appears in one of the scenes in "Lloyd of the C.I.D.," a British production of which the open air scenes were made at Deepdene

THE critics know that most English films are second-rate and try to let them down lightly: if they tell the truth about them they are attacked for lack of patriotism, generally by short-sighted and sentimental people who live in the provinces or the colonies. I had a lovely letter recently from a gentleman signing himself "Bronk Peeler" and describing himself as a "cow person," from the Ranchmen's Club, Calgary, Canada. He began almost affectionately, "Dear Syd," and went on to say that he thought we English excelled at running down our own country. This was because I had criticised some of our English film actresses as dowdy and too refined. This offended him deeply because he and other "Riders of the Crescent Bar Outfit" who were over in England during the war "were mighty glad to marry English girls, who are sure an ornament to the Great Open Spaces Where Men are Men" (the capitals are his). But he seems to have confused the issues, and it is doubtful if the Ornaments could compete with Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and the rest, as alluring film personalities or that the aforementioned stars would be suitable wives for Cow Persons!

Bronk Peeler thought well of "One Embarrassing Night," the film version of "Rookery Nook," and considered the heroine "a helluva swell little jane," and when he saw her in the arms of Tom Walls he felt that to be in Tom's place for five minutes he would "cheerfully have parted with his new bronk saddle, the two-gallon hat that was built by Old Man Stetson himself and the cow boots and silver mounted spurs that would bring tears of joy to the eyes of Mr. Cunningham Graham." Further, my friend Bronk Peeler warned me not to say anything more against English film stars when any Riders of the Crescent Bar Outfit were around, if I valued my life.

In spite of these intimidating threats I must be honest about English films. It is the producers, not the actors and actresses, that are to blame. My virile Canadian friend makes the sensible point that the girls cannot help being dowdy if no money is spent on them. This is true up to a point, but there is an inherent quality—let us call it style or personality or what you will—which is independent of clothes. A woman who has it can suggest allurement as well by taking off a Patou gown as by putting one on. There are a few English actresses who have this quality—one thinks of Isabel Jeans first, but she rather overdoes it now, and her "chic" is becoming rather more significant than herself; there is Adrianne Allen, and I recently saw Jeanne Stuart in a privately made film called "A Safe Affair" (with Franklyn Dyall giving one of his immaculate and restrained performances, and J. H. Roberts, vocally perfect and seriously humorous), and made a note of the fact that she is decorative and shapely, and can wear clothes as well as any of the American stars; but as a vamping Russian countess she was altogether too moderate in her methods, and Franklyn Dyall, as the victim, was by no means embarrassingly ardent. It is the same with all English films; the tempo is too slow, the emotion is too mild, they lack just the amount of exaggeration which amounts to emphasis.

AND so the American companies are making "English" films. Mr. Laemmle did not want to do so, but once the decision had been taken the swiftness with which all the arrangements were made and the production put under way is characteristic and instructive. Carl Laemmle was over in England for only a few days. He left behind him certain technicians and Mr. Henry Macrae. It was arranged to make the indoor sets at the Stoll Studios. Macrae had chosen Deepdene, the famous home of the Duchess of Marlborough, out of about thirty English houses as the most suitable and typical for his

(*Continued on page 106*)

Converting

A SUCCESSFUL experiment which was carried out with more taste than money

By Antonia White

THE walls of the passage are covered with white "lining" paper washed with oak varnish, which gives a pale yellow shiny surface. The decoration is by Joan Souter Robertson

Above:
THE sitting-room has peach-coloured walls, a ceiling of a lighter shade of the same colour, a brown hair pile carpet and chairs covered in unbleached linen

Right:
THE curtains in the living-room are of "seaside slub," an inexpensive natural colour material which has a moiré effect. It is bound with a deep band of brown Petersham and a narrow stripe of lime-green

IT was a mansion flat of an almost painfully ordinary type, opening on to a Turkey-carpeted staircase and brown Lincrusta-walled passages. The hall was papered with something dark to make it look even smaller than it was, and everywhere the height of the walls was ingeniously diminished by a picture rail placed about two feet below the ceiling. The fireplaces were ill-proportioned horrors of white painted iron which had broken out into a rash of nameless flowers; they were, moreover, lavishly fronted with blue and ochre tiles. But it was the twenty-fifth flat we had looked at; there were plenty of rooms, and the rent was not more than twenty per cent. more than we could afford to pay. We took it.

To simplify and remodel the structure of the place before beginning to decorate it took a few pounds and a little ingenuity. We began by tearing down every picture rail in the place. The ceiling-mouldings were mercifully plain, and with the now bare walls the rooms looked already far larger and better proportioned. Next, to the landlord's astonishment, we had the wrought-iron fireplaces entirely covered with three-ply wood, painted the same colour as the walls. The tiled space behind the fire itself was hidden by a sheet of painted asbestos, and the fireplaces, instead of being violent interruptions, now became part of the actual structure of the rooms. We abolished most of the centre lights and replaced them with portable lamps plugged into the wall. We were lucky in finding plenty of wall plugs, as these cost a pound apiece to instal. The recesses on either side of the sitting-room fireplace we had fitted with deal shelves, painted to match the walls. There were similar recesses in the bedroom, and, for these, we designed very simple built-in wardrobes, which were executed for us by a clever local carpenter. Each of these wardrobes consists of a top, a cornice and one side of natural oak. Inside they are fitted with four shelves, bracketed on to the wall itself, and a long brass rod from which about twenty dress-hangers are suspended. Instead of doors, they have curtains, which save a very large area of wood. These most useful wardrobes, without the curtains, cost us two pounds ten apiece. The same carpenter made us two large light oak desks with ample tops and deep cupboards on either side for six pounds each.

THE next thing was to plan colour schemes, and, what was far more difficult, to see that a set of puzzled and reluctant workmen carried them out.

For the hall, we wanted pale walls, both to lighten the place and to make it look larger. Pale distemper was impracticable here and we could not afford washable paint or a top-coat of cellulose lacquer. So we compromised by having hall, passage and nursery covered with ordinary white "lining" paper, painted over with the cheapest oak varnish. This gives a softly-shining butter-coloured surface which is practically dirt-proof and easily washed with a

the Common-*place* Flat

The Approximate Costs

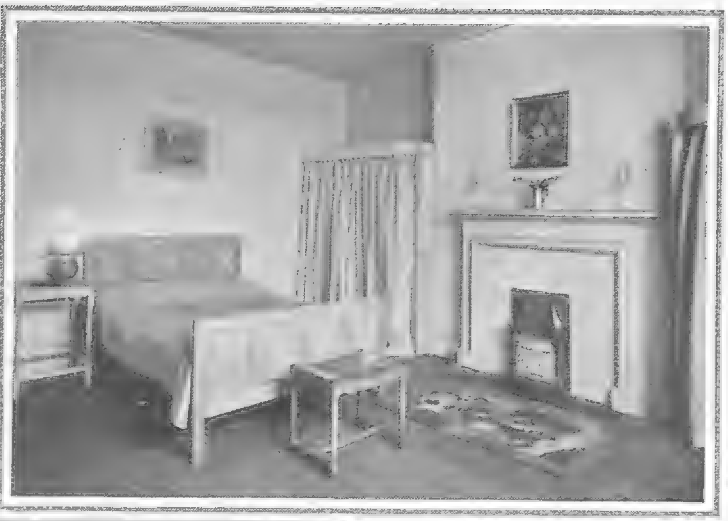
of the structural alterations and painting of the three principal rooms. Prices of curtains, one carpet and one or two pieces of furniture specially made are included

SITTING-ROOM.—Brown hair pile carpet (only a shilling a yard dearer than ordinary haircord and very much better looking), supplying, making and laying, £12 14s. 6d.; distempering and painting, £8 10s.; covering fireplace with wood and asbestos, £2 15s.; curtains (material and lining, 42s. 6d.; making, £4), £6 2s. 6d.; fitting recesses with shelves and removing rails, £2 10s.; two large oak desks made to order at £6 each, £12; total, £44 12s.

DINING-ROOM.—Distempering and painting, £6 5s.; removing rails and light fittings, £1 5s.; covering fireplace, £2 15s.; total, £10 5s.

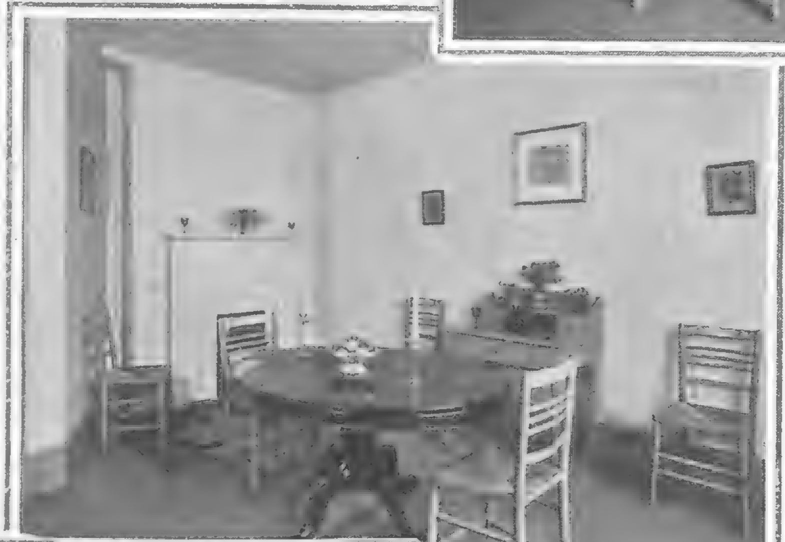
BEDROOM. — Distempering, painting (with two coloured lines), removing rails and one light, £10 4s. 6d.; covering tiles with asbestos, 15s.; two wardrobes at £2 10s., £5; labour building in same, 9s. 4d.; materials and making of curtains for same, £2 2s. 6d.; window curtains (material and lining, £1 16s. 6d.; making, £4 12s.), £6 8s. 6d.; total, £24 19s. 10d.

Grand total:
£79 16s. 10d.

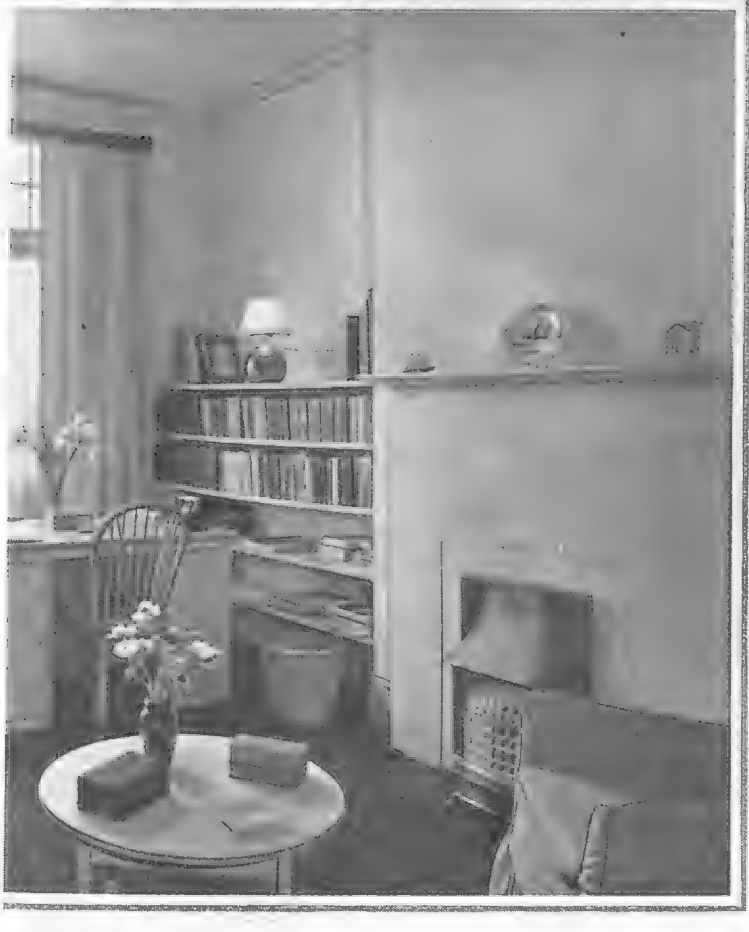


PALE and dark grey enlivened by touches of ice-pink and lime-green form a charming background to the natural oak furniture in the bedroom

sponge. Our one extravagance was the large mural decoration by Joan Souter Robertson, a young artist who can paint on the most unpromising surfaces, but even this only cost a few pounds. Ceiling and woodwork were coloured light blue.



THE dining-room has flesh-coloured walls and duck's-egg green paint. The carpet is grey and the ceiling a pale bluish-green



FOR the sitting-room, which is also a workroom, we chose a peach-coloured distemper for the walls and a lighter tone of the same for the ceiling. The colour of the woodwork is very pale café au lait, and there is a band of lime-green on the ceiling-moulding and on the panels of the door. The curtains are made of a very humble material called "Seaside Slub," which costs 2s. 6d. a yard. It is a kind of stout moiré cotton whose "natural" shade almost exactly matches the natural oak desks. We had these curtains made up by a very good firm and properly lined, since good tailoring is far more important to the appearance of curtains than expensive material. To break this large expanse of pale colour we had the valance bordered with a narrow strip of lime-green satin ribbon and a broad one of brown Petersham to match the brown hair pile carpet, which reaches right up to the walls.

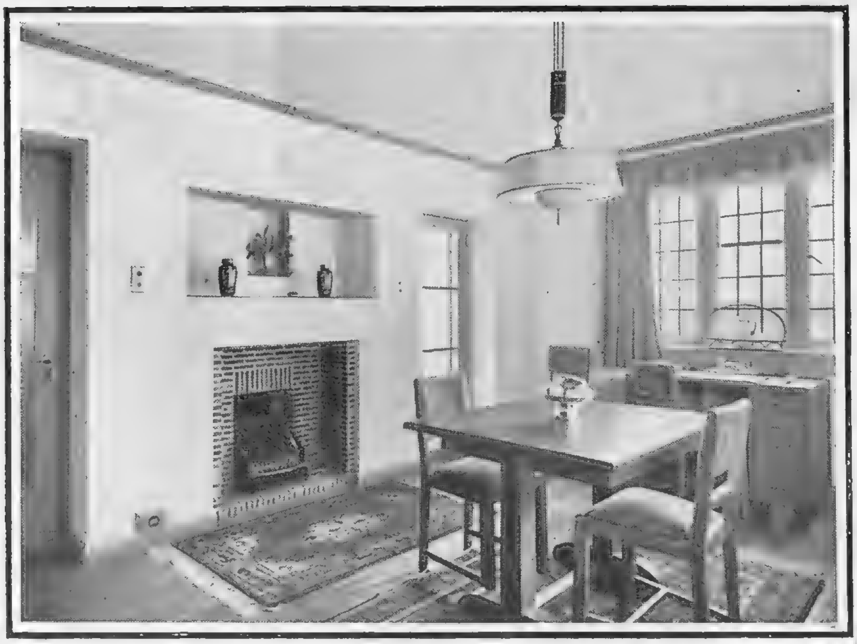
There is a divan covered with the same wheat-coloured stuff as the curtains, an arm-chair upholstered in unbleached linen, and two panne velvet cushions, one lime-green, one dark brown. It makes a pleasant room to live in, neutral without being cold and light without being fussy.

THE dining-room walls are flesh-coloured and the paint a duck's-egg green to match some chairs and flowered curtains we already possessed. The tiny sideboard began life as a Victorian washstand and cost 15s. plus the price of a new coat of paint. The ceiling is pale blue, a good background for an amethyst glass chandelier, and a walnut table and a grey haircord carpet give enough neutral accent to prevent the scheme from being chocolate-boxy.

FOR the bedroom we decided on a very pale grey, almost an "off-white," for the walls and ceiling, and a very slightly darker grey for the woodwork. To relieve this from monotony we had a line of pale strawberry-ice pink and one of lime-green on the mouldings of the ceiling, door, and windows. Curtains and bedspread are of peach-pink artificial silk costing 1s. 11d. a yard and looking surprisingly sumptuous when lined and properly made up. The shiny surface takes the light beautifully and soils far less easily than a dull one would. The plain furniture is of natural oak and the curtains of the built-in wardrobe the same wheat-coloured "slub" as those in the sitting room.

DINING WITH A

By Derek Patmore



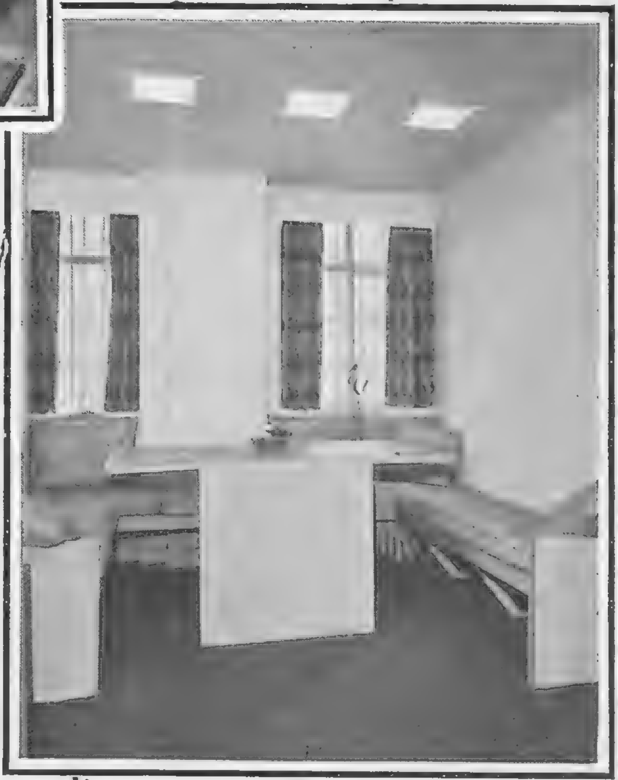
Left: *A SIMPLE dining room in a modern house designed by Alan Fortescue, A.R.I.B.A., has a built-in gas fire and an interesting centre light*

A DINING room, unlike a living room, is used only on occasions. Most of us sit in this room only two or three hours a day; consequently it is an ideal room in which to experiment. Here is a chance for new ideas, new forms of lighting, and new colour schemes.

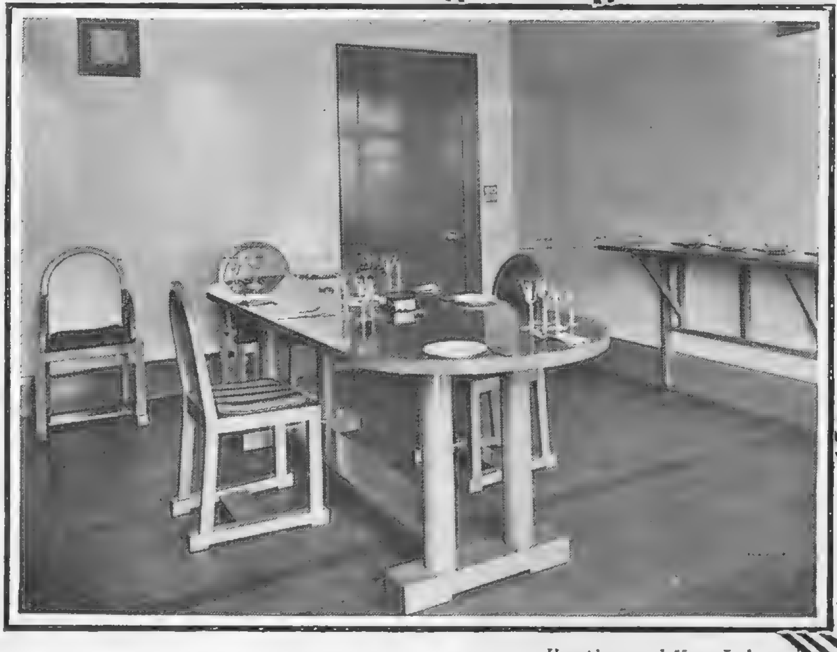
A dining room should be restful and dignified in feeling. But as a rule dark-coloured walls should be avoided except in the case of panelling, when the panels will give the walls a special warm colour of their own. The lighting should be soft and intimate. And the accompanying six illustrations show some of the many ways in which you can furnish, decorate and light your dining room so that it can be a little different from the usual, and have that touch of individuality which we all want our rooms to have.

First, there is a simple inexpensive dining room in the modern manner decorated in a style that would suit any small suburban or country house. Plain distempered walls and ceiling provide an effective setting for attractive waxed natural oak furniture, whilst the fireplace has been treated in an original way. Above a plain red brick fire-place, the wall has been recessed to form two ledges on which are placed various ornaments. The lighting of the room consists of a hanging centre light, with a cleverly inverted bowl, which can be adjusted to any level desired. The floor is stained and polished and covered with several Turkish rugs.

Then, of course, there is the period dining room. Period styles are particularly suited to this room, and are always immensely effective provided the period motif is not overdone. Stripped pine panelled walls will form a graciously lovely setting for natural coloured pickled oak furniture. And if you cannot afford real old panelling there are several processes by which you can have your walls painted and grained to resemble pine, oak or mahogany panelling at very little cost. In a period dining room candles are the logical and most attractive form of lighting, and these should always be used on the table itself. If you require more light, carved wood or gilt brackets fitted with electric candles and silk shades on the walls will look best.



THIS ingenious dining room in a small flat has a table with collapsible sides and a built-in banquette. The lights are concealed in a false ceiling

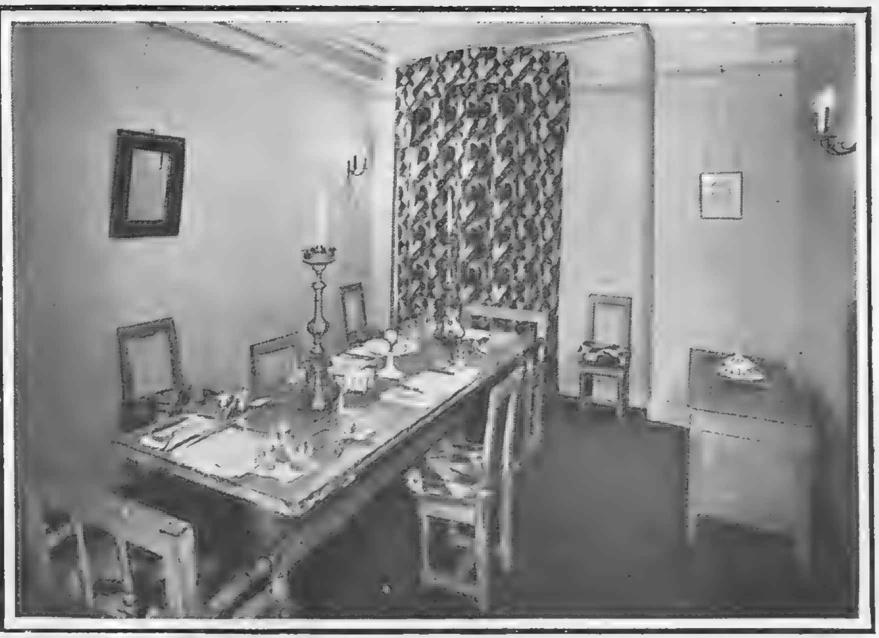


Humphrey and Vera Joel

A MODERN yet unusually comfortable dining room has varnished walls and lights let into the walls and shaded by glass doors. Note the collapsible sideboard

ROOMS

DIFFERENCE



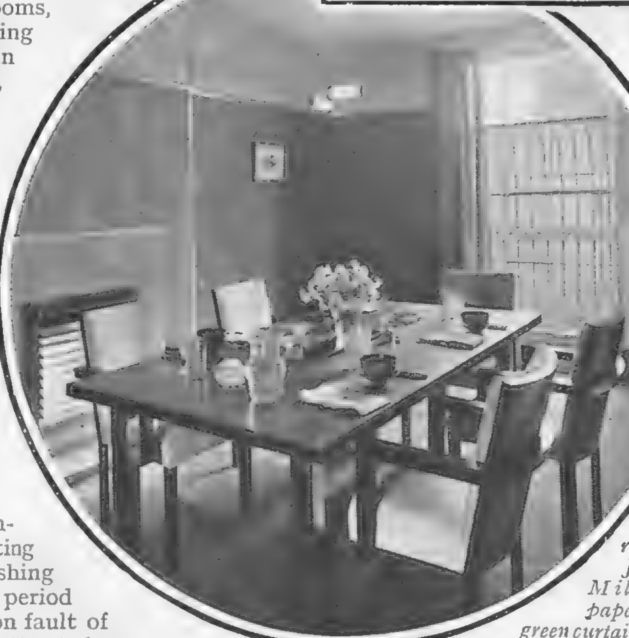
Right:

A REFECTORY table, antique chairs and an old chest harmonise surprisingly well with curtains of a modern design in Miss Reitlinger's flat.

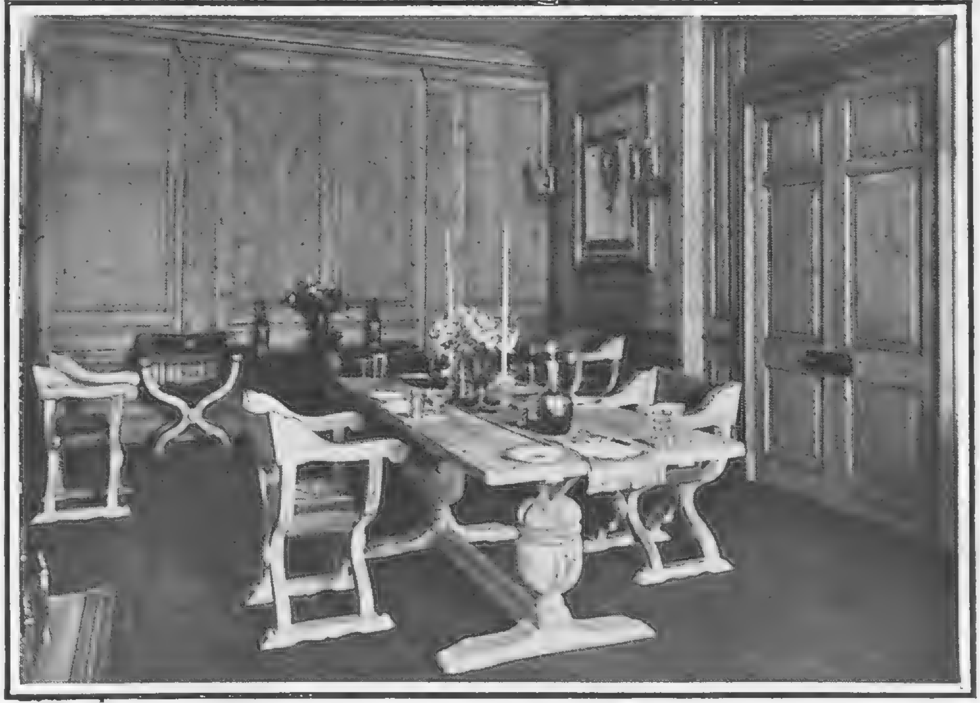
FREQUENTLY a very decorative effect can be obtained in a period dining room, especially in the case of old or reproduction Tudor rooms, by merely white-washing the walls and ceiling in between the old beams, and then furnishing the room with an old oak dresser and fixing shelves all round the walls, on which gaily coloured china and pottery may be placed. If you have pieces of old china and glass to use in this manner so much the better. The effect of the rich colours against the bare white background will make an otherwise dull room attractive, and it is an inexpensive way of decorating the walls. When furnishing your dining room in a period style avoid the common fault of over-crowding. It is better to have too little furniture than too much. Finally, it will be found that a plain modern setting will look immensely well with antique furniture. Plain painted walls and curtains of some modern patterned fabric will create an harmonious background for old oak or walnut chairs and dining table. The contrast will enhance the lines and design of the old furniture.

One of the problems that confront many people nowadays is how to find space for a dining room in a small modern flat. Frequently the space allowed by the architect for the dining room is lamentably small! One of the most ingenious small dining rooms is illustrated on the opposite page. A corner of the hall has been built round with cushioned seats, and a small table has been constructed in the centre. This table has two collapsible folds, so that when it is not in use the folds can be turned down and the table used as a small occasional table. In a very small dining room you will find that you will save considerable space if one end of the table is fixed to the wall, and this is often seen in modern dining rooms. In these days when tables are left bare and only a few small mats are used, many new and interesting materials are making their appearance. Many tables have tops of coloured rubber which is easily kept clean and has the additional advantage of not being marked or damaged by hot plates. Dark grey slate tables with wooden or metal base also look very attractive and are washable and heat-proof.

In no room is the method of indirect lighting more effective than in the dining room. Squares of white opaque glass set into the ceiling, or strips of indirect light from glass let into the sides of the walls, fill the room with a strong subdued light which is very becoming to the inhabitants.



A CHARMING dining room, in the flat of John Duncan Miller, has walls papered with sacking, green curtains and a table with steel legs and a rubber top



Humphrey and Vera Joel

THE dining room in Mr. Hopwood's house has William and Mary pine-panelled walls and Italian chairs of natural oak with crimson velvet cushions

A FASHION QUESTIONNAIRE

1 **H**AVE you got a black and white costume this winter? Nothing is smarter, particularly when, as in this dress, it consists of one of the new thin woollen materials and dull white crêpe romain. The belt is a spiral made of a new white lacquered composition and ends in two pattes. Schiaparelli

2 **D**ON'T you think a spotted handkerchief knotted closely around the throat is a practical and becoming fashion? Here it is made of scarlet crêpe de Chine and adorns a dress of navy blue wool which simulates a bolero in front, but has a plain back and a cleverly divided skirt. Schiaparelli

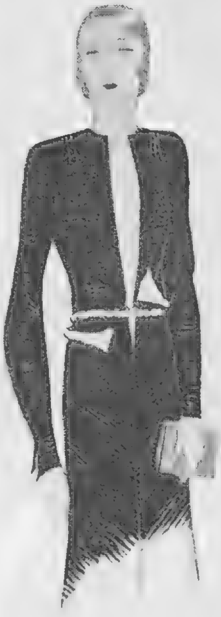
3 **D**O you know that evening gloves should be three-quarter length and that in consequence many evening coats have, like this one, short sleeves? These are fashionably puffed, and the material is beige lamé taffeta patterned with brilliant gold dots. The hem of the coat and the upstanding collar are bordered with light brown fox. Louiseboulanger

4 **D**OES your new winter hat reveal one side of your waved hair and dip abruptly over the other side? In this model of black felt the turned-back crown is folded into a peak over the right eye and covers the right ear, and a flat, but tightly curled green and black feather accentuates the line. Maria Guy

5 **O**R have you elected to wear one of the many fascinating versions of the béret? Here is an unusual one which is carried out in brown, red and yellow striped velvet. It is draped to one side and trimmed on the other with a cockade of pleated brown grosgrain. The brushed-forward coiffure is very popular in Paris. Agnès

6 **A**RE you one of the enthusiasts who are delighted at the so-called return of the bustle? If so, you will surely want this enchanting evening gown which is carried out in pale blue, very soft taffeta, and has a row of diamond buttons down the front of its tight-fitting bodice. Worth

7 **O**R do you prefer the long, slender lines of the Empire silhouette? This exquisite gown is the essence of simplicity and chic. It is made of thick white satin with the flares of its cleverly cut skirt accentuated by appliquéd strips of the material. The full-length wrap is of royal blue velvet. Nicole Groult



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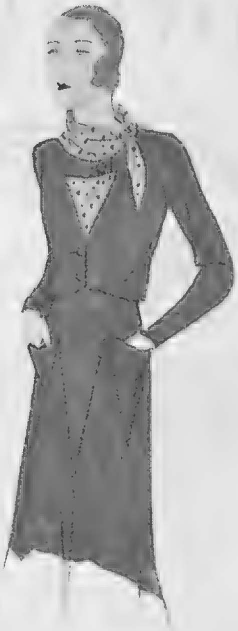

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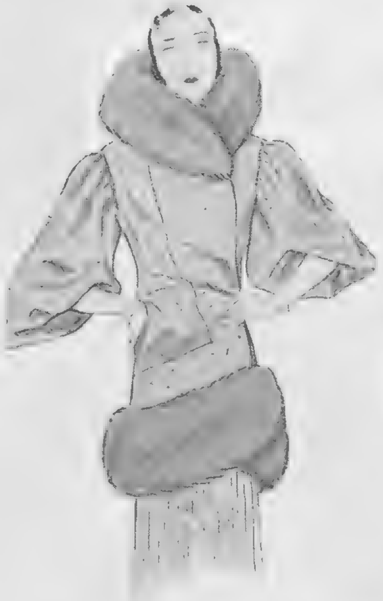

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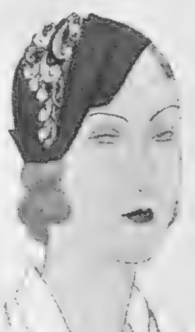

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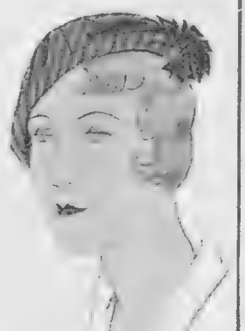

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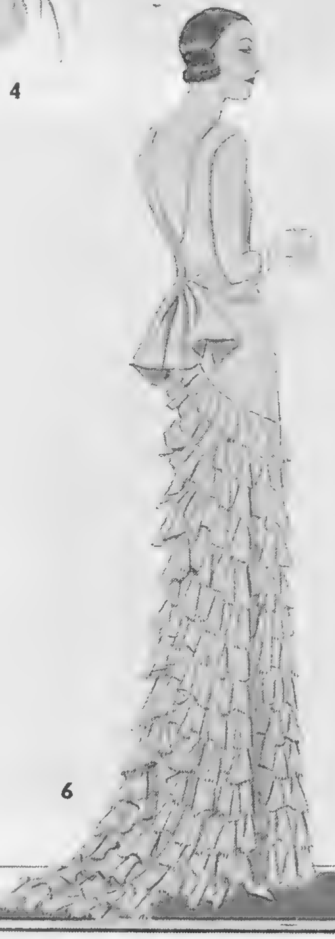

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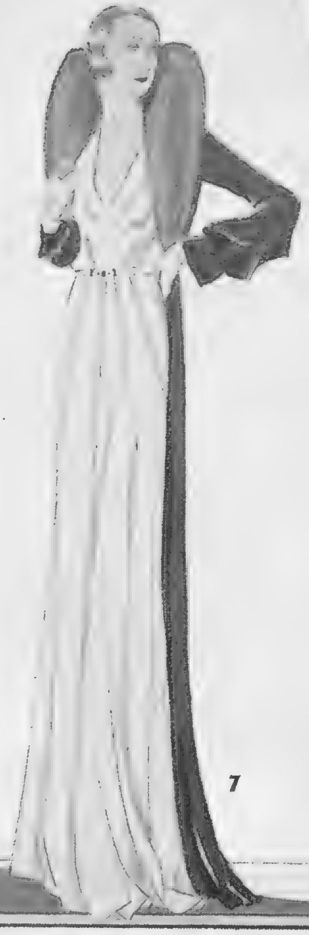
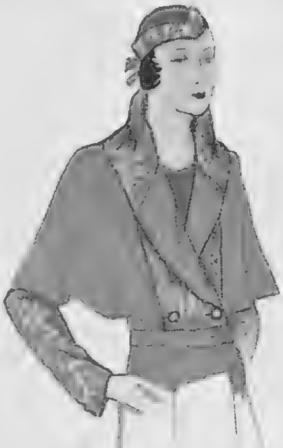
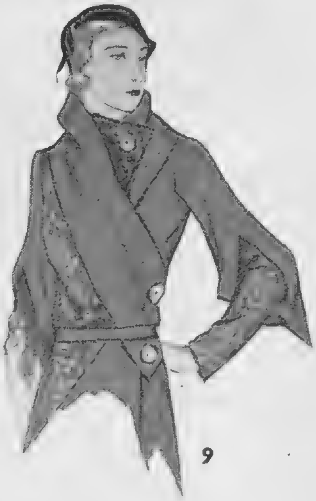


7

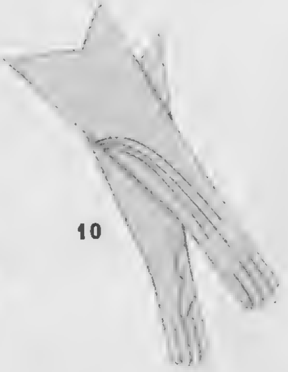
A few Pertinent Remarks on the High-lights of the 1931-1932 Winter Fashions


8

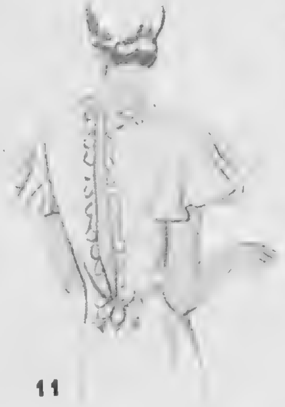
8 HAVE you seen the new dyed furs? This attractive woollen coat of the fashionable Persian blue (a dark blue slightly violet in tone) is trimmed with astrakhan dyed the same colour, and the cape effect of the sleeves is in front only. Bruyère


9

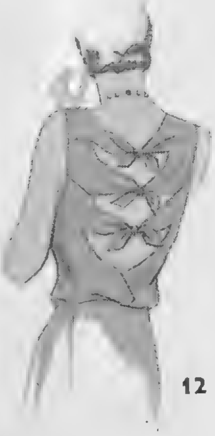
9 DON'T you think the waistcoat effects carried out in flat furs on our winter coats are both practical and attractive? This brown woollen coat is lavishly and warmly trimmed with brown astrakhan and has unusually decorative sleeves. Most of the new full-length coats are belted. Bruyère


10

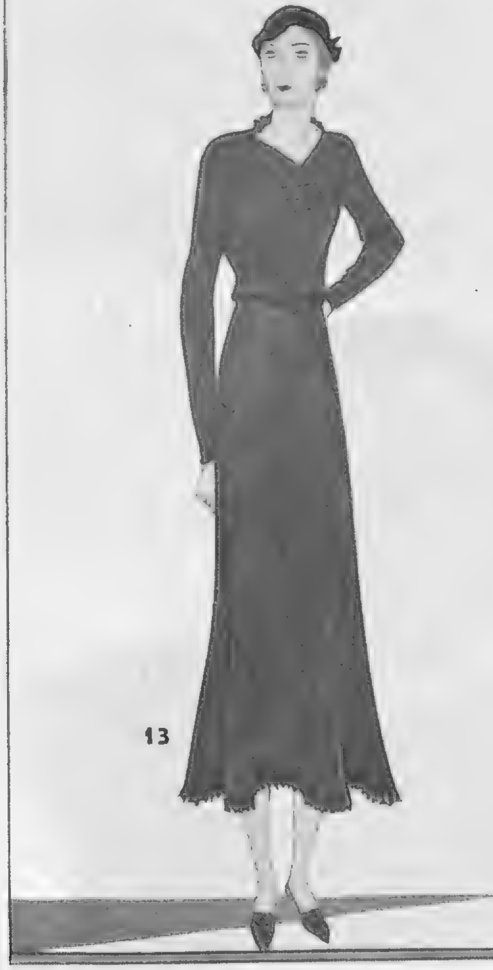
10 HAVE you noticed the increasing importance of gloves? No longer are they just plain and inconspicuous coverings for our hands, but much care and taste goes to their designing and execution. These long gauntlets are of beige antelope trimmed with tiny tucks. Alexandrine


11

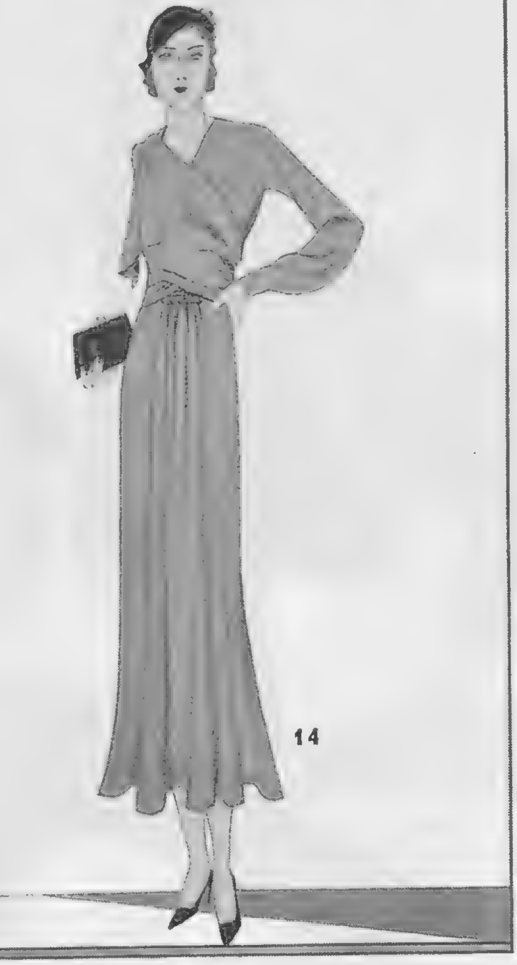
11 HAVE you a dinner dress with short sleeves? They are one of the characteristics of this season. Here a white mousseline de soie gown has flared shoulder capes which simulate sleeves, and a high round neckline to compensate for the décolletage which is slit down to the waist at the back. Worth


12

12 WOULDN'T these three coquettish little bows be a charming alternative to the low décolletages which are often so unbecoming? This model is carried out in the palest pink marocain, and in front the bodice is softly draped. The skirt reaches the ankles and has a flared basque. Mainbocher


13

13 HAVE you noticed that lingerie etceteras have disappeared from our wardrobes? The new afternoon dresses show a wide variety of necklines, but are rarely relieved by white. This dress of heavy brown silk has an unusual neckline finished by a pleated frill, which is repeated on the hem of the skirt. The bodice ties at the back with a bow. Bruyère


14

14 DO you know about the new thin uncrushable velvet? It is made of silk and cotton, looks exquisite, can be had in all colours, and really does not crease or mark. This gown is made of it in a deep shade of chestnut brown. The one-sided bodice gives a very slimming line. Augustabernard

Smart New Woollies *for* the Winter Season

SOME attractive new Sports Clothes for the Skater, the Golfer, the Country Woman, or the Merely Chilly

ONE of the problems which beset us during the long winter months is how to get enough exercise, for inclement weather does not always allow us to indulge in golf, nor have all of us daylight hours to spare. But skating is as delightful as it is healthy, and now that so many new rinks have opened, it is a pastime in which all of us can indulge, regardless of the weather or of the increased fares to Switzerland.

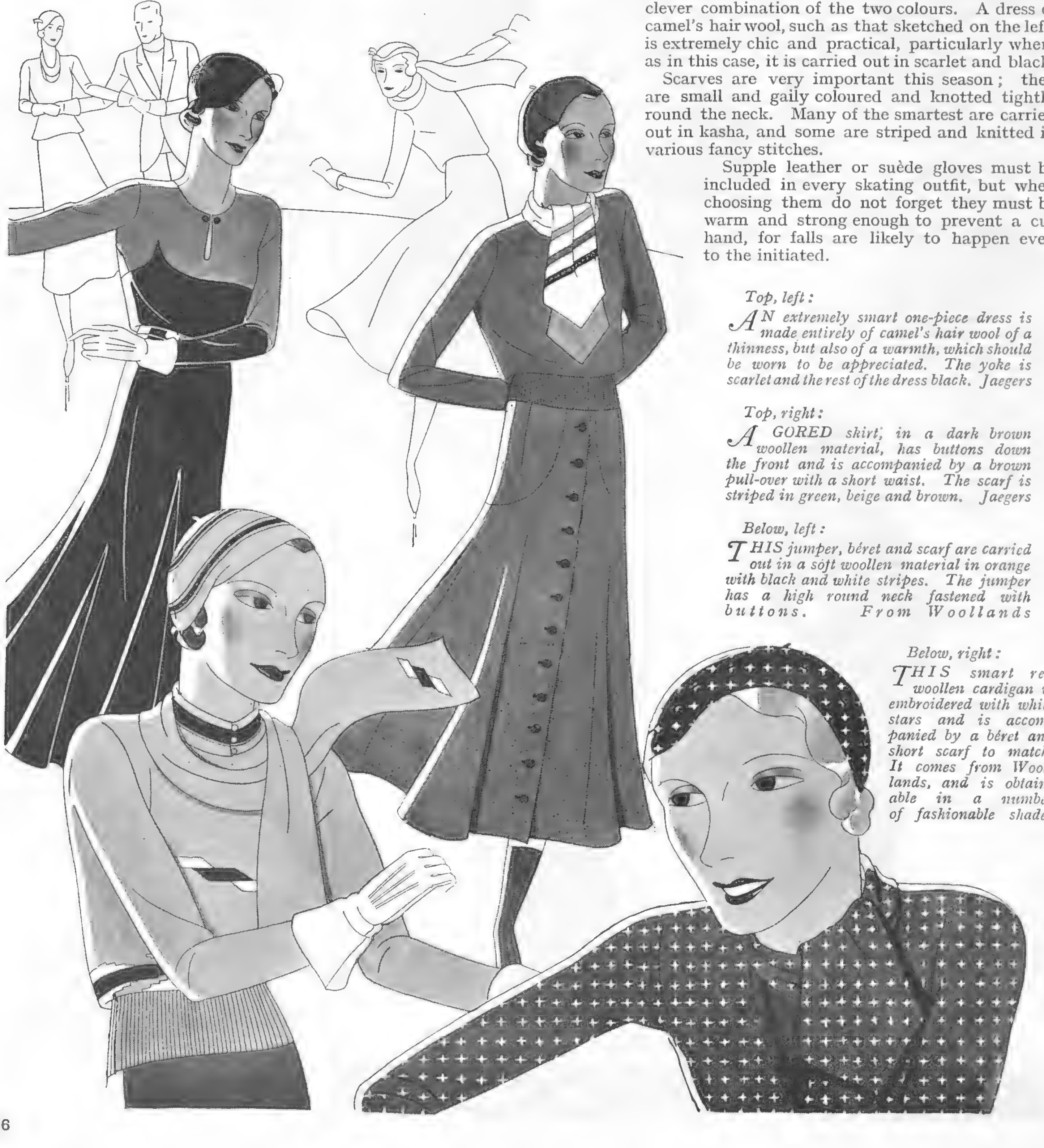
Fortunately for the feminine would-be skater this revival of skating coincides with a season in which woollen garments preponderate. Never before have woollies of every description been so popular, nor have there been such a wide variety from which to choose.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of woollen materials this season, many of which are as thin as silk and some almost as transparent. Among the amazing number of new weaves is a wool jersey with a tweed-like stripe, a stockinette flecked with a lighter colour, stockinette embroidered with broderie anglaise designs, several variations of a diagonal weave, and a new material with a bouclé effect, exclusive to Jaegers, which is most unusual and attractive.

Vivid reds, brilliant blues, and rich, warm tones of browns and orange are the colours that are most frequently seen this season on the ice. The béret, jumper and scarf, and sometimes the cardigan, are made to match. One effective set was carried out in dark brown and orange; the jumper and scarf were in brown decorated with orange, the short cardigan was in plain brown, and the turban-like béret was a clever combination of the two colours. A dress of camel's hair wool, such as that sketched on the left, is extremely chic and practical, particularly when, as in this case, it is carried out in scarlet and black.

Scarves are very important this season; they are small and gaily coloured and knotted tightly round the neck. Many of the smartest are carried out in kasha, and some are striped and knitted in various fancy stitches.

Supple leather or suède gloves must be included in every skating outfit, but when choosing them do not forget they must be warm and strong enough to prevent a cut hand, for falls are likely to happen even to the initiated.



Top, left:

AN extremely smart one-piece dress is made entirely of camel's hair wool of a thinness, but also of a warmth, which should be worn to be appreciated. The yoke is scarlet and the rest of the dress black. Jaegers

Top, right:

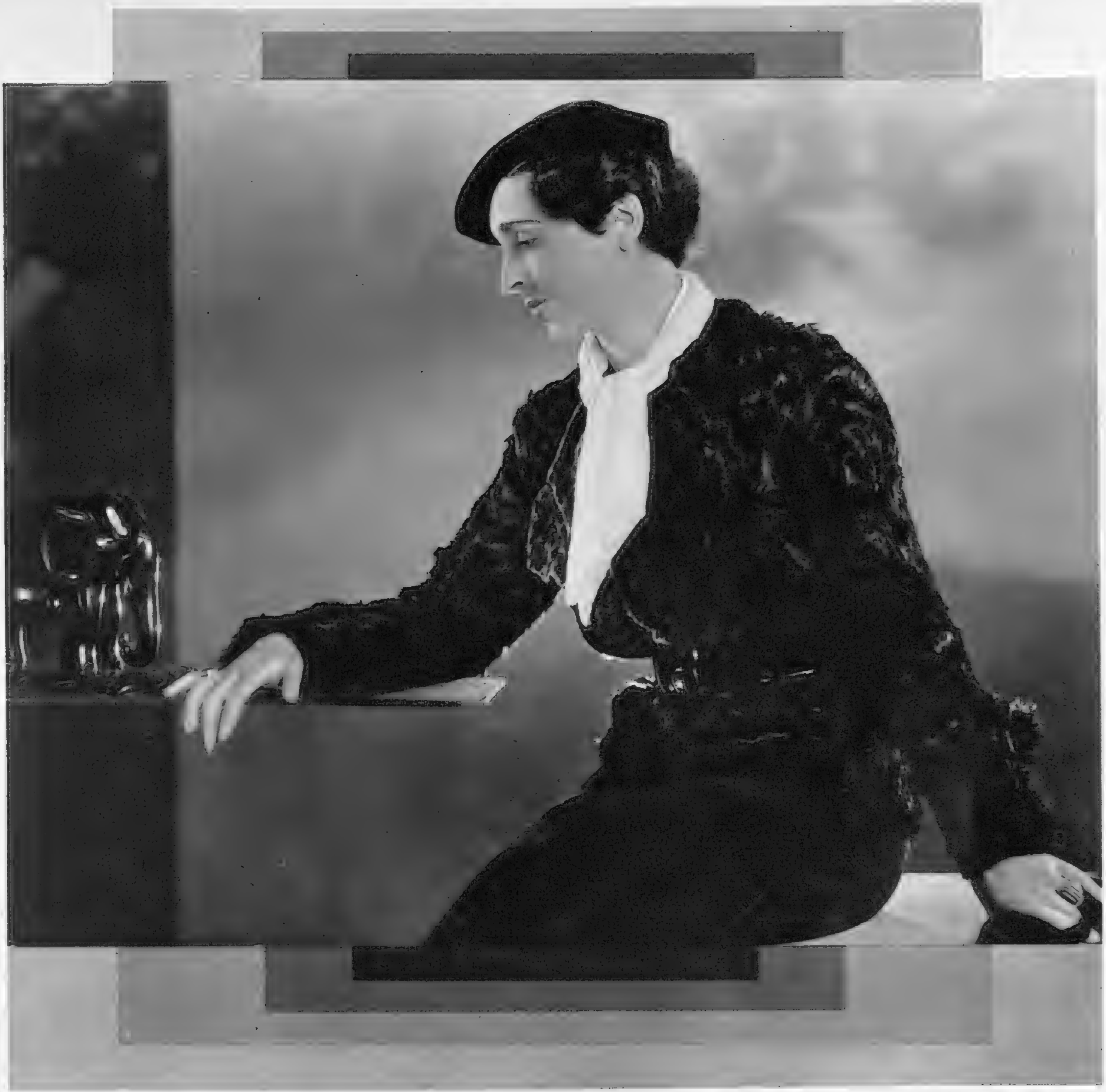
A GORED skirt, in a dark brown woollen material, has buttons down the front and is accompanied by a brown pull-over with a short waist. The scarf is striped in green, beige and brown. Jaegers

Below, left:

THIS jumper, béret and scarf are carried out in a soft woollen material in orange with black and white stripes. The jumper has a high round neck fastened with buttons. From Woollands

Below, right:

THIS smart red woollen cardigan is embroidered with white stars and is accompanied by a béret and short scarf to match. It comes from Woollands, and is obtainable in a number of fashionable shades

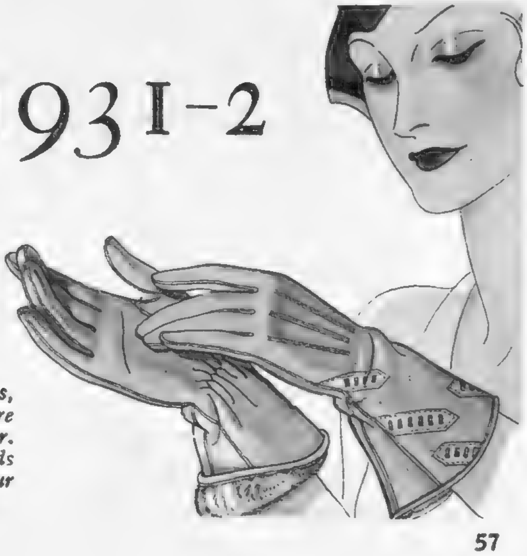


Peter North

A Coat for Winter 1931-2

A Portrait of Miss Margaret Rawlings wearing an attractive Short Fur Coat

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS caused a considerable stir last summer, both by her beauty and her intelligent acting, when she created the rôle of "Salome" in the Gate Theatre production. She has now deserted us for New York, where she is playing in "The Venetians" the part in which she made a success during its long run in London. This charming portrait was taken just before she sailed, and shows her wearing a short coat of black caracul with an ermine scarf-collar from Marshall and Snelgrove's

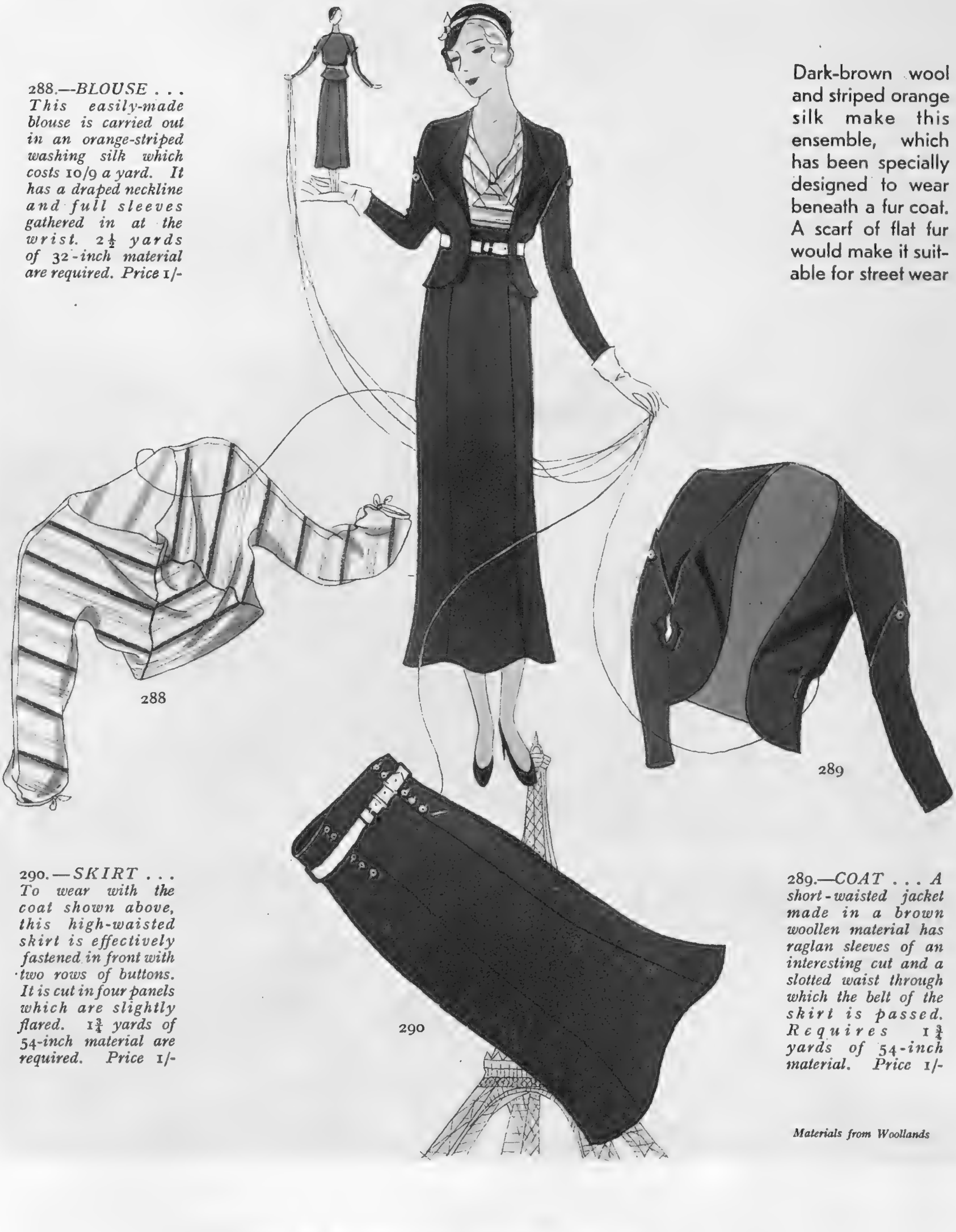


THESE practical wool-lined gloves, made by I. and R. Morley, are carried out in a soft grey-blue leather. The gauntlets are appliquéd with bands of pale-grey leather and lined with fur

AN ENSEMBLE to wear under your WINTER COAT

288.—BLOUSE . . . This easily-made blouse is carried out in an orange-striped washing silk which costs 10/9 a yard. It has a draped neckline and full sleeves gathered in at the wrist. 2½ yards of 32-inch material are required. Price 1/-

Dark-brown wool and striped orange silk make this ensemble, which has been specially designed to wear beneath a fur coat. A scarf of flat fur would make it suitable for street wear



290.—SKIRT . . . To wear with the coat shown above, this high-waisted skirt is effectively fastened in front with two rows of buttons. It is cut in four panels which are slightly flared. 1¾ yards of 54-inch material are required. Price 1/-

289.—COAT . . . A short-waisted jacket made in a brown woollen material has raglan sleeves of an interesting cut and a slotted waist through which the belt of the skirt is passed. Requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material. Price 1/-

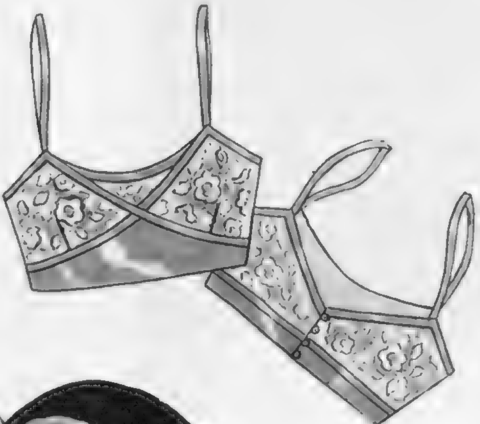
Materials from Woollands

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

LINGERIE for the HOME DRESSMAKER

Some effective lingerie patterns for both day and night which emphasize the slim lines of the modern silhouette

291.—This brassière requires ½ yard of 36-in. washing silk, or could be made partly of lace. It fastens at the back with four buttons. Price 1/-



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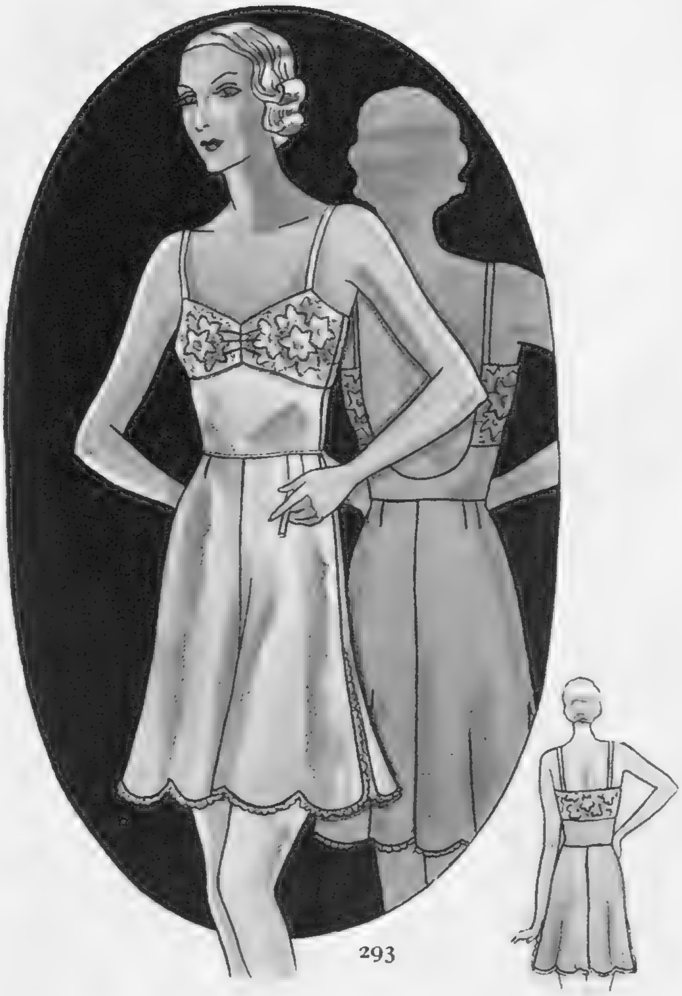
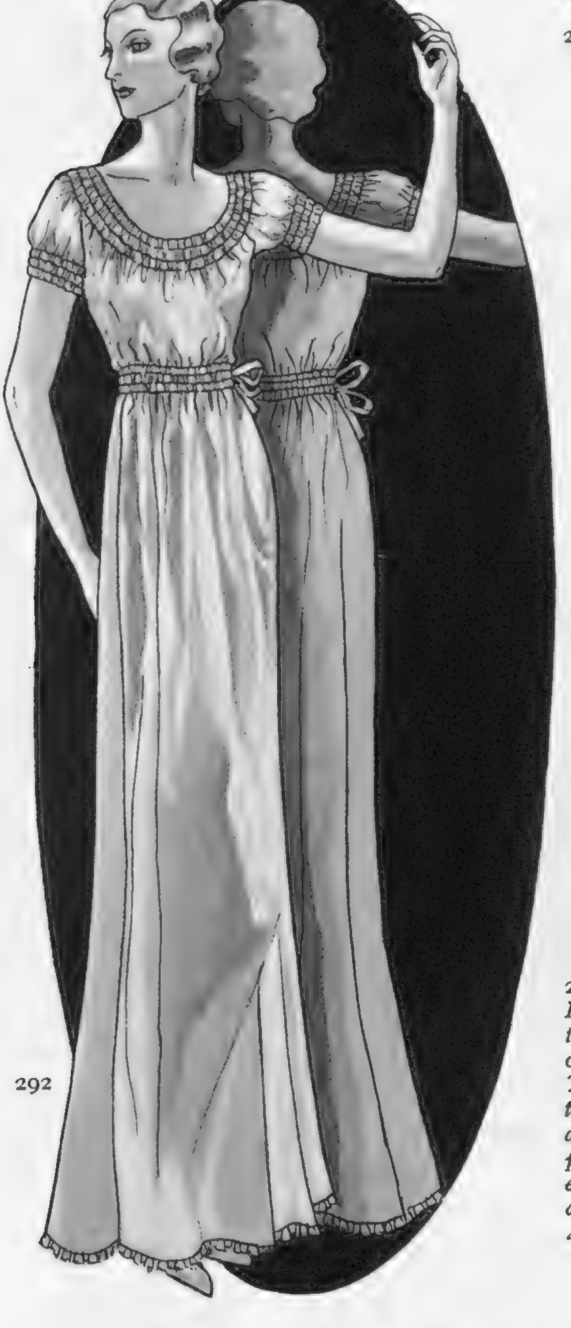


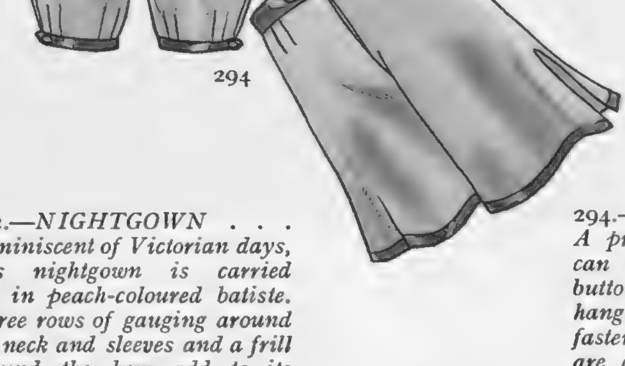
293

293.—CAMI-KNICKERS . . . 2½ yards of 36-in. crêpe-de-Chine or washing silk are used for these cami-knickers, which are trimmed with cream lace and fasten beneath the left arm. They can be made with a low décolletage for evening wear. Price 1/-



292

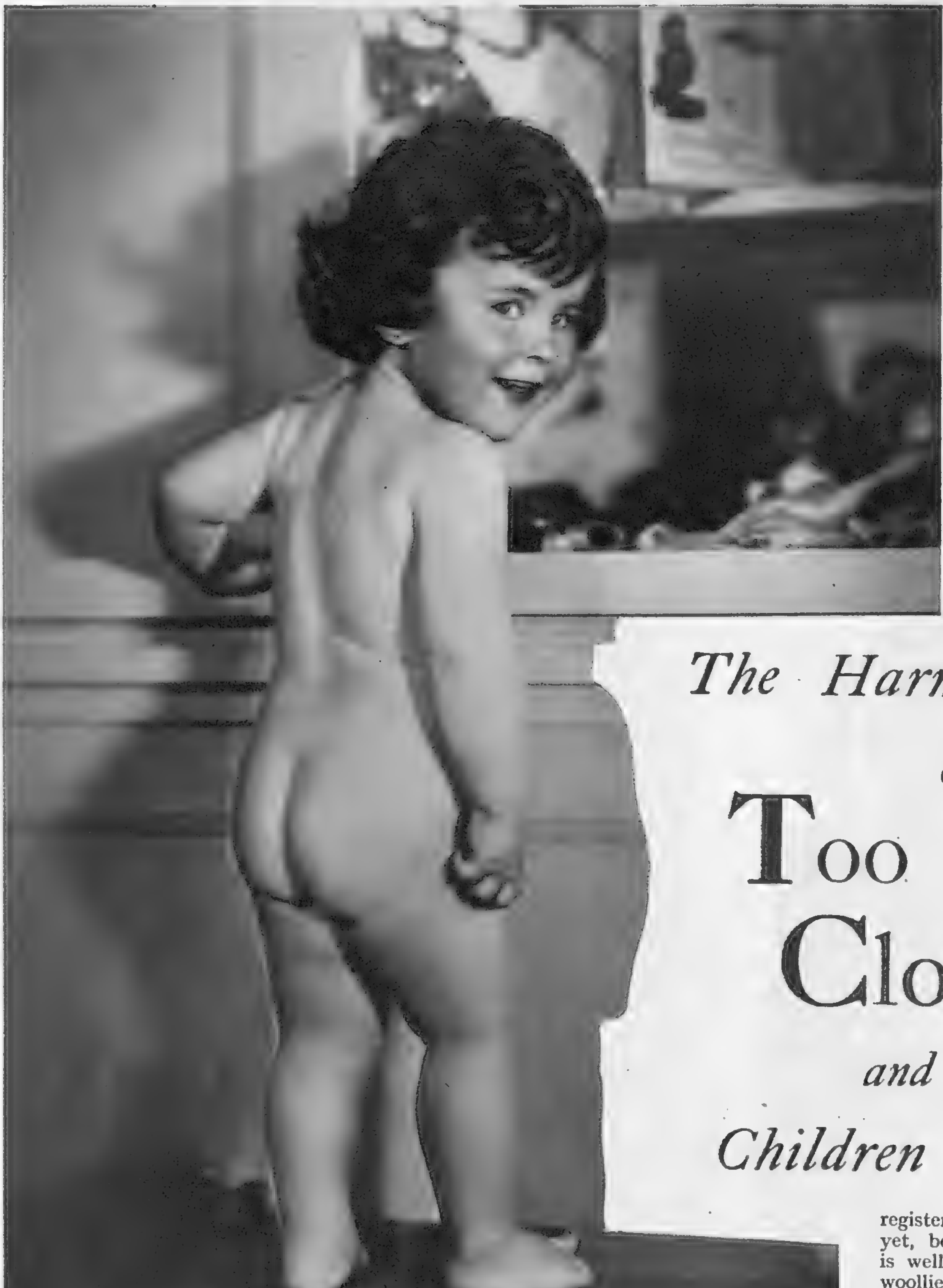
292.—NIGHTGOWN . . . Reminiscent of Victorian days, this nightgown is carried out in peach-coloured batiste. Three rows of gauging around the neck and sleeves and a frill around the hem add to its picturesque effect. It is fastened by a bow under one arm. Requires 3¼ yards of 40-in. material. Price 1/-



294

294.—DRAWERS . . . A practical design that can be made either to button at the knee or to hang loose. The drawers fasten at the back and are carried out in two shades of pink crêpe-de-Chine. 1½ yards of the lighter colour and ¼ yard of the darker are required. Price 1/-

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 ins. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2



ONE woollen garment piled on top of another will not keep your child healthily warm

By

Peggy Winefred Yeomans

The Harmful Effect of Too many Clothes *and why Children hate them*

YOU generally find that the children most prone to the " catching " of so-called colds are those who are " well wrapped up."

The other day I assisted at the bedtime toilette of three children ranging from four to eight years of age, and I counted no less than eighteen garments discarded between them, excluding socks. And they had been playing indoors! The boy wore:

Woollen vest and pants, cholera belt (because he 'd once had colic),
Wincey shirt, treble-fold tie,
Serge trousers,
Serge waistcoat,
Sleeveless pull-over,
Serge jacket.

Outdoors he would be further laden with overcoat, scarf and cap. No wonder that his weakened and over-heated body took chill at the slightest current of fresh air, and that his resistance to disease was so lowered by his continual hard labour in bearing this load of cloth and wool, that he " took " everything going!

Then take the case of the baby in his pram. The thermometer may not register anything like freezing point, yet, because summer has passed, he is well wrapped up in three sets of woollies, tight to the throat, with only his face exposed to the air, his deep, warmly-cushioned pram furnished with shawl, blankets, and mackintosh storm apron (invariably up even with no signs of a storm), and possibly an eiderdown.

When extricated from this stewing pack the little one is undressed before a fire, the windows having been closed as a precaution against draughts—in other words, ventilation. Should baby's olfactory nerves be titillated into producing a sneeze—which often occurs when cool air or dust is sniffed up or the child looks suddenly at the sun—immediately " a cold " is suspected and he is put into something warmer, regardless of the fact that the over-heated body is extremely liable to take chill because its pores are always open.

Then in bed, how the covers are piled on above the tiny sleeper, clad in warm vest, warm slumber suit, and perhaps a jacket! If he moves, cool air penetrates in the untucked sides and chills the hot little body, while the weight causes restlessness, bad dreams and an unrefreshed awakening. This brings its own trail of ills in the form of lowered resistance, slack skin and poor vitality. Two soft blankets, well tucked in beneath a ventilated eiderdown, and the child snugly wrapped in a soft old shawl or porous blanket means a full measure of comfortable warmth and refreshing sleep. It must be remembered that, both sleeping and waking, the body can be *greatly tired* by carrying too much weight in the shape of garments and covers. Thus their very purpose is defeated.

TIGHT, high collars, except in biting winds and storms, are detrimental to health and comfort. We possibly all know people who as children were over-clothed and slept in ill-aired rooms and who suffered with continual colds throughout autumn, winter and spring. And then as they grew up, discarding all these stuffy ways they became less sensitive to cold and almost free from catarrhal affections and chills.

I strongly disagree with the practice of putting babies and older children into *thick* woollen vests that choke the skin and cause re-absorption of sweat. The skin should *breathe*. Air should gain access to the body. While that body is motionless and in a state of repose it requires more covering than when it is active and generating a greater amount of heat. Surely mothers and nurses know this well enough, yet I continually see kiddies running about in parks and gardens with their woolly outfits closely fastened up to the throat and air-tight leggings impeding bodily freedom. It takes but a few seconds to remove leggings and to loosen the front of the coat when the little one is about to romp and run. And this thoughtful, much-appreciated service means so much more comfort and such an increase in the health standard that is well worth consideration. Babies, too, while they are exercising (or having their little daily yell as some infants will do for a few months), should have one or more of their covers removed and if possible, the napkin. Those poulticing rubber pilches most certainly should *not* be worn night and day as too often they are. Their use is indicated only when, for brief intervals, baby is being nursed by someone not dressed for the part, when travelling (and then regularly changed) or while visiting.

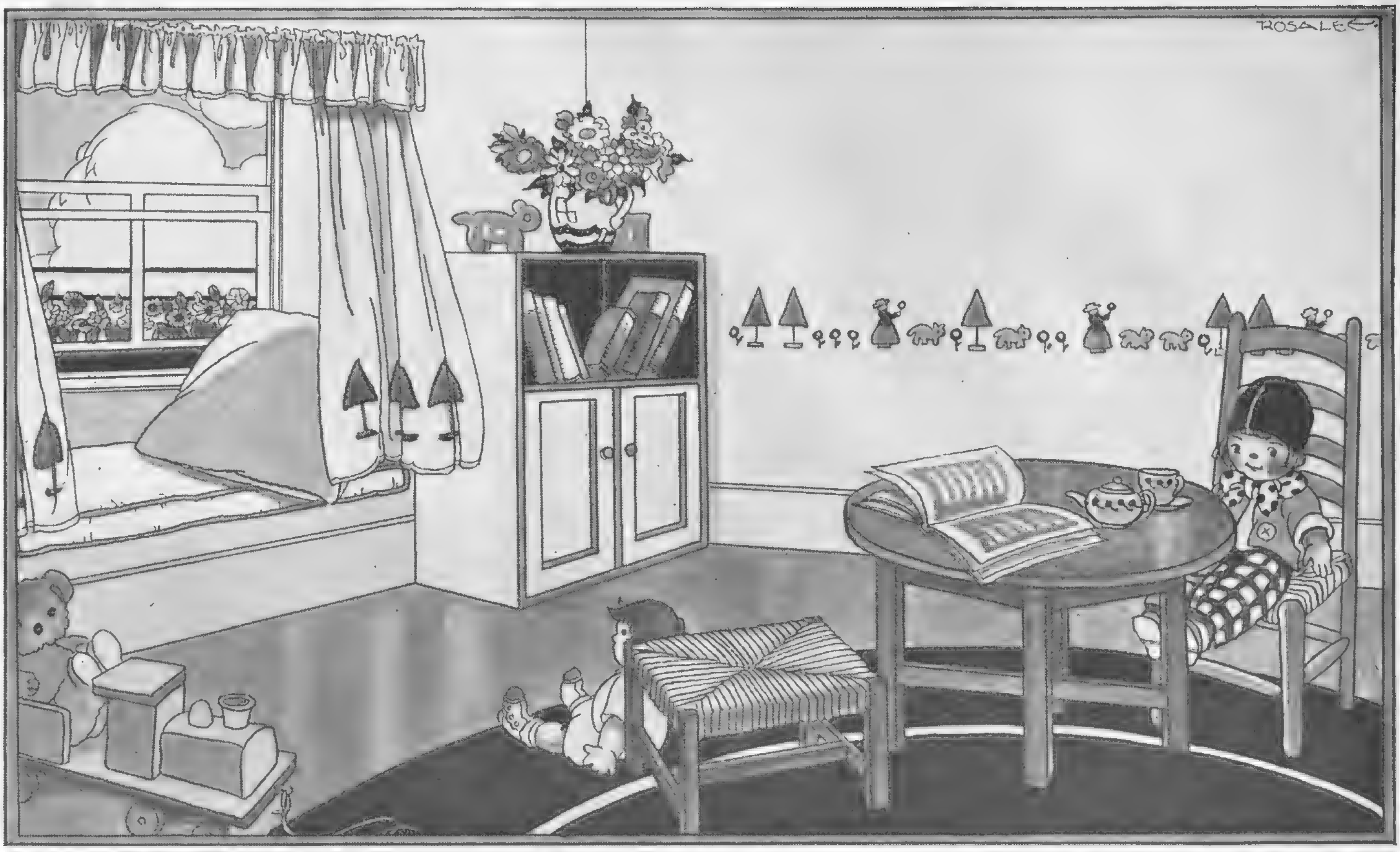
The cholera or kidney belt is a source of danger to its wearer, so mothers should beware of its use in their nurseries. Once the thing is left off for a short while the delicate skin that is usually covered by this belt is most liable to take chill.

THE skin plays a vital part in the maintenance of bodily warmth and fitness. It is the skin which contracts to cold, sending messages to the internal organs and to the blood supply. The result of this telegraphy is that as little blood as possible comes to the surface of the body in order that the forces of life may be fully maintained. In heat the skin opens its pores and stretches so that supplies of internal heat may be widely distributed and the surplus both of internal and external heat, thrown off. Many disorders of the digestion, the blood and the nervous system are traceable to a skin that cannot or does not function as it should. Mothers can do much to train their children's skins to safeguard health.

One of the first steps toward this end is to habituate the body to nakedness now and again. Let baby lie naked for his kick, let the children run unclothed for a while at toilet and bath times. Do not have the bath-room window shut, except when absolutely necessary. And do not rush to wrap the family up because the days are shortening. Warm knickers and a little extra woolly coat is possibly all that is wanted yet awhile. We don't freeze till the New Year is in; and, anyway, *it's best to dress according to the temperature and the direction of the wind, not according to the calendar.*

The gym. stocking, supported by tab and button to stays or soft suspender, ensures freedom of movement and porous covering for the legs. For tinies who play about the floor stockings cannot be found, but hose of older children may be cut in the form of gaiters suspended by tabs to bodice buttons and worn beneath the knicker. These are less heating, look nicer and permit of more freedom in the house than do the pull-on leggings.

One point I should like to make for those who do *not* overclothe their girls. Irreparable harm is done by the practice of wearing abbreviated ballet skirts for all occasions—exposing the thigh to damp and piercing cold—for the sake of appearances. Not only are bronchitis, pneumonia and internal chills contracted thus, but vital organs may receive such a check as to cause suffering in adolescence and functional disorders and disabilities in adult life.



A Colourful Frieze for the Nursery Walls

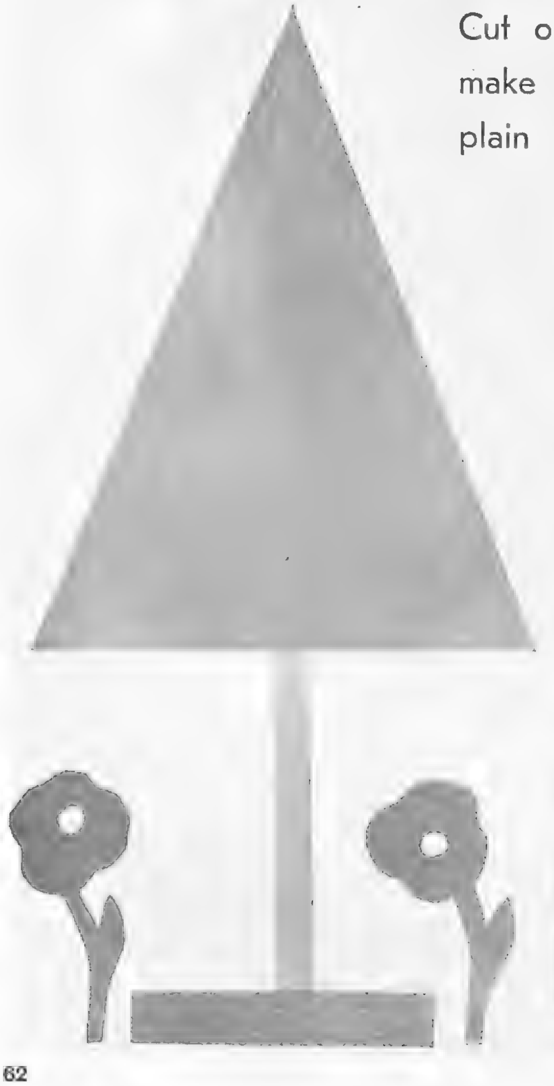
NOAH'S ARK FIGURES

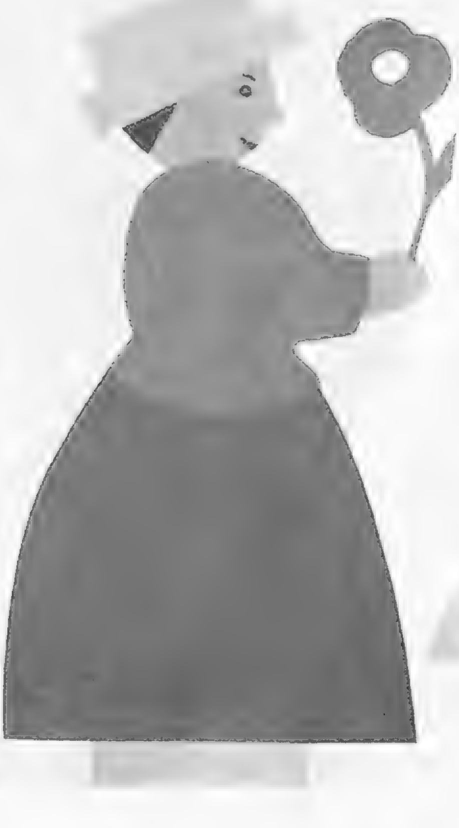
Cut out of gay coloured papers make a charming decoration for plain cream-washed nursery walls

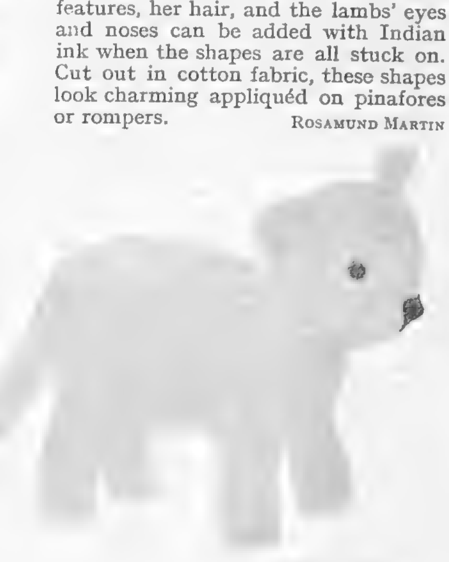
YOU can obtain papers with ready-gummed backs, which only require moistening with water to stick in place. You will want seven sheets—buttercup yellow for Mrs. Noah's hat, flesh pink for her face and hand, emerald for the trees, their stands and the flower stems, orange for the trunks, and for Mrs. Noah's stand, scarlet for her jacket and the flowers, cornflower blue for her skirt, and fawn for the lambs.

Trace over the shapes given on this page, and cut patterns for each colour. Then cut out as many shapes as required and stick in position round the walls. A pencil line drawn along, the distance from the floor that you want the dado to be, will help you to get the figures on straight. Don't put them too high, or the children won't be able to enjoy them. Mrs. Noah's features, her hair, and the lambs' eyes and noses can be added with Indian ink when the shapes are all stuck on. Cut out in cotton fabric, these shapes look charming appliquéd on pinafores or rompers.

ROSAMUND MARTIN



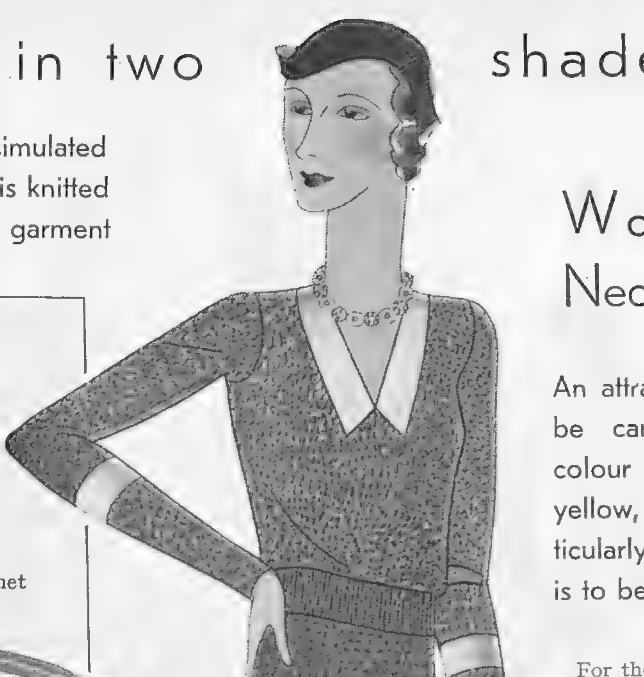




A JUMPER in two shades of BLUE

A Navy blue Jumper with a simulated "collar" of pale blue which is knitted in one with the rest of the garment

and a Woollen Ring Necklace to match



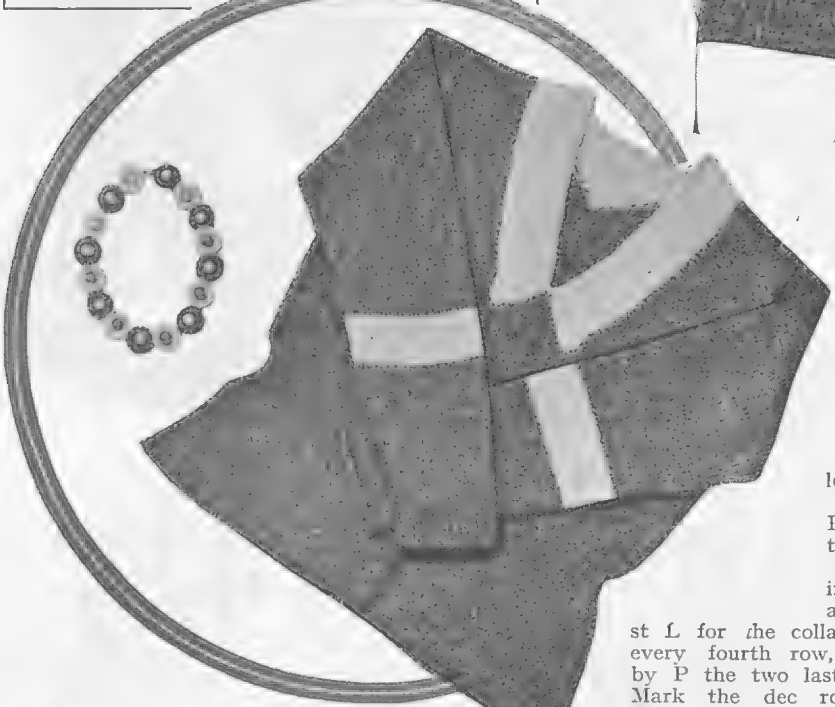
An attractive ensemble which could be carried out in a variety of colour combinations. Brown and yellow, or brown and green are particularly suitable when the jumper is to be worn with speckled tweeds

MATERIALS REQUIRED:

Patons & Baldwin's "Kingfisher" Lustre Wool, 4 ply—9 oz. Navy Blue, 1 oz. Light Blue. 2 prs. Double Century knitting needles, Nos. 9 and 12. A fine crochet hook. A stitch holder.

ABBREVIATIONS:

D=dark wool
L=light wool
K=knit
P=purl
dec=decrease
inc=increase
tog=together
st st=stocking stitch
sts=stitches
dbl=double crochet



THIS smart little jumper is knitted entirely in st st except for the ribbing at the waist; the inset collar and sleeve bands are K in the lighter shade of wool.

Cast on 124 sts with D, using the No. 9 needles. K 44 rows st st. Change to the No. 12 needles and K in ribbing of K 1, P 1, for 20 rows.

Slip these sts back to the No. 9 needles, and continue in st st for 48 rows. You have now reached the front of the collar, and will need the light blue wool. This colour is cut after each of the first 11 rows, leaving the ends to be fastened off later. Twist the wools once at the back of the work after every st.

Row 1.—K 51, join L, K 1 L, K 18 D, 1 L, 51 D.
Row 2.—P 50 D, 3 L, 18 D, 3 L, 50 D.
Row 3.—K 49 D, 5 L, 16 D, 5 L, 49 D.
Row 4.—P 48 D, 7 L, 14 D, 7 L, 48 D.
Row 5.—K 48 D, 8 L, 12 D, 8 L, 48 D.
Row 6.—P 48 D, 9 L, 10 D, 9 L, 48 D.
Row 7.—K 48 D, 10 L, 8 D, 10 L, 48 D.
Row 8.—P 48 D, 11 L, 6 D, 11 L, 48 D.
Row 9.—K 48 D, 12 L, 4 D, 12 L, 48 D.
Row 10.—P 48 D, 13 L, 2 D, 13 L, 48 D.
Row 11.—K 48 D, 28 L, 48 D.

Now divide the sts for the neck opening.

Row 1.—P 46, 2 tog, join L and P 14; do not cut the wool; turn, slip the remaining 62 sts on to a st holder. Twist wools once, only when changing colours, so as not to leave a hole.

Row 2.—K 14 L, 47 D, turn.

Continue in this way, always K 14 st L for the collar, and dec every fourth row, 12 times, by P the two last D sts tog. Mark the dec rows with a coloured thread, so that they may be easily counted. After 8 rows are K, shape the armhole by casting off 8 sts armhole end, and K 2 tog at the beginning of every row this end six times. There are now 36 sts left. K 10 rows st st. To shape the shoulder, K 30, turn, slip the first st and P back. Repeat this row, leaving 5 sts unworked in each K row until 5 sts remain, then K 5 turn, P 36. Slip these 36 sts on to a st holder. Cut the wools and K the other shoulder, commencing at armhole end. Follow the directions from where you divided the sts for the neck opening; and K the P rows, and P the K rows. To commence the back, K the 36 sts on the needle, cast on 24 sts with L wool, and K the 36 sts from the st holder using another ball of D wool (96 sts on the needle).

Row 2.—P 23 D, 50 L, 23 D, twisting wools when changing colours as before.

Row 3.—K 24 D, 48 L, 24 D. Continue in this way, K 1 st more D each side, and 1 st less L in the centre, until all the sts are in the D wool.

After 36 rows are K from the cast on sts, inc 1 st at the beginning and end of every K row 6 times. K 2 rows without inc.

Cast on 8 sts each end making 124 st on the needle. K in st st for 67 rows.

Change to No. 12 needles, and K 20 rows ribbing.

Slip sts on to the No. 9 needles and K 44 rows st st, and cast off.

For the sleeves. Cast on 50 st, using the No. 9 needles. K in st st, inc 1 st at the beginning and end of every 8th row, 18 times. After 64 rows are K, join L wool and K 16 rows L, then continue with D wool. There should be 86 sts on the needle. K 4 rows without inc. Now dec by K 2 sts tog at the beginning and end of every row until 36 st remain. Cast off. K the other sleeve the same as this one.

Fasten off each end separately, at the front of the collar, with a darning needle, making running sts at the back of the work.

Do not pull the ends too tightly; see that they allow the sts to set nicely on the right side.

Press all the work carefully under a damp cloth. Sew up the underarm and sleeve seams, sew sleeves into the armholes seam to seam.

To strengthen the neck, crochet 1 dbl into each of two sts, miss one st, and repeat. At the front point miss a st three times, and at the back put one dbl into every st. Give the seams and collar a final pressing, and your jumper is ready to wear.

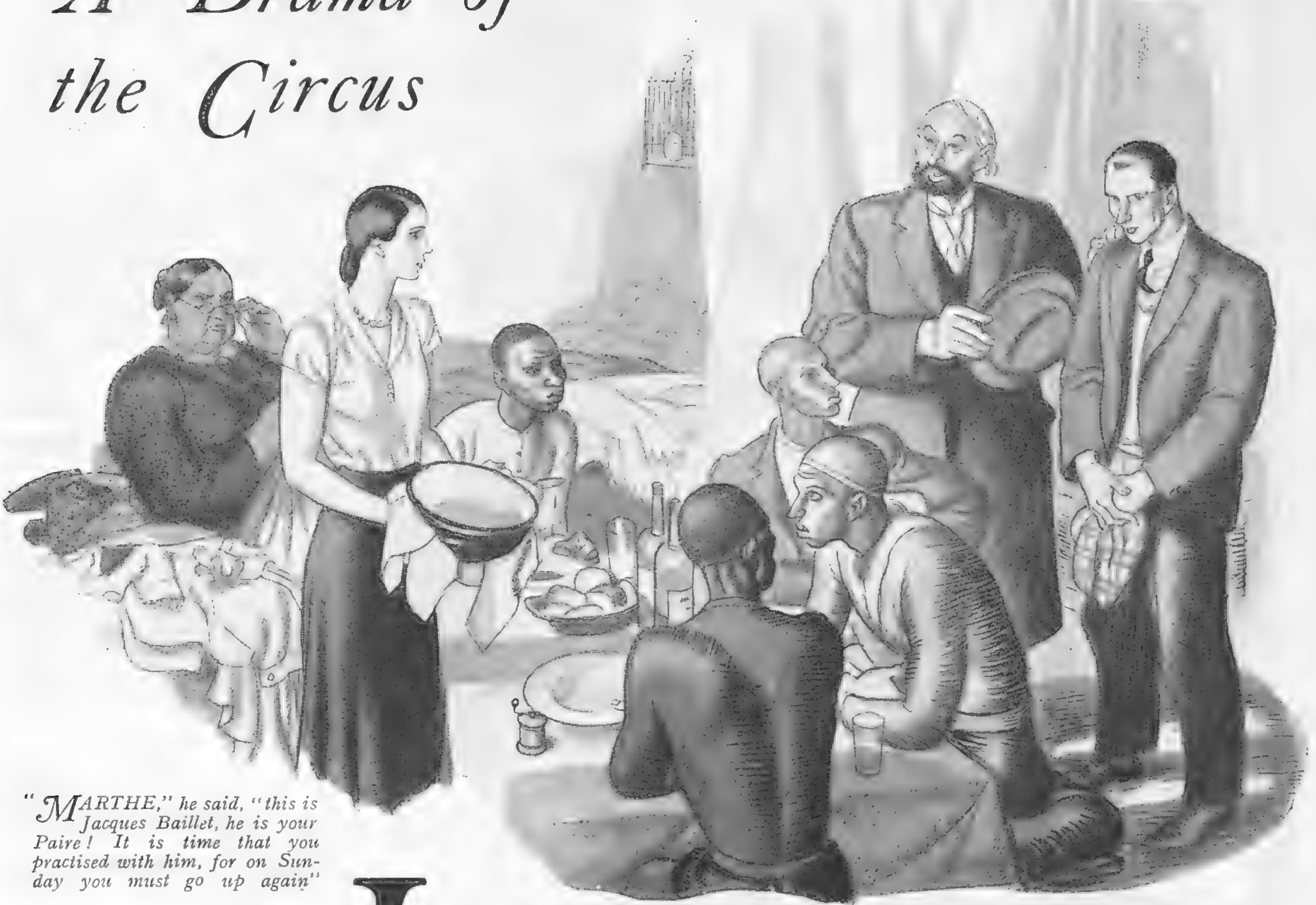
The measurements of the jumper when pressed should be:—Bust, 36 in.-38 in. Hips, 38 in.-40 in. Length, 21 in. Sleeve, 21 in. (from shoulder to cuff). Sleeve, 17 in. (seam).

The tension of the knitting when pressed should be: 11 sts=2 in. in width, and 8 rows =1 in. in length.

WOOLLEN RING NECKLACE

THIS delightful necklace would look very effective worn with a tweed or woollen suit, especially, if the same wool is used. The necklace illustrated was also made with Patons and Baldwins "Kingfisher" wool. Half an oz. of light blue, and the same quantity of dark blue will be required, also 16 bone rings measuring ¾ in. across, 16 large pearls to fit inside the rings, 8 light and 8 dark blue; a fine crochet hook and a snap. First of all, crochet over each ring, using 38 in. of wool doubled. Make 24 doubles and push them close together, fastening the end with a darning needle. Cover all the rings in this way, 8 with light, and 8 with dark wool. To thread them, sew the snap to a ring firmly with wool, pass the needle at the back of the doubles, thread a pearl andp ass needle out at the other side of the ring, make a buttonhole stitch each time to keep the rings in place. Continue in this way, putting the light blue pearls inside the dark blue rings, and the dark pearls in the light rings, until all are threaded; sew to the snap and your necklace is ready to wear.

A Drama of the Circus



"MARTHE," he said, "this is Jacques Baillet, he is your Paire! It is time that you practised with him, for on Sunday you must go up again"

The Lion's Share

By Phyllis Bottome

Illustrated by Illingworth

MARTHE loved the solid earth. There was something reassuring about its immovable surface. You could not fall off it, you could not upset it, you did not have to think of it at all, except for a brief, fleeting moment as you crossed a motor-haunted street.

Not that Marthe Girard feared her precarious balancing upon the air. She would not have been one of the finest girl acrobats in France if space had ever intimidated her.

Nor would she have been a permanent member of that very distinguished travelling circus kept by Père and Mère Martin.

Her father and grandfather had been acrobats before her, and you might say that Marthe began her training before she could walk, while lying in a clothes-basket watching her father practise on parallel bars. His shadowy antics, reflected on the whitewashed wall, passed their flying secrets into her blood, and when Marthe was old enough to walk, her life was already set to this unconscious rhythm.

Marthe's mother had her own reasons for disliking life, and left it as soon as possible, so that Marthe was brought up in the circus among seals and clowns, ponies and a dog that quite enjoyed being turned into a bull and pretending to gore an equally playful matador. Mère Martin easily incorporated an animal as plastic as a baby into her large, loose, unruly, neurotic family: where all day long everyone was trying to distinguish himself a little more than his neighbour; and life consisted of preparations for stunts, stunts and quarrels after stunts.

What Marthe liked best was to curl up on the soft, brown carpet, out of the way of the ponies, and watch the man who carried a table on his nose with glasses on its four corners. If she were very lucky and the girl he practised with grew bored, Marthe might even be allowed to hand the glasses to him one by one, and finally the flower-vase for the middle of the table. Then there was the bicycle-man—Adolphe—Marthe could never take her eyes off him when he dashed over the smooth surface of the ring, riding one bicycle and suspending another on the front wheel, or riding the back wheel with the front one pawing the air! It was a miracle what he did with this old-fashioned machine, almost at its last gasp! He turned it into a flying carpet or into a flash of lightning. It appeared to have the softness of melted butter, while it retained the sharp rigour of plain steel.

WHEN Marthe was very young she thought it was the bicycle which was responsible for these triumphs over matter, but when she was old enough to catch the bicycle alone and fall off it, she learned that there was no magic in the machine itself. It was all in the bicycle-man's harsh, brave, bitter vanity.

But Marthe did not know, for quite a long time, any more about vanity than she did about bicycles. All life was a series of miracles to her, and whether they happened because you put your last ounce into them, or as effortlessly as the great white circus horse swished his long tail, was equally a mystery.

When she was four years old her father began to make her practise on the bars. Marthe had to work till her short legs ached all over and the nerves down her spine felt like hot wires. But when at last her father patted her on the head and said "*Assez, donc,* small, good cat!" she felt sufficiently rewarded.

There were only three women in the circus; but one of them was Mère Martin! You could hardly call Mère Martin a woman! She was a great natural force, keeping all the performers in their places, and entering like iron into the system of Père Martin when it needed support. The other two ladies were mediocre, both in themselves and in their performances.

There was the lady in white satin and long white leather boots, who rode the wisest horse in the world, and tried to pretend she was the source of his wisdom. But Père Martin used to say: "Women who will wear white satin and ride astride a cushion can be picked up on any avenue, but a horse that can dance, mind his tubs, and wave a fore-foot at the audience—well, that one is a gift of God, and needs twenty years' training into the bargain!"

The third lady was more mediocre still, and very low-spirited. She had to keep herself up on gin, because she had no stunt of her own to do, and only wore silver spangles, and held out a hand to the bicycle-man once or twice during his performance. Then she had to change into something simpler still, and wait on the man who carried the table on his nose.

"It is a dog's life," she said bitterly to Marthe, "and if I were not paid to keep those men up, I should most certainly let them down! They depend on me—but who believes it? I should like them to try to get through their parts without me! Then perhaps the audience would see at last which is the beef and which the brandy!"

Later on Marthe had to go to school, but not for long. Such things can be arranged by great natural forces like Mère Martin, and soon Marthe was back again at the circus, spending more and more of her time learning to balance and to turn her slim, neat body into smooth elastic.

When she was seven years old she was put on the trapeze for the first time.

"A wire," her father told her, "is as safe as a staircase; it is the way you look at it—*vois-tu*? It won't break, it can't come undone, and it holds you off the air! Well, then, why fall off it? There is nothing wrong with your toes, is there? Nor with your ankles? Nor with the joints of your legs? No! I thought not! And what is wrong inside your head, then—I ask myself? You say 'What should there be inside my head, then, Papa?' *Mon enfant,* I beg you will listen to me this one time—nothing! Nothing at all should be inside your head—except audacity!"

Mère Martin overheard all this, but she insisted nevertheless upon the nets.

"The child *is* a child!" she explained to Père Martin; "if she looks off the wires, what happens? One breaks one's neck only once!"

"Ah! but she won't look off the wires—that one!" grumbled Père Martin. But he kept the nets up till one day Marthe's father said to him very seriously:

"You will ruin her nerve, mon père! You know as well as I do that there should never be a way to save oneself—except by oneself!"

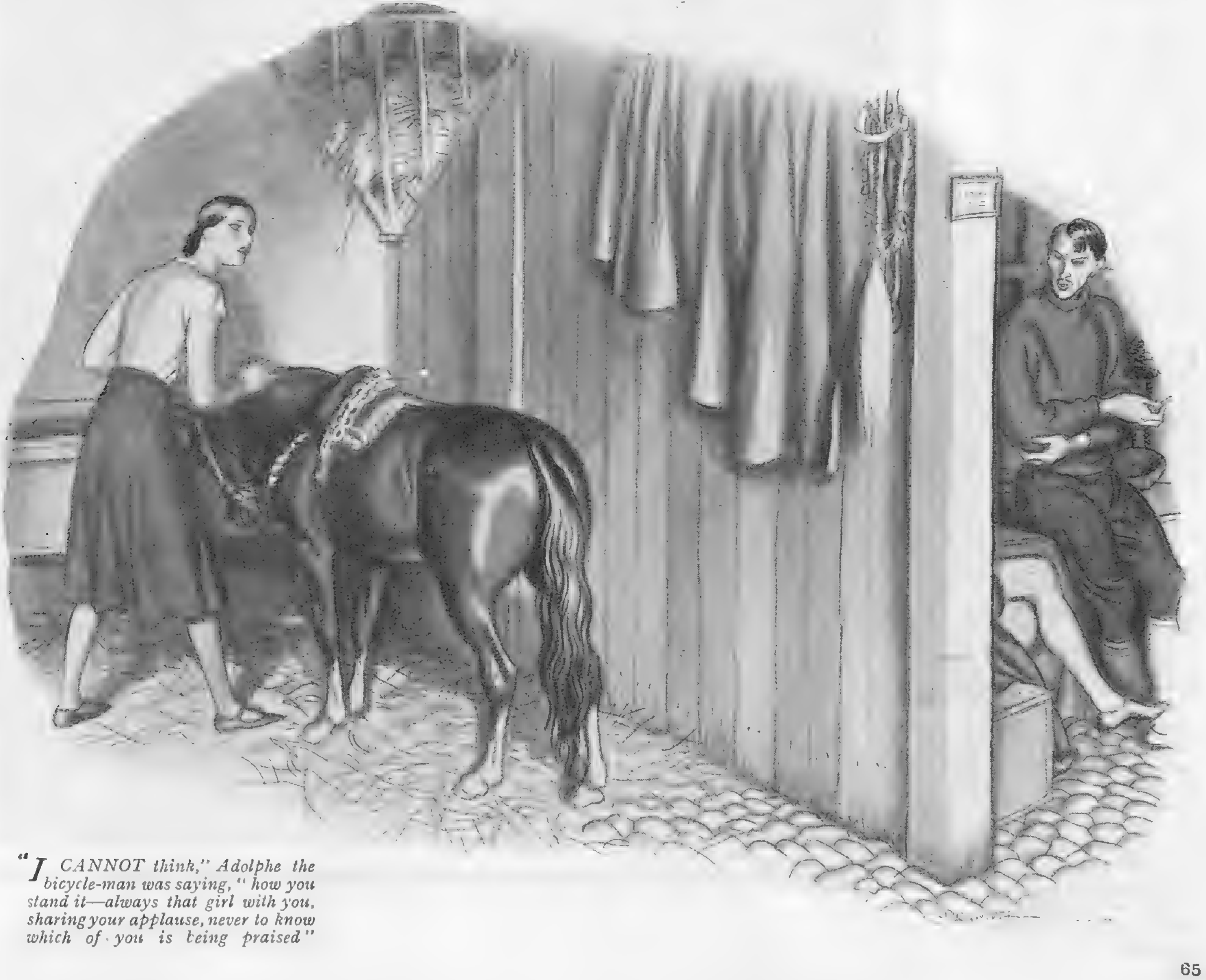
Père Martin agreed; and while Mère Martin was busy cooking something especially succulent which absorbed her entire vigilance, he took away the nets and Marthe found herself alone upon the air.

It was from that moment that she began to love the solid earth; but she never told anybody of this rather disgraceful passion.

WHEN she was fourteen Marthe began to perform with her father.

She learned a little more about vanity then, but not much, because what she did seemed to be chiefly her father's doing.

When Marthe flung her trapeze away from her and launched herself across space to meet his trapeze swinging towards her, she knew that it would never swing wide. Every drop of blood in her father's body was for her. He did not praise her. He did not scold her. He asked no more of her than she could give. He was always



"I CANNOT think," Adolphe the bicycle-man was saying, "how you stand it—always that girl with you, sharing your applause, never to know which of you is being praised"

first on the trapeze, always beside her with his steady meticulous counting so that she had only to act when the right number came. At the moment when she needed just that grip, that push, that almost invisible point of contact which meant safety, it was always there.

As she grew older he made Marthe count for herself. The trapeze he was on was no longer so near hers; he faced her now across a naked gulf of air.

But all Marthe had to do was to count quite steadily, and then her legs, her arms and her elastic body would move competently at the number she had taught them to obey. Her father was doing his own job, but Marthe felt that he was doing hers too—his mind was still behind her own. When the performance ended he would give the final signal. The rope-ladder would be within her reach, and down she came, while the whole sea of faces and a great roar of sound greeted her from below.

Marthe knew that those faces must never matter until she *was* down. She must not listen to the applause until she stood on the brown carpet, hot and smiling; then she could bow and kiss her hand, and take all they gave her of their rapture.

But to Marthe none of the applause was as satisfactory as the feel of that brown solid carpet under her feet.

The nets were put up for the performances, but they were not there for Marthe. They were only there to make the audience feel more comfortable.

"I knew a man once," her father told her, "who fell into the nets and strangled himself, but I never knew a man fall when there was no net!"

ONE cold January day, when Marthe was sixteen years old, her father caught a severe chill, and after a few days' struggling to keep erect upon an invisible wire, he was taken to a hospital, and Marthe lost him.

She was allowed to see him once before he died, and between his flying breaths, he gasped out at her: "Nothing can happen to you—if you are not afraid—unless you want it to!"

And then something happened to *him*. But, as Marthe knew that he was never afraid, she had to suppose that it was what he wanted to have happened. He was forty, and after forty there is not much life left for an acrobat.

For a long time Marthe could not face the wires.

Père Martin had to employ two strangers for the trapeze whom no one liked.

But he paid Marthe just the same, for she spent all day long in the circus, helping Mère Martin keep things going, feeding the animals, cooking, mending and soothing quarrels, and running errands like a flying Mercury.

"All this is very well," said Mère Martin one day, "but the little one has her vocation—something must be done about it!"

They were at Marseilles for the moment.

Père Martin scratched his head and growled; then he went out into the *Cannébiere*, where there is always everything to be found, from Algerian tumblers to pink-and-white English middies, and where men of almost every profession, including murderers, and even a saint or two, are standing about ready to pick up a job.

Père Martin came back at *déjeuner* with a smooth-cheeked young man as supple as a cat.

"Marthe," he said, "this is Jacques Baillet; he is your *Paire*! It is time that you practised with him, for on Sunday you must go up again!"

Marthe, who was in the act of pouring out an enormous Algerian mess for the tumblers, looked across the table at the young man, and burned her fingers from the heat of the dish. Jacques was not very tall, but she saw at a glance that he had the sinewy straight back and limbs of a finished acrobat.

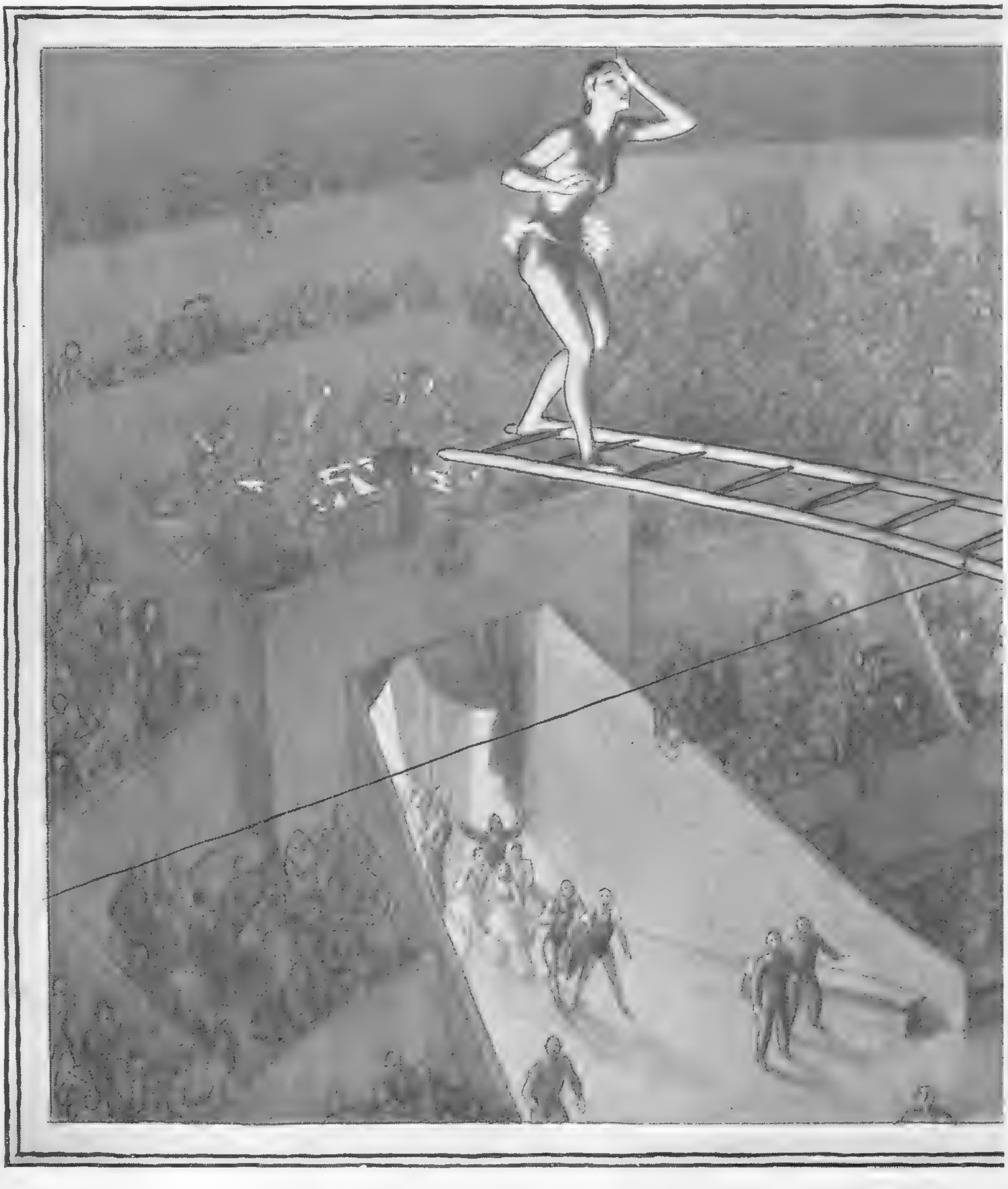
The eyes which looked into her own flickered a little nervously.

Marthe liked steady eyes best. Her father had had clear blue eyes like a windless sky, eyes which had meant exactly what they said.

These soft flickering eyes were secret and unstable; they did not seem eyes which would catch you without doubt, in the air.

Still, Jacques was a very fine acrobat, very famous, and a popular favourite.

Fortunately, Marthe had not lost much ground in these last six months,



SHE had never felt her body ache like pain in her side . . Marthe could for she had never failed morning and evening to practise at home on the bars. She well knew what it meant to lose the mechanical skill of her trained muscles! Not for all the strange weight of her heart, when she thought of the trapeze without her father, could she do such a *bêtise* as to miss her practice!

JACQUES had a grand new stunt to teach Marthe, something easier, he explained, and at the same time more important, than anything she had ever done. There was to be a ladder lying crossways over the wires. Marthe was to stand in the middle of this ladder and keep it steady, while Jacques was to swing on a trapeze suspended from it. He was to hang first by his hands, then by one hand only, and finally by his teeth from a gag which he would adjust upon the swing, and meanwhile Marthe was to hold the ladder exactly balanced, and to count for him.

Then he would climb back again upon his ladder, slip through the rungs on his side, while she slipped through the rungs on her side, and both of them would whirl around like comets, safe and snug inside their respective rungs.

"You see, it will be all quite simple," Jacques explained pleasantly. "With counting—and balance—and a little practice, it is as easy as preparing a good dinner!" and he smiled a fascinating, fleeting smile at Mère Martin, who looked at him rather coldly over her soup-plate, and said drily: "So you think *that* easy to do, you young man? Then all I can say is, I should not care to cook dinners for *you!*"

By Sunday it was possible for Marthe to perform, but it was a hard stunt, and would always call for the whole of her strength, nerve and judgment. These qualities were not those she had had to think about while her father lived. They seemed to come out of him and to enter into Marthe without any effort on her part.

But now it was something of her own which this young man asked of her. Nor did he give Marthe anything in exchange.

In this stunt, things might happen which Marthe could not count on. However careful Jacques was, and however clever, he might have to use more weight one time than another. He might move a trifle slower, or take a fraction longer adjusting his gag, or he might find himself having to risk a quicker return on to his ladder. Marthe must allow for all these fractions of weight and time. It was upon her suppleness of wit and muscle that they both depended. The whole stunt hung by a hair. If Marthe's weight was thrown too far forward, Jacques would never get back. If it was not thrown forward enough, the ladder would tip over, and Marthe must go with it.

Of course, when they were practising on the low trapeze, they could fall as much as they liked. Those kindly little tumbles on the soft brown carpet were, in themselves, a reassurance. They were the mistakes which taught them to be daring without penalties. But once they were well up in the air, there must be no more mistakes. Then everything must go by heart—punctually, like a good clock!

Marthe sometimes wondered if Père Martin knew how hard the new stunt was, but she did not like to ask him. Jacques knew, but when you have to hang by your teeth from a small gag, you are not very sympathetic to the fears of others, placed in comparative safety, on their feet. Nor had Jacques a very sympathetic nature. He used to speak very sharply to Marthe while they were practising.

One day, while they were still at Marseilles, he followed her out into the rue de Rome. Marthe thought, by the scowl on his face, that he was going to scold her again, and her heart sank, for when Jacques spoke to her with anger in his voice, she felt as if there was nothing beneath her but the empty air.

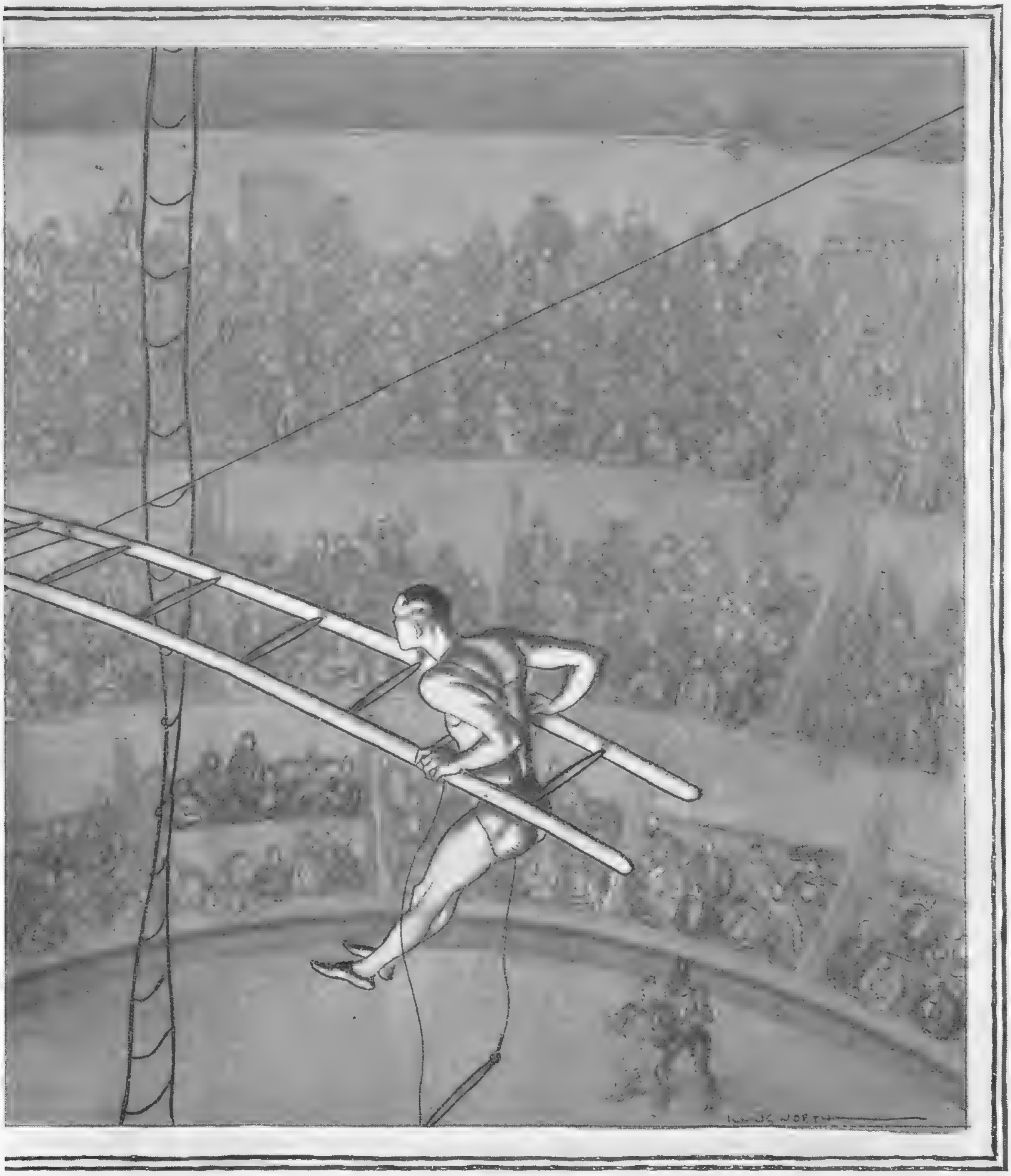
But this time he did not scold her, he took her by the shoulder at the corner, in front of the big café, and said between his teeth, almost as if he didn't like saying it:

"Marthe—*je t'aime!*"

Well, of course, Marthe knew what that meant! One does not live to be seventeen, round about the rue de Rome, and have any doubts left about a little thing like love!

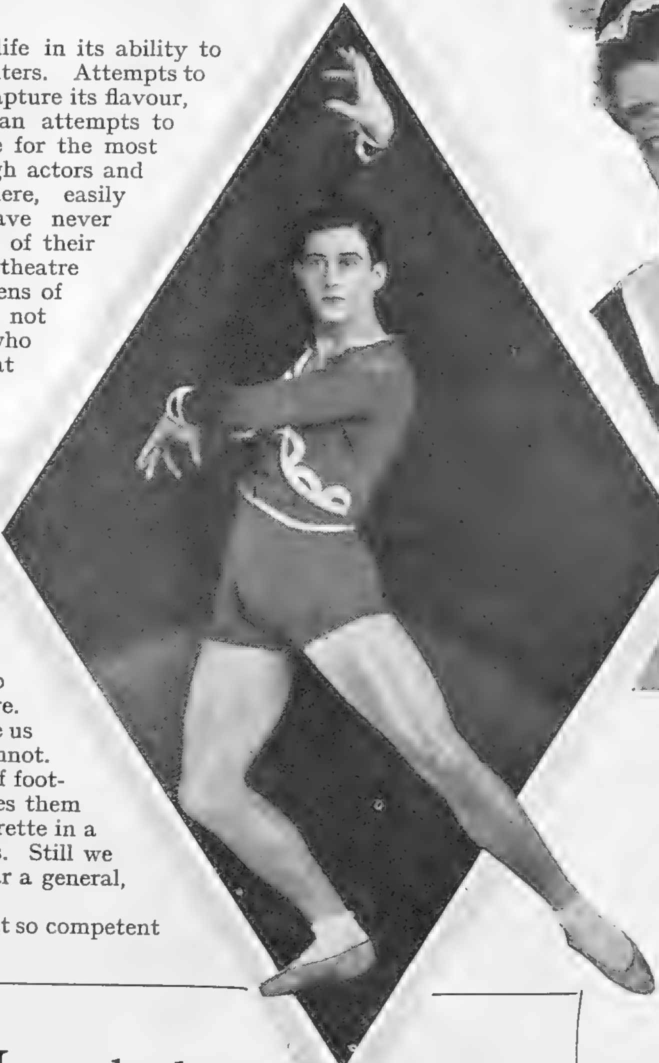
Marthe looked deep into Jacques' flickering eyes before she answered him. They were disturbed and angry—

(*Continued on page* 126).



this before. Something tore with a sharp not keep her mind clear any more

Stage Door: No Admittance!



ANTON DOLIN, who has written his autobiography under the title of "Divertissement"

MAISIE GAY, who appears in this picture to be giving the lie to the title of her new book, "Laughing Through Life"

BO

Review

Arnold

STAGE-LIFE is like school-life in its ability to withhold its essence from writers. Attempts to describe the actor's year, to capture its flavour, are even more numerous than attempts to reconstruct schooldays, but they are for the most part equally unsuccessful. Although actors and actresses now penetrate everywhere, easily and almost unremarked, they have never shown any compensating relaxation of their own defences. The world of the theatre is peopled exclusively by the citizens of the theatre, and the Freedom is not bestowed on outsiders. Authors who wish to enter and describe that world are greeted affectionately with outstretched hands and drawn into — the auditorium. Like guests of the Soviet Republics, they see what they are meant to see, and no more. As if to meet every objection, the players themselves will frequently take pen in hand and, with that confiding air which is at once so irresistible, so characteristic, and so deceptive, they will sit down to reveal " the truth " about the theatre. Perhaps they really do intend to give us their point of view. Alas, they cannot. On the page, as on the stage, a line of footlights (and how much else!) divides them from us. Brünnhilde may be a pierrette in a concert party, Loge a line of gas-jets. Still we are no Siegfried, still must she wear a general, as opposed to a particular, smile.

It was not to be expected, then, that so competent an artist as Miss Maisie Gay would betray the profession by dispelling the illusion. In so far as it keeps us in our place (in the front of the house) and shows us Miss Gay keeping hers (coming down stage, centre), her book does not differ from the many others of its kind. But what makes *Laughing Through Life* (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.) notable is its power of conveying through the written word something of the personality and intelligence of a remarkable woman. Miss Gay can never be quite true to type, for, as her stage career shows, she transcends type. For the proper appreciation of its shrewdness and individuality her book must be read. There is no lack of the more customary form of entertainment, and I liked the story of Alfred Lester, discovered by George Graves early one morning at Monte Carlo. Lester was gazing gloomily at the blue, sparkling sea. Asked what he was doing, Lester said he was wondering about the seagulls. On being still further pressed, he explained : " I was thinking what the 'ell they can see in the Thames Embankment." Miss Gay's volume is not crammed with stories, for (as you might guess) only the best is good enough for her. But it is full of little pictures, sweet and bitter, of theatrical celebrities of three continents.

ANOTHER good artist in his way, Anton Dolin shows himself in his autobiography *Divertissement* (Sampson Low, 12s. 6d.) to possess a far more ingenuous, a far less shrewd and subtle outlook than Miss Gay's. Mr. Dolin's recollections of the Diaghileff ballet are extremely interesting, for if he has not a writer's observation, he has in compensation a refreshing directness and simplicity. One recollection he shares with Miss Gay—they both appeared in *Whitebirds*. Their separate descriptions of this colossal and fantastic failure are—for those interested in contemporary stage history—worth reading and comparing.

Sir Frank Benson's little book, *I Want to Go on the Stage* (Benn,

Interlude

ON the back of the dust-cover of *Finch's Fortune* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) this novel and *Jalna* and *Whiteoaks* are joined under the heading " Chronicles of the Whiteoak Family in three volumes." The description gives, no doubt unintentionally, an impression of finality not supported by Miss Maro de la Roche's new book. For I cannot believe that the story of the Whiteoaks is ended. This magnificent saga demands a more important conclusion than is here provided ; indeed, *Finch's Fortune* seems to be pointing distantly and onwards to that conclusion. It shows us Nicholas ineffectively imitating old Adeline, but it also shows us Renny consciously and unconsciously preparing himself to step into her shoes in twenty years' time or so. It shows us more young Whiteoaks pressing on ; and, most pronounced of all, it shows us the Family hailing itself as the successor to the Tyrant's throne left vacant by Gran.

To borrow a sub-title from an English saga, *Finch's Fortune* may be described as an Interlude. If it is the slightest of the volumes, it is also perhaps the most charming. It holds many strings, for the puppets are increasing and scattering, but its main themes are two —Finch's visit to England and his meeting with Sarah Court, and the relations between Renny and Alayne. Finch's visit to England is full of moving scenes and descriptions, striking not only for their beauty but also for the accuracy of the Canadian author. Miss de la Roche has done nothing better than the story of their alternating love and exasperation, and she holds the balance between them with such exactitude that, at the slightest touch, she can tilt the reader's sympathy in either direction.

Theatrical Recollections of what the Public wants

OKS

ed by

Palmer

SIR FRANK BENSON'S "I want to Go on the Stage," is recommended to dramatic students

JOHN GIBBONS, whose latest travel book is "Afoot in Portugal"

WALTHER EIDLITZ, the German novelist, author of "Zodiak"

3s. 6d.), being written for the young dramatic student and not for the general public, has just that smell of greasepaint which is missing from the two books already mentioned. Sir Frank's advice here may be arranged under three headings: (1) Perfect fitness—"remember your body and soul are your instruments; polish them both." (2) Perpetual observation of men, women, animals, trees, rivers, life; and (3) Constant practising of movement, expression, voice and breathing. Unpretentious, straightforward, this is a good little book, for it conveys something of the ardour of the great teacher who wrote it.

MISS LOUISE MORGAN'S *Writers at Work* (Chatto and Windus, 2s.) is also a technical or semi-technical volume, in which eight well-known writers give an account of what they believe to be their methods. Miss Morgan is a most capable interviewer, the authors are as anxious to help, as affable as can be. Why, then, do I lay the book aside with a faint feeling of disappointment? It comes, I think, this disappointment, from the discovery that, after all, the writers who seemed to be telling so many of their secrets have actually told nothing. It is not their fault, nor Miss Morgan's, nor mine. I am not prepared to call it a fault at all. Rather it is a blessing that the best of an artist is not susceptible to analysis. Yes. . . . And yet one goes on hoping, somehow.

A VORACIOUS reader, who evidently reads much faster than I do, has complained that I fail to provide him with the names of enough books to keep him going during the month. I can't help thinking that he doesn't read everything I recommend.... However, let us look along the shelf, noting a few titles as we pass, pulling a few volumes down and opening them, and in some cases drawing up a chair and sitting down and reading the book. Among novels there is a new Devonshire story by Eden Phillpotts, *Stormbury* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); and *Zodiak* (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.), translated from the German of Walther Eidlitz. Both of these are worth a place on the library list. Eidlitz has a reputation on the Continent, but if my memory is to be trusted he has not previously been translated into English. His novel, which opens with the exchange of Greek and Turkish civilians after the war and ends in America, is striking and original. Like many modern authors, Eidlitz seems more anxious to show himself a thinker than a creator. Where Balzac gave us men and women he gives us psychology—and one wonders if he knows that they are not synonymous. Nevertheless, he speaks with his own voice and looks through his own eyes, and the time you give to him is not wasted.

IN *Unrecorded* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) Mrs. R. S. Garnett tells a tale of the Wars of the Roses, the story of a woman's life wantonly broken, one of the countless "unrecorded" of History. The horrible, almost gloating cruelty of these pages first arrested my attention, then

(*Continued on page 100*)

Aldous Huxley

Aldous Huxley

THE titles of Mr. Aldous Huxley's books have, I have always found, a more than ordinary significance. His new volume, *Music At Night* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), is called after one of the essays it contains. It is a pretty name, but that would never seem to this author a sufficient reason for its selection. He has chosen it, I think, because the essay to which it belongs is unusually intimate and revealing. Mr. Huxley has never written anything more beautiful than the first two pages of this essay, anything as impulsive. In these two pages he shows us his sensitive heart, his quivering nerves, his longing to indulge and his fear of indulging his exquisite sensibility. For once he lays aside the armour in which he is accustomed to meet the world.

Why does he wear armour? To protect that heart and those nerves, of course; but against what? "There is," he says—"there is, at least there sometimes seems to be, a certain blessedness lying at the heart of things." Even with its characteristic qualification, this admission will surprise some readers. Because Mr. Huxley knows so much he is not expected to cherish ideals. It is just credible that he should enjoy a summer night and respond to music; that his emotion should be so profound that he cannot bear to emerge; that his love of beauty should burn so steadily that the cold blasts of existence are intolerable to him—this is not the commonly accepted view of the iconoclastic Aldous Huxley. Yet it is, I am convinced, the true one. There is, beneath the armour, the most sensitive of living men.

A Sicilian Short Story

Paradise Calling!

By JANE DOE

Illustrated by R. Lewis

AFTER breakfast, or, rather, sinfully inadequate coffee and rolls, Marten Ogle told the porter of his shabby little hotel, tucked away in one of the less spectacular quarters of Taormina, that he thought he'd spend the day climbing Castel Mola.

The knowledgeable young Sicilian who'd learned his English and unlearned his manners in Milwaukee was faintly derisive. " Say, mister, you c'n make that old stack and back in a morning and not miss your lunch."

" Oh, I'm in no desperate hurry," smiled Ogle.

" Well, be sure'n take a packed lunch with you. You'll find the place ain't more'n a lousy chicken and goat run at that."

Ogle winced, but wasn't surprised to hear it.

He'd already encountered many aspects of the highly advertised beauty spot of Taormina which, in his estimation, came well under that young gentleman's classification of Castel Mola.

There were peeps into homes where chickens slept on the best chairs and goats under the bed. Every morning he noticed the good Taorminan housewife swept all her domestic garbage into a heap on the threshold of her parlour-bedroom-goatshed-fowlhouse apartment, to await the arrival of the local scavenger's dustpan and shovel. Fond but unashamed mothers could be seen small-tooth-combing the heads of their young in full public gaze and at the most inconvenient hours.

Still, Castel Mola, precipitous brown sugarloaf of a crag, topped with a tiny township that might have been a bunch of mistletoe, looked good to Ogle.

And what a history the place had !

Saracens, Romans, Christians, Arabs, Normans, Spanish, and the French seemed to have snarled and fought over this particularly meaty bit of earth-bone ever since snarling and fighting had been invented.

But rush ! Good Lord, he was done with that !

Early morning alarm-clocks blasting sweet dreams, breakfast-curdling sprints for the early train, and days of serving in the dim Presentation Plate Department of Lombard's, the City branch of the great London gold and silversmiths, were gone forever. No more work. No more standing on semi-fallen arches. No more rush.

He was a free man for the rest of his life. Retired. He hoped now to linger and savour the flavour of things. He was going to stand and stare. Or, better still, sit down and stare.

THE thing Ogle liked about the Sicilians was what to him seemed their child-like friendliness—the personal touch.

It warmed him.

The proprietor himself, with a two-days-old beard, met him in the reception hall with his packed lunch. This was an exceptionally vivid orange paper holder having most convenient cardboard handles, and enlivened, too, with a gaudy picture of the Hôtel Etna Bella-Vista with its background of the beauteous snowy Etna herself. Just like the labels the porter stuck on the departing trunks.

But how he would like to have seen himself walking down Cheapside during the lunch-hour with a bag like that in his hand. The very buses would have come all over girlish at the sight !

The proprietor hoped he'd have a nice day. " And you didn't brought your wife with you this time, Mr. Oggle ? "

Mr. Ogle lifted reddish eyebrows growing sparsely in reddened crescents. " This time ? But I've not been to Sicily before."

" Oh, par*don* ! Par*don* ! Mr. Oggle ! But I 'ave your ver' same name in the books. For a few years ago. I came to it only now, this minute. *Mr. and Mrs. Oggle*, 1925. Some lawyers in Inghilterra they sent to me for information about some other visitors. Matrimonial. You understan' ? "

Ogle was mildly interested.

But already the Sicilian was behind his bureau pulling at a ledger with fat hands. He flicked back the pages with the efficiency of a whirlwind.

" 'Ere ! " he cried, and swung the volume triumphantly round for his visitor's inspection, keeping a horrid finger-nail on the spot.

" Not quite !," explained Ogle, lifting his head. " My name's Marten, not 'Martin.' " He wrote it out on the blotter. " Still, it's quite a coincidence. I shouldn't think there were more than a hundred Ogles where I come from. Can you remember what these people were like ? "

" Ah, no ! " The hotelier sighed regretfully. " We 'ave so many come. And in 1925 I am at the Ritz, in London. You know it, Mr. Oggle ? "

Mr. Ogle said he knew of it. And as he strolled out of the hotel with the friendly " Buon giorno ! " of the unshaven gentleman speeding him, he murmured into his own impeccably shaven chin " But not in those whiskers, my friend."

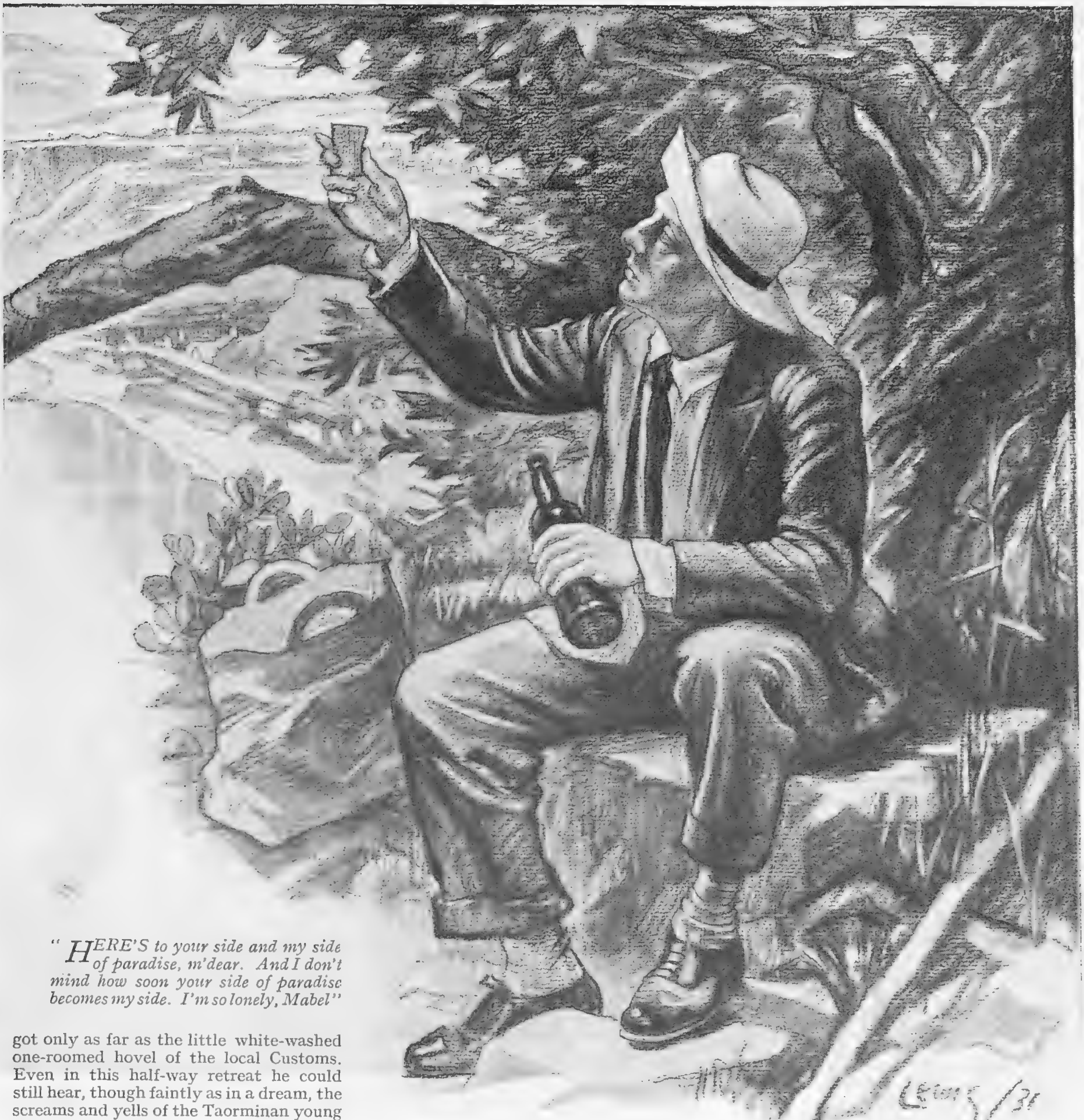
THE packed lunch was surprisingly weighty.

And what with the fierce golden glare, rather painful to weak eyes accustomed to the half-lights of an English February, and the peculiarly gritty qualities of the high white road to Castel Mola, winding like macaroni in a pie-dish, he was quite glad when noon came and he could consider himself entitled to half an hour's shut-eye before sampling the mysteriously heavy carrier of refreshments.

Just where the mule-track leads off the white road he searched for the least nobbiest rocky seat he could find. It was quite extraordinary, he thought, seeing the size of the world, how very few really comfortable places there were to sit down on, neat, as you might say.

In the end he chose the ground, with the lesser gnarled bits of the trunk of an old back-bent olive tree for his own now slightly weary back.

Rush ! He'd taken two hours, and had



"HERE'S to your side and my side of paradise, m'dear. And I don't mind how soon your side of paradise becomes my side. I'm so lonely, Mabel"

got only as far as the little white-washed one-roomed hovel of the local Customs. Even in this half-way retreat he could still hear, though faintly as in a dream, the screams and yells of the Taorminan young disporting themselves in their backyards below.

And already a bunch of excursionists from the Etna Bella-Vista passed him, staggering hurriedly back down the mule-path. Anxiety for the midday table d'hôte was very plainly fretting their fevered brows.

They'd "done" Castel Mola.

But Ogle knew he'd seen things in his quiet way no flurried English tourist or human bullet of a travelling American had time for.

There was a butcher boy, with his basket of particularly evil-looking goat's flesh lying neglected at his side, who lolled luxuriously on a mountain path at the back of the town that morning. He was so obviously taking lessons on the reed pan-pipes of Theocritus from an ancient goatherd, obviously equally rich in estates in time.

Butchers' boys would be butchers' boys the world over, reckoned Marten Ogle.

And had those mad fellow visitors at the Etna Bella-Vista found time yet to stand underneath almond trees in full bloom and see how luminous and nacreous the fragile yet sturdy blossoms were?

That was the way to look at heaven—through Sicilian almond flowers in all their dream-like glory.

Then the higher he climbed the more wondrous the glory that was the Ionian Sea.

He'd counted twenty-five distinct shades of blue already. Some of the blues were very like the turquoise cluster he gave Mabel for her engagement ring.

It was Mabel, of course, who told him about those blues. She'd stopped off at Taormina on her way back from Malta, where she'd gone to bury her father, one of the harbour masters there.

When was it?

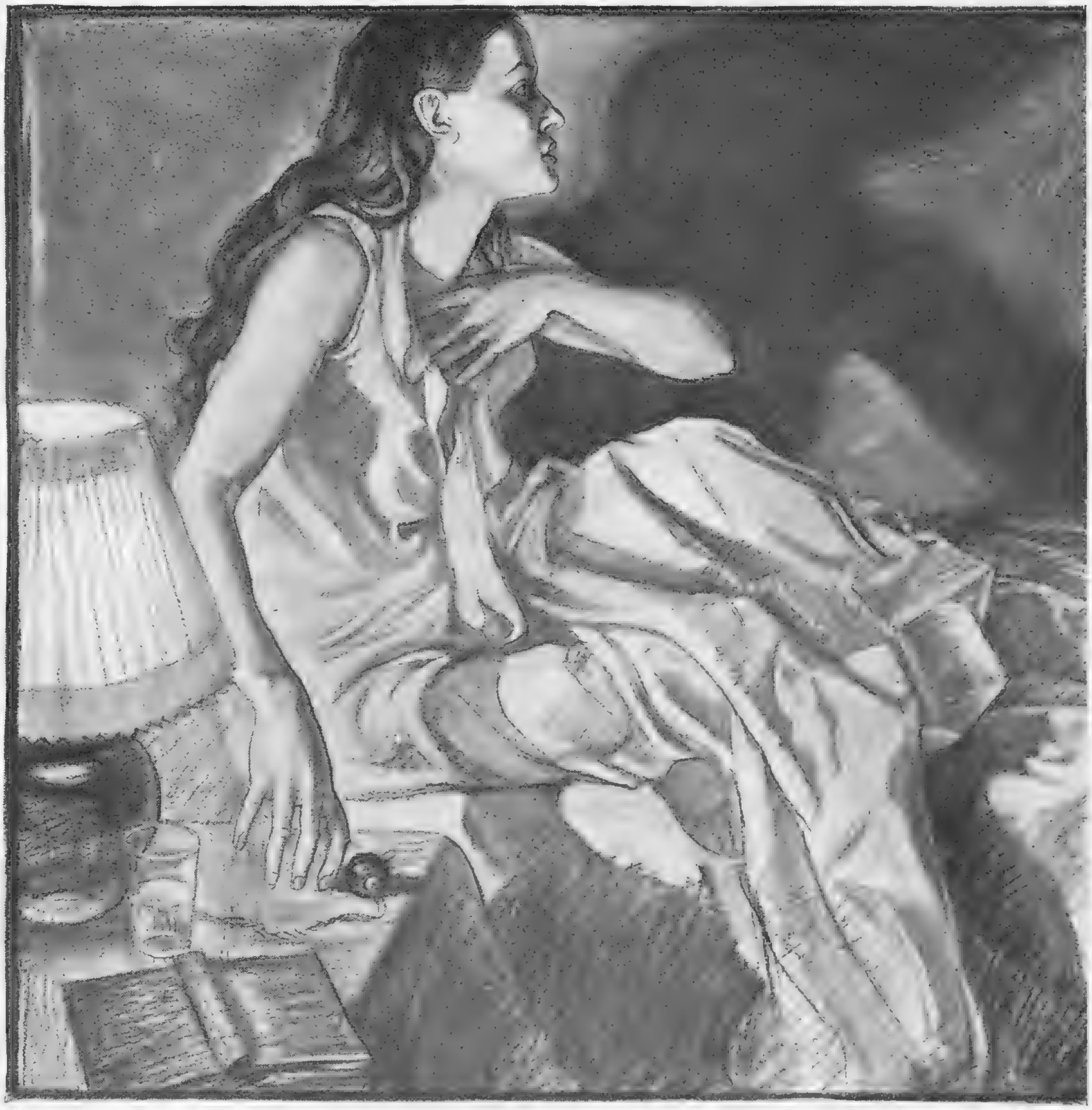
1925? Oh, yes. The year, too, when the other Mr. and Mrs. Ogle put up at the Etna Bella-Vista.

Queer that. When he got back to the hotel he'd ask to see the exact date. It never occurred to him at the time. Funny! But Mabel couldn't have met them or she'd have spoken about it.

All the twenty-five Ionian blues, spread out like a painted fan beyond the coastline of Etna's Sicily, became blurred as Ogle's longing for his wife almost overwhelmed him.

How he ached for her to be with him now! Mabel of the laughing, blackbird-like ways, who made every other woman seem so dough-like. She could help him keep count of those heavenly seas and share that packed lunch.

Love! *Love never died.* Not even when one of the loving twain was no more than a blessed, ever-present memory. Sometimes Mabel's widower used to assure himself, not in the least surprised, but only a little awed, "Why, it's worse than ever it was! I'm growing more in love every day."



"Marten!" she cried. "Don't! I can't bear

HE took off his shell-rimmed glasses and wiped them.

Then he dipped an expectant head into the orange-coloured bag.

It was the bottle of Marsala that made it so heavy.

And he found two paper fold-up cups to go with it. He smiled at that. The hotel kitchen obviously expected him to have company, at least for the wine.

Very carefully he poured out half a glass, and with his eyes on Etna, that incomparable brown beauty whose bosom was wrapped in an ermine tippet and her head lost in some lemon and peach clouds, he toasted his dead wife.

"Here's to your side and my side of paradise, m'dear. And I don't mind how soon your side of paradise becomes my side. I'm so lonely, Mabel."

He put the bottle in the shade.

It was quite exciting to open up all the various packets of food in the luncheon bag. He was rested now and hungry. The rough, brown and very thick Marsala had had quite an exhilarating effect.

There were four large slices of crusty bread, too well buttered, wrapped in grease-proof paper; a couple of hard-boiled eggs, accompanied by a tiny screwed-up packet like a schoolgirl's love-letter—that was the salt. Another parcel gave up a good half-pound of thickly cut delicious ham. He found a large orange, a bar of chocolate biscuit elegantly swaddled in gold paper, a paper napkin and three small sallow Etna apples. Ogle loved those. They were nothing to look at, yet their flavour reminded him of an exquisite combination of oranges and lemons and the English Cox's orange pippin

At the very bottom of the bag reposed yet another mysterious infinitesimal package.

When Ogle saw it contained three wooden toothpicks he gave his first really hearty laugh since he buried Mabel, six long, long months ago.

"She would have got such a lot of fun out of this," he cried. The habit of talking aloud to himself had grown on him lately. It was company. "And," surveying the interesting repast spread around him on the grass in the shade, "there'd be more than enough for us both, even making allowances for her excellent appetite."

MABEL'S capacity for enjoying her food was always a standing joke between them when she was alive. Nothing ever affected it. Throughout her last illness her only complaint concerned the meals. "I believe they chloroform the trays before they bring them in. Everything in this hospital tastes exactly alike. I can't tell the difference between the steamed fish and the strawberry jam!"

And even during the ghastly period of their one and only quarrel, a soul-sickening event which devastated three whole months—the March, April and May of 1925—and nearly smashed up their marriage, there was never any falling off in the quality of the meals she set before him, like the really brilliant little housewife she was. Nor was there any falling off in the quantity she herself put away.

They might remain completely dumb to each other, as they did through all of April and May, communicating only by means of cold little notes, but she could still eat.

He always admired her for that, for it was more than he could manage. Everything he ate at the time stuck in his throat like rubber balls. He lost twenty pounds during the life of that quarrel.

And if there was one thing which almost served to convince him he was totally in the wrong it was that unfailing appreciation of his wife for her food during what to him was the most thoroughly miserable period of his whole existence.

No guilty woman could eat as she did. Not even a brazenly guilty woman. He became certain of that.

Ogle, munching crusty bread and nibbling at hard-boiled eggs, moved his feet into the shade and frowned over his memories. The events of that curious period, happening so cruelly soon after their marriage, always crowded into his mind at the least encouragement. Never a day—nay, an hour—went by since his retirement from his job when he didn't seek to untangle some problem arising out of them. He was like a lawyer with a never-ending brief.

And how queer it was that a union starting out so disastrously could yet recover itself so positively miraculously! Five years of utter bliss followed the patching up of their quarrel. Not very long, it's true, he conceded. But some poor devils he knew, married for a lifetime, hadn't known five minutes' peace, let alone happiness. Well, he thanked his stars for his miracle years. It was worth while having lived just for those alone.

A YACHT like a slim white kid glove slid into the harbour below Taormina. Ogle helped himself to another glass of Marsala.

" I wonder where that's put in from. Naples, probably, or Palmero, or Syracuse. . . .

" *Syracuse!*

" *Now why did Mabel stop off at Syracuse in order to tour Sicily, when she could have caught the train which would have linked her up with the Rome Express and got her home in little more than a week from the time she left me?* "

For the thousandth time he'd asked himself that.

And how well he remembered his wife's reiterated explanations, explanations which so soon afterwards developed into arguments that positively festered in the memory.

It seemed such a pity, she said, to pass through Sicily without having a look at the place. The weather was simply too enchanting for words. And she just *dreaded* coming back to London's February damp and misery.

"*Dreaded*" was her word.

And with all that money gone in fares it was obviously ridiculous not to take advantage of the offer of those nice people she'd met on the boat coming from Malta to stop off at Syracuse and tour the island with them, in a hired car, as their guest.

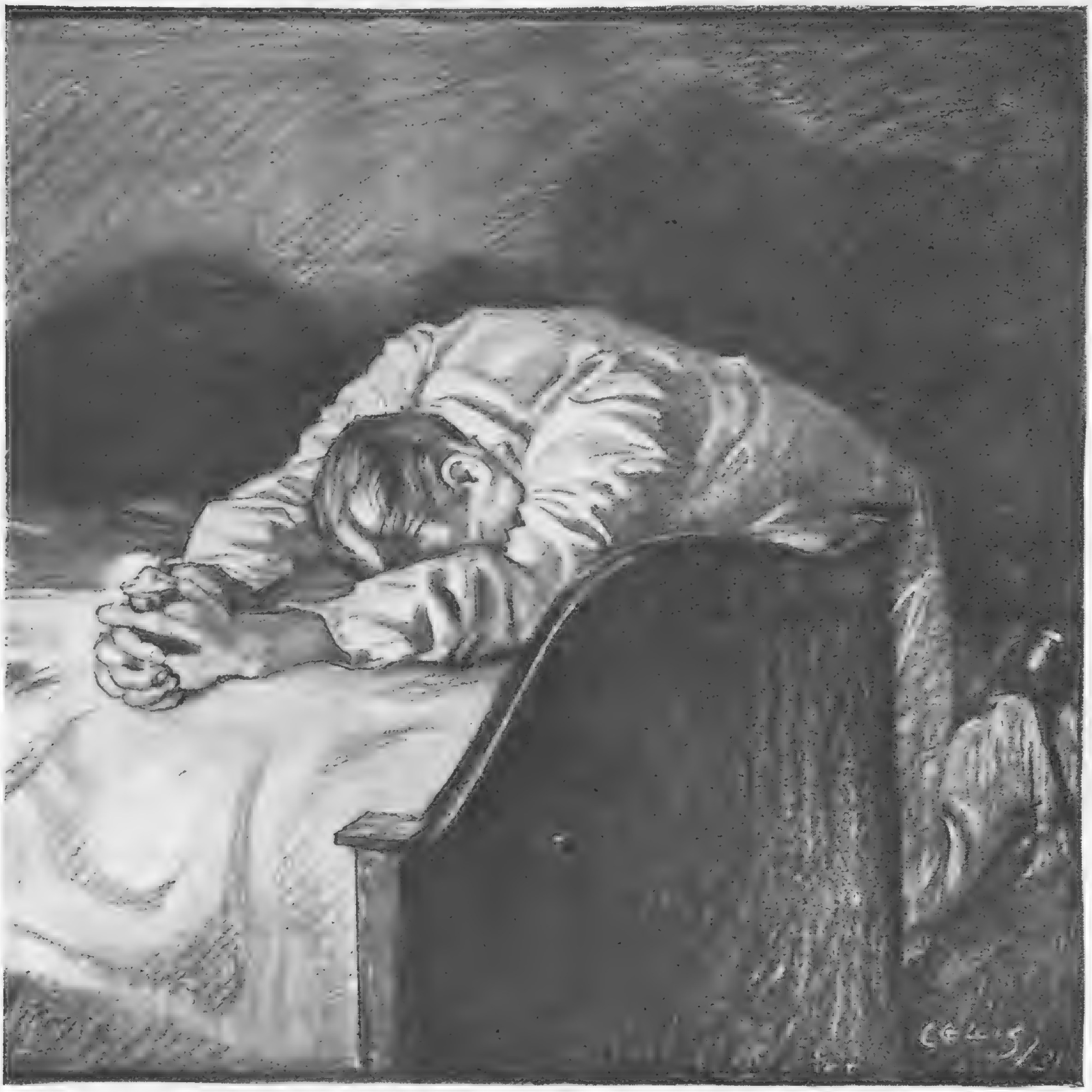
It took them a week in the end to see all they wanted of the island.

" But, Mabel darling, we were only just *married!* " Ogle remembered insisting on this with a humiliating emphasis that made his face burn even after five years. " Only just. Why, we hadn't even—hadn't even made ourselves actually man and wife! "

At any other time, he persisted, he would have thought nothing of it. No man would. But to think that a bride who had had to leave her husband within half an hour of the ceremony shouldn't want to fly home to his embraces the moment she was free of her melancholy duties!

That, to him, was the complete mystery. The—the—unforgivable thing.

And she just dreaded to return home to England in February. This woman who'd never been farther than the Isle of Wight in her life!



it. Come back to bed at once"

OGLE unswaddled his chocolate biscuit and looked towards Etna.

" Somewhere out there lies Syracuse—the cause of all the trouble."

It was only twenty-four hours before their wedding day that Mabel got the cable telling of her father's sudden illness. And in that time she procured a passport, tickets for Malta, including one for the Rome Express, and a husband.

What a scramble it had been! And how patient and gentle he'd tried to be, when within him all the excitement and longings of a forty-six years old man marrying for the first time almost burned him up.

They were married at 8 a.m. and soon afterwards he stood on the platform at Victoria Station saying good-bye to his bride about to start on her precipitate rush down the backbone of Italy.

" Happy? " he asked, striving to keep the heartbreaking disappointment out of his voice.

"Paradise calling!" she laughed through her tears.

That was an expression she was very fond of using. She said it for the first time when he asked her to marry him. It became a sort of secret pass-phrase in their life, and they had a fervent understanding that it was only to be used for especially happy occasions.

Sacredly happy occasions.

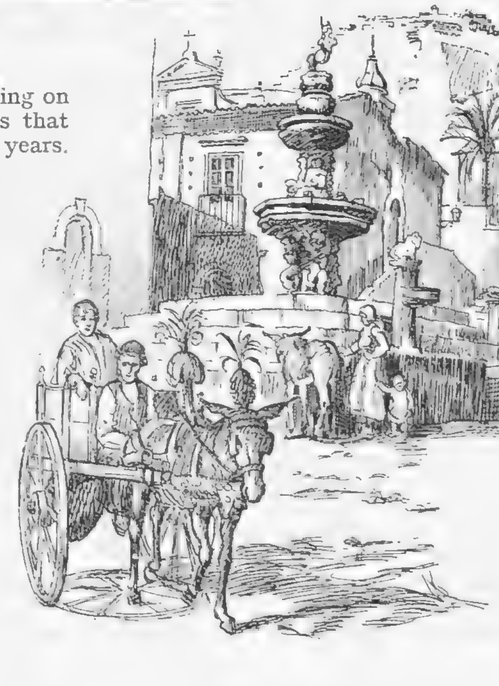
There was just one exception—sacred, but not happy. He wanted to get a last smile from her as she lay dying in her private ward.

"Happy, duck?"

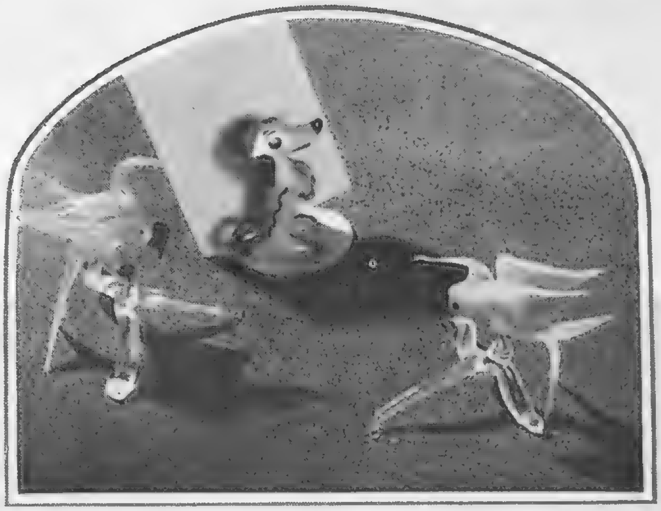
He got the smile. "Paradise calling—*I hope!*"

She said no more and smiled no more after that.

(*Continued on page* 118)



Below:
NO need to shake the flour through this sifter; by pressing the bar in the handle the agitator inside works the flour through. The sifter costs 3/-

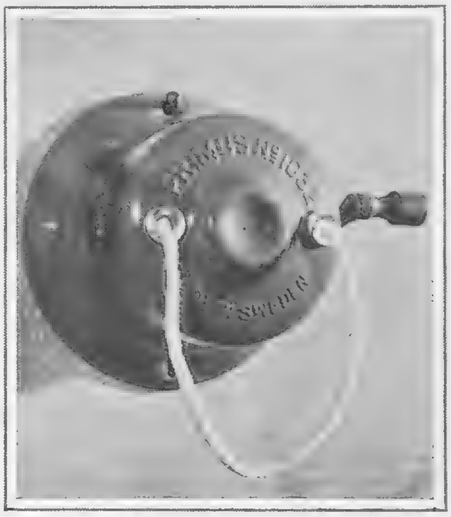


HERE are three amusing table decorations. The parrots are made of glass, and cost 4/6 each, while the little china dog holding up a place card costs 1/6

Left:
A KNIGHT which is also a cigarette lighter, stands about 9 inches high. The petrol is poured into the head under the visor. Price 25/-

WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2



NOW that autumn is here, the kitchen cannot do without one of these indoor clothes lines for the oddments which are washed at home. Its price is 3/-

SIFTING flour is not the quickest of jobs and it takes two hands; not only this, one is apt to shake the flour in other places than in the basin. This flour sifter obviates all these difficulties; it quickens the work, one hand only is needed to sift the flour, and being smaller, and not shaken about, the flour falls on the inside of the basin. The principle is quite simple, there is an inner bar to the handle which one presses and unpresses, this moves the agitator at the foot of the flour sifter, and this in turn sifts the flour through the sieve. 3s.

CHINA and glass ornaments provide both dainty and amusing substitutes for flowers in decorative schemes for the table. The little china dog in the illustration will hold a place-card or menu, it costs only 1s. 6d., and there are several of his fellow creatures from which to choose. Also there are several of his animal companions which do not hold cards, but which would make a quaint decoration—a sort of grotesque zoo. These cost 1s. 3d. each. The glass parrots in the same illustration are of opaque glass and also serve as table decorations. They cost 4s. 6d. each.

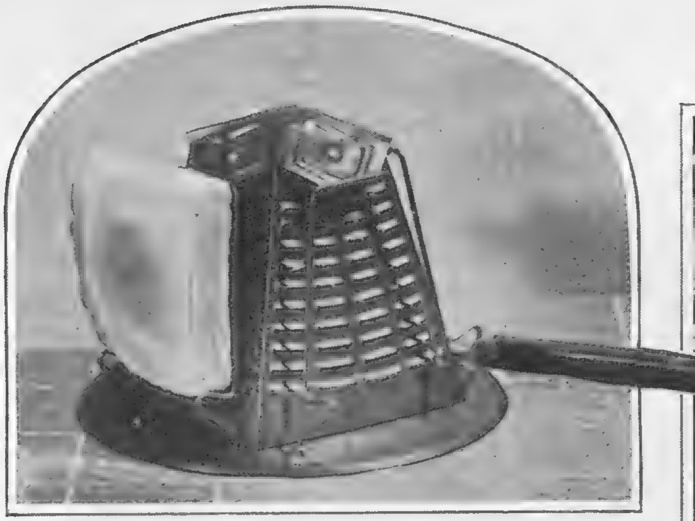
Perhaps it is that the whispered revival of Victorian art is really true, for there are other china and glass objects for the table which really do look Victorian. There is a black silhouette made of blown glass; this costs 5s. 6d. Then there are the flower menu holders and centre pieces made in the Crown Staffordshire pottery, which you have probably seen.

ALTHOUGH it seems early, it must be the beginning of the Christmas gift season creeping in, for there are some delightful and most ingenious cigarette lighters to be bought. This Knight, which stands about 9 in. high, is really ornamental, and it is absolutely safe.

The petrol is poured into the top of the head under the visor, and one filling lasts a very long time. Resting in the top is a small pencil-shaped tube, which is the actual lighter. This is taken out and struck along the front of the stand in a groove made for it, so the main figure is not moved at all and the lighter can be utilised for other things than lighting cigarettes. The Knight costs 25s., and there are others at various prices from that figure. The shield is separate and can be bought for 2s. 6d., or one with a hand-painted crest (to order) can be had for 7s. 6d. Among other lighters are aeroplanes, racing cars and other models dear to the heart of man.

AT last has come an indoor clothes line which is really substantial and which winds up into a neat reel. During the winter months it is almost essential to have a line somewhere in the house on which to hang the oddments which have to be washed out, and this one will not be noticed when not in use. The line extends a considerable distance, and there is a ratchet which will hold the line taut at any length. The price is 3s.

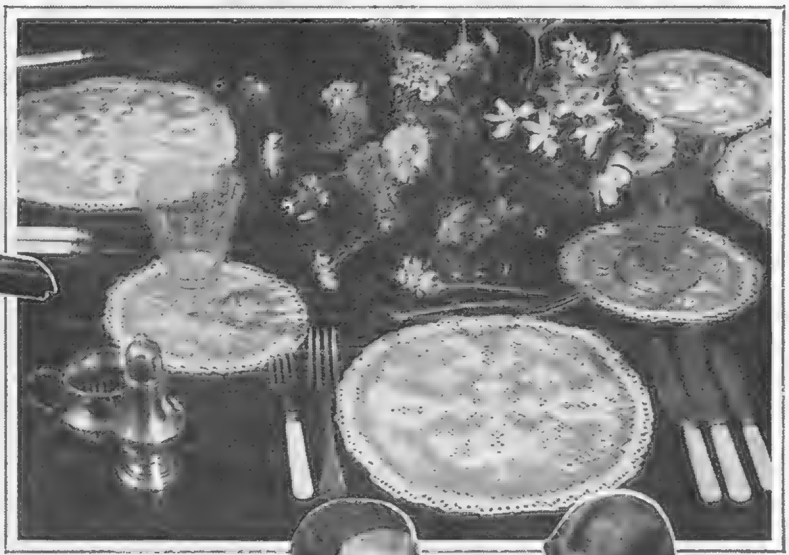
DURING a hunt for articles for the kitchen which cost sixpence or under I found a little toaster which will give me toast from the oil stove which I have in a country bungalow. I have not tested it yet, but have met a friend who has one and she says it works admirably, so I have no fears but every hope for toast for breakfast when next I go down into Sussex. I may as well mention my other purchases from the same store, for I am pleased with them. I bought for threepence each some tiny dishes in the yellow glazed earthenware. These do very well for the little individual dishes, custards, etc. Then for sixpence I bought a tall shaped brown earthenware stew-pan—which I am using at the moment filled with cape-gooseberries, not cooking them, but making a sunny spot in my room. I shall buy another to hold bronze and yellow chrysanthemums. The other articles I bought were not new, just replacements such as a cullender, china basins, and a fireproof



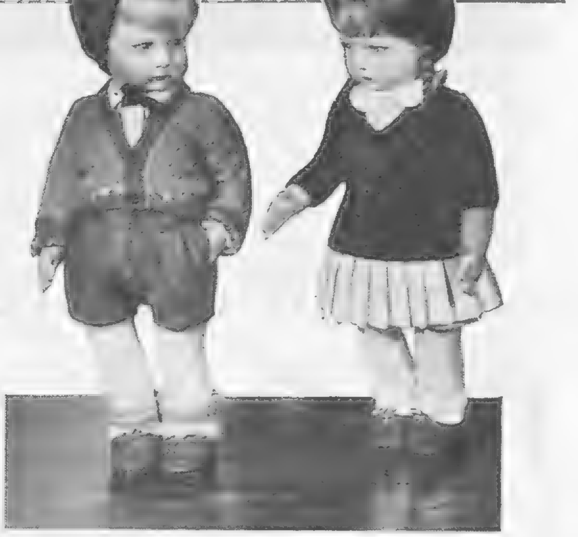
A TOASTER, which costs only 6d., is made for an oil stove, so that breakfast in the country cottage may now include toast

Below:

A SET of table mats which is particularly inexpensive at 29/6. They are hand darned



THIS self-basting roaster will cook either on or in the oven. It costs 10/6



Right:

WHO could resist one of these dolls? They stand up alone and are unbreakable. They cost 37/- each

enamel saucepan, all of which I thought remarkably cheap at sixpence each.

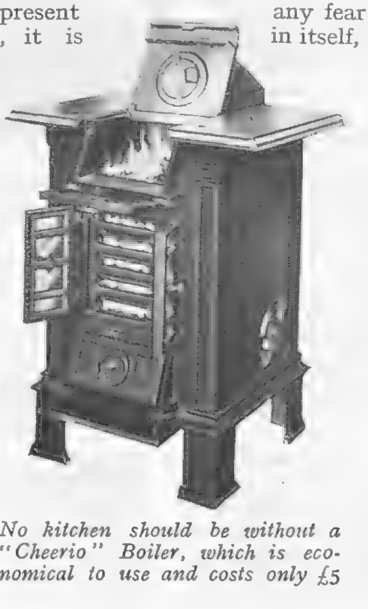
ALTHOUGH there is a certain demand for the cloth which completely covers the table, I have it on good authority that table mats are by no means going out of fashion. This is all to the good, for it gives a hostess an opportunity to vary her table dressing. The mats shown in the illustration were, I thought, quite a find. They are not lace, though they have that appearance, nor are they imitation lace. They are made of a very wide mesh muslin, and the pattern on them is darned by hand. As you can see, the effect is really attractive, and the price is 29s. 6d. for a set for 12 people.

THE roaster shown in the illustration not only roasts food perfectly, but it also boils, steams or fries, and all this is done retaining the natural nourishment of the food. Apart from these advantages there is another, which is, that this roaster can be used either in or on a gas, oil or electric stove. The model is made of aluminium, the top half is fitted with an air regulator, and the bottom half is fitted with a stand. The small size, which will take a chicken or a joint up to 3 lb., can be had for 10s. 6d., while a larger size costs 12s. 6d.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the things which are said about the modern child, dolls are still popular, and who could resist one of these little girl or boy models? They are rather expensive, it is true, for 37s. is not a small price to give for a doll, but one should consider that the doll is unbreakable and will last as long as the love bestowed upon it by a small girl. There are many models and each one of them is a life-like representation of the child of to-day, the little boys in knickers and hand-knitted cardigans and the little girls in frocks just like those hanging up in the nursery. There are some, too, in fancy dress, and should you present one of these to a child, it is nearly certain it would be an inspiration for a fancy dress at one of the parties.

EVERY day the necessity for really constant hot water in the home becomes increasingly plain. Comfort, quite apart from other considerations, demands it, for it is certain that the kitchen which commands a plentiful supply of hot water from the tap for cleaning purposes is the most easily managed. The use of gas or electricity for the purpose is inclined to be costly, and it is a relief to have discovered a really adequate hot water boiler which is inexpensive to buy as well as economical in use. The "Cheerio" wrought steel boiler is an excellent answer to the problem, combining as it does both the advantages of an open fire with a constant hot water supply. Any kind of fuel can be used as well as kitchen refuse, while simple cooking, such as boiling and frying, is also possible. Not the least of its advantages over similar heaters is the fact that, in frosty weather, one is completely immune from any fear of a burst boiler. This, in itself, is an additional source of economy, since during a very hard winter one's pocket is apt to be severely taxed on account of repairs due to frozen pipes and their almost inevitable result.

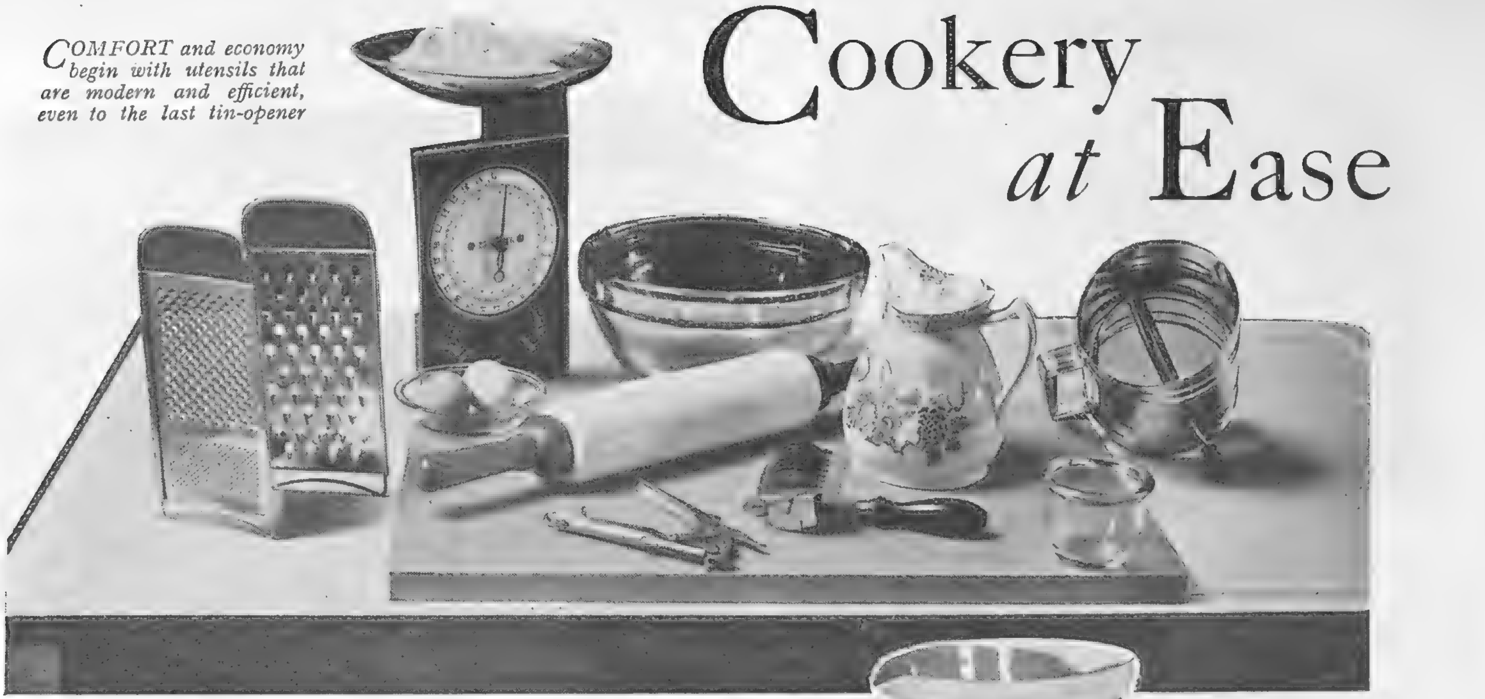
The boiler can be installed in the smallest kitchen with comfort and is perfectly neat in its appearance, while the fact that all kinds of refuse can be burnt in it is an advantage that will be especially appreciated. The cost of the boiler, complete, is £5. In porcelain enamel finish for easier cleaning, the price is £8.



No kitchen should be without a "Cheerio" Boiler, which is economical to use and costs only £5

Cookery *at* Ease

COMFORT and economy begin with utensils that are modern and efficient, even to the last tin-opener



NOT concerned with intricate things so much as with accessories which help to make a pleasure of necessity

By Winifred Lewis

IT may have been an odd subject to introduce at a party, but, be that as it may, we were unanimous in our decision that, as a race, we have much to learn about kitchens . . . .

It all sprang from that source of discussion so dismally familiar just now—economy and, meandering on to ways and means, finally culminated in the heartening discovery that we had at least found the one brilliant solution to the servant problem in the inevitable decision to do without. It was a mere step then to the subject of labour-saving and the importance of the kitchen itself in the business of home management, and thus to the pronouncement upon its inadequacy in the average home.

Afterwards, reflecting that we may have been a little extreme in our views, I was still forced to admit the tendency. In fact I doubt if the woman who is planning her home gives one-tenth of the thought to her kitchen that she expends upon the other portions of the house which, in the long run, render her less service.

A cheerful kitchen, efficiently equipped, is something that no woman who values her own comfort and the stability of her nervous system can afford to be without, particularly if she is in sole charge of domestic operations.

Cookery, above all things, seems to demand especial care in the choice of equipment, since more discomfort and failure can be avoided in this way than in any other. Culinary experts agree that the quality of the dish lies as much in the efficiency of the utensils with which it is prepared as in the cunning of the cook himself, yet women still allow themselves to be lured by motives of economy into the purchase of cheaper equipment, utterly regardless of the quantities of costly food it is destined to waste.

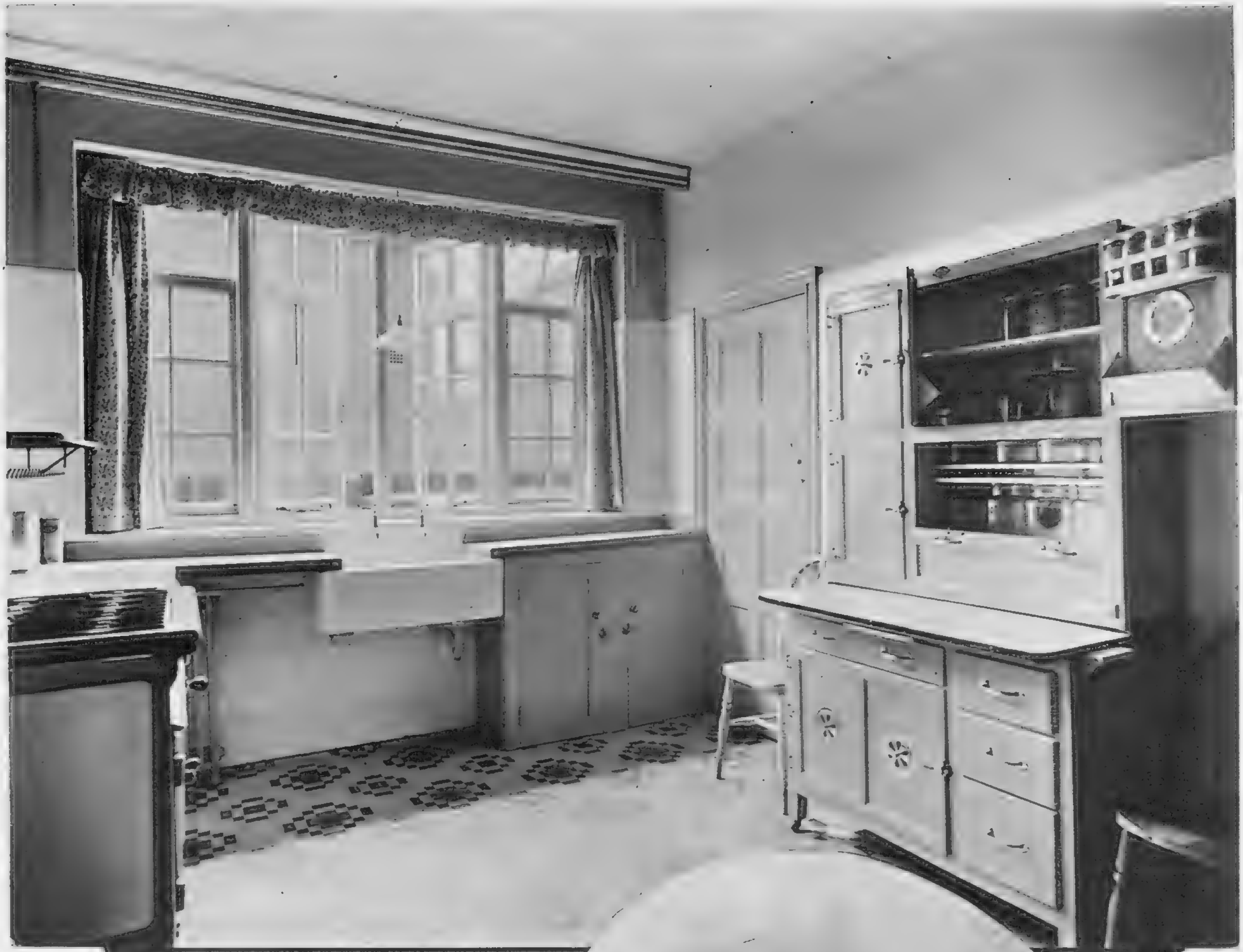
This talk of equipment reminds me of the new aluminium kitchen ware, which is specially designed for use with electric cooking apparatus. Saucepans and kettles are made with reinforced bottoms so that they lie absolutely flat, thereby insuring even distribution of heat and perfect cooking. They will be a most welcome accessory to the electric cooker, of which one of the minor problems has been the inadequacy of the average saucepan.

EVEN glass and pottery oven ware, though familiar, is still comparatively undiscovered by the average housewife, who is often enough content with an odd piece or two when a complete range of these utensils will lighten the task of cooking and effect some worth-while economies into the bargain. The mere fact that it is possible to serve what you have cooked in the same dish is worthy of consideration by the woman who does her own cooking, and to whom every dish saved is a little more leisure.

How much pleasanter to cook breakfast in an attractive glass dish than to struggle with greasy pans and plates. Eggs and bacon can be laid in the dish and cooked in the oven to the proverbial turn, then served, just as they are, piping hot. With a casserole of this same glass, inexpensive cuts of meat are rendered appetising and tender, which is another and even more attractive

BLUE and white is a pretty combination for kitchen ware. The mixing basin costs 2/-, the canisters 1/3 and 2/2 each and the jug 1/2

BUTTER and milk mixed in this machine becomes fresh cream at one fifth the usual cost. The price of the machine is £3 13s. 6d.



THIS apple-green and white kitchen represents the ideal "workroom," both in its cheerfulness as well as in the perfect excellence of its equipment

EFFICIENT though the kitchen itself may be, much depends upon the quality of the utensils, and cast aluminium is a luxury worth indulging

aspect of the affair, and finally there is the dish which cooks a whole roast with vegetables, preserving all the vital juices and dispensing with a clutter of dirty saucepans into the bargain!

Apart from the necessity for efficient utensils, a little forethought in the arrangement of the kitchen is important to the woman who is responsible for her own cooking arrangements. A sink, situated in the right light and, above all, at exactly the right height, will lighten the more practical tasks. Then, if it can be arranged, the gas-cooker should be as near as possible to the sink, so that all unnecessary steps between the two are eliminated. Such small adjustments may at first appear to be unnecessary, but experience quickly shows that attention to these trivial points makes the whole domestic task considerably easier.

A constant supply of hot water is another important factor in the matter of easy cookery. Dirty dishes are the burden of every kitchen, and it is important that while cooking operations are afoot utensils should be cleansed as they are used, in order to avoid the depressing accumulation that otherwise results. With an adequate hot-water supply this is a simple matter, and if only for this reason one is certainly repaid in scrapping obsolete arrangements and installing an efficient one.

The arrangement of the kitchen illustrated above is particularly good, quite apart from the cheerfulness of its colour-scheme. Apple-green walls and woodwork are relieved by the white tiling which occupies three-parts of the wall space, reducing cleaning to a minimum. The sink is well situated under a large, airy window, where every possible advantage of light and ventilation is obtainable. It has, as well, the special advantage of a large draining-board on either side, in addition to a cupboard beneath for the convenient storage of all cleaning materials.

Few kitchens these days are fortunate in having so much space, or even a window of such generous proportions, but the smallest room can be arranged with the same thoughtful care for detail rather than the careless indifference of most. Certainly these details of planning and equipment are the very greatest factors in the problem of easier cookery.

Decide *on* These . . .

IF there is pleasure in the finished dish, there is infinite pleasure, too, in the making, if conditions are favourable

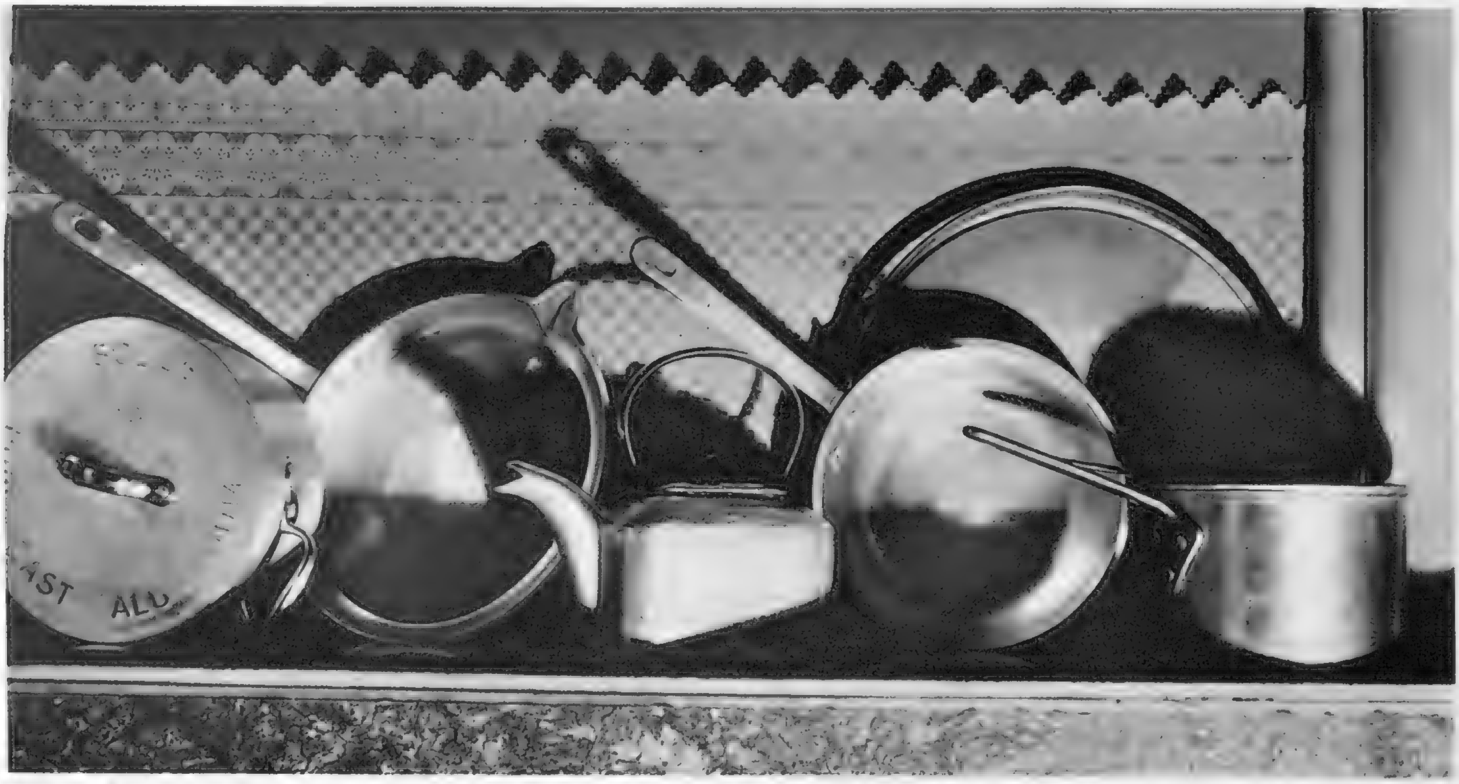
HEINZ
MINCEMEAT

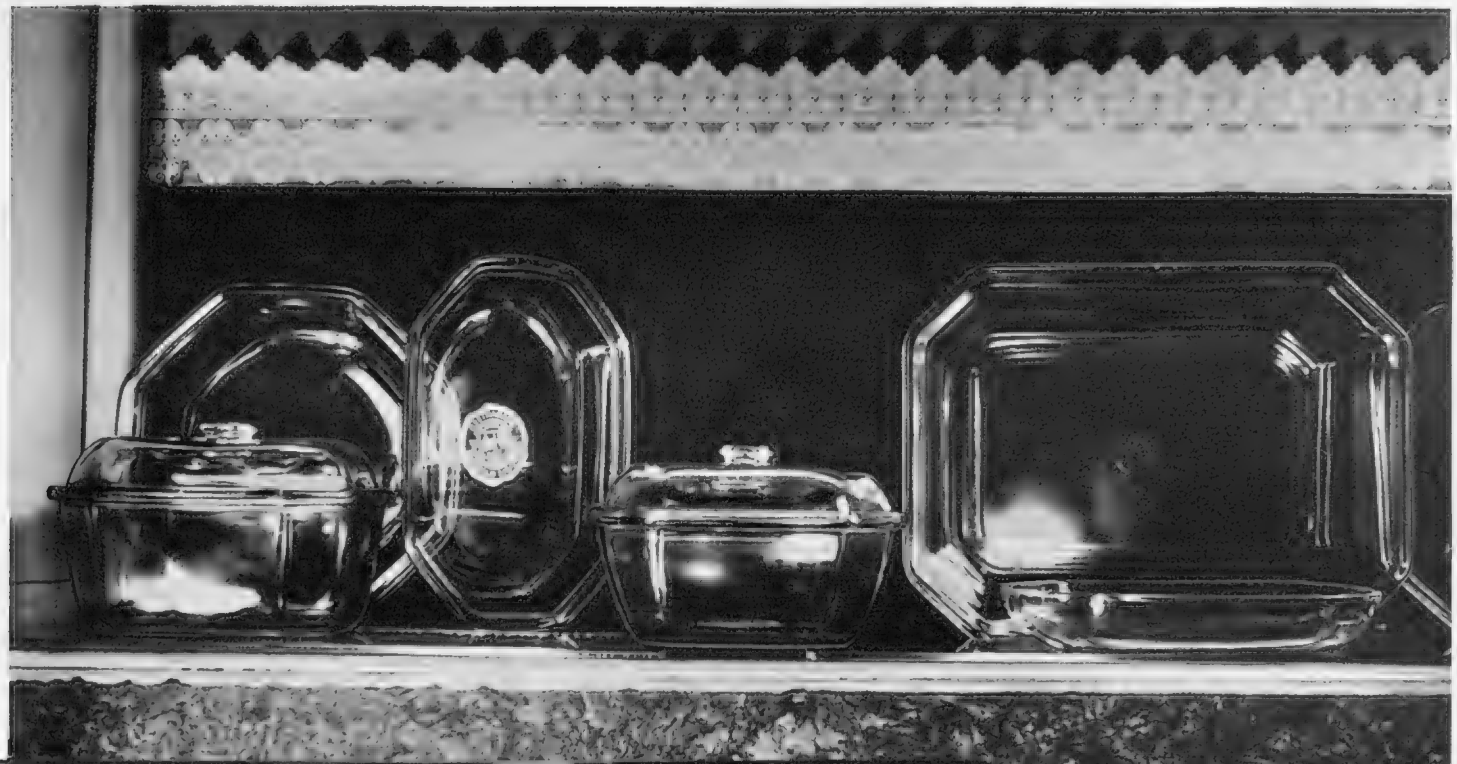
WHEN preparations for Christmas are astir, one is specially thankful, in these days of potted delicacies, for the ease with which mince-pies can be produced

Pictures by Helen Macgregor

THE uses of oven glass are many and varied, and there is, by common consent, no cleaner or more simple form of cookery. The casserole above costs 6/9, and has a capacity of 2¼ pints

IN the heaviness of pure cast aluminium is economy, since it retains the heat so well. The Solar ware below includes a square kettle with a wide spout for easy cleaning, 21/-; an omelette pan, 6/6; an oval frypan, 11/-; and a deep stewpan, 40/-





Pictures by Helen Macgregor

THE advantages of cooking and serving food in the same dish are obvious, especially to the woman who presides in her own kitchen. Among the group of Orlak glass above there is a supper dish (3/9), a pudding dish (3/2), an entrée dish and a deep casserole, both 5/10 each, as well as a large pie-dish at 5/-

SOUPS and sauces from a Bain Marie have a delicious delicacy. This Solar Aluminium set is worth the cost of £5. The girdle for cakes, right, is 12/-

CREAM
BEAN
SOUP
HEINZ
VEGETABLE SOUP
57

PERFECTLY delicious soups—in tins—are doing much for the cause of easier cookery; in fact, a complete meal of tinned food can now be served with confidence

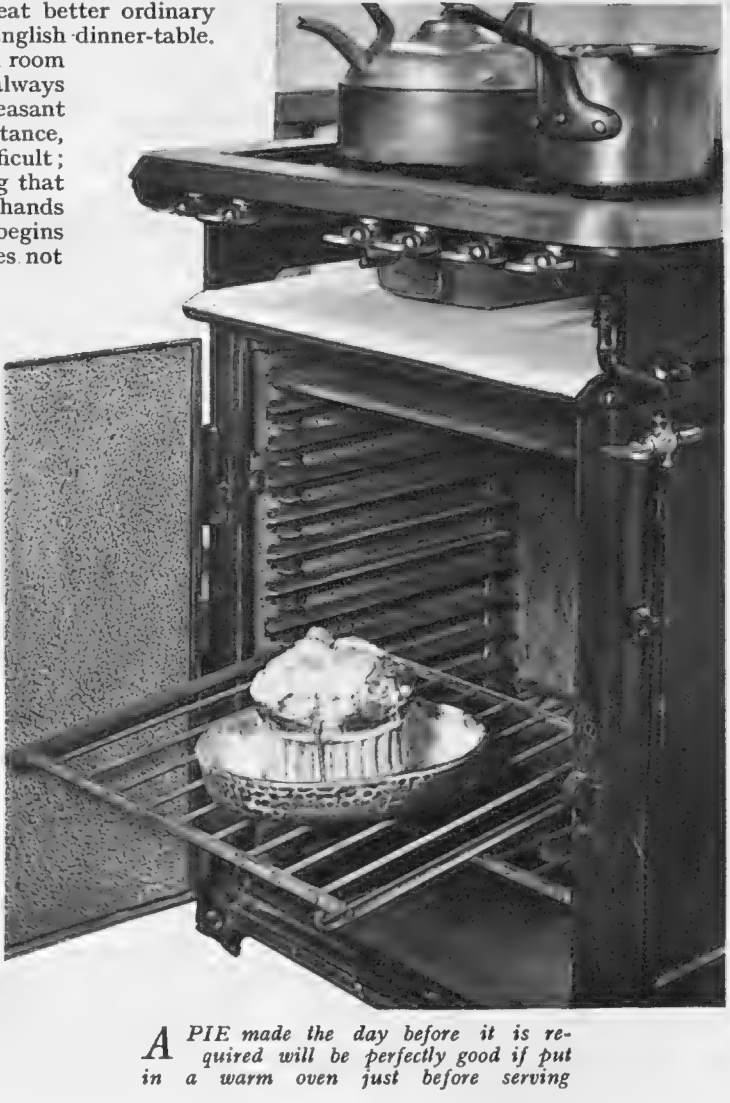
Pies, Pastry

In making pastry it is very important that the flour should be sieved, in order to aerate it

Pastry should be allowed to rest in a cold place between the processes of rolling out

To give advice about pastry-making to English housewives seems little short of presumption, for surely nowhere in the world does one eat better ordinary pastry than at the average English dinner-table. But even if there is not much room for improvement, one can always learn at least how to make pleasant variations. Puff pastry, for instance, is sometimes extremely difficult; one of the chief reasons being that in mixing in the butter our hands get so hot that the butter begins to run through them and does not roll evenly into the dough. And that is why it is better to stop the process occasionally, leaving the dough in a cold place during each pause, so that the butter gets quite hard again. In making short pastry it is better to chop the butter into the flour with a large kitchen-knife, as this also prevents the butter from becoming oily. The results obtained by this method are excellent, and here is a recipe for short crust which is certain to be a success.

Take eight ounces of flour and six ounces of butter, very carefully weighed. The flour must be sieved to allow it to aerate and put in a mixing-bowl. Break the butter very lightly with the fingers into the flour, adding just a few pieces at a time and mixing it also as lightly as possible with the flour. Turn the mixture out on to a floured board and chop with a large knife, working the flour over and over with the knife until the butter is well incorporated. Put back into the bowl, add the juice of half a lemon, and make a hole in the middle of the flour. Pour a little cold water into the hole, and start making the dough by working from the hole, from the inside to the outside, till the water is absorbed. Repeat this process, adding water little by little, until there is no dry flour left. Put the dough out on to a floured board and roll out lightly but firmly, rolling out just sufficiently to make the dough the shape and size of your pie-dish, allowing an extra inch all round. Cut strips off the edges of the dough, moisten the edges of the pie-dish (which is ready filled with sweetened fruit) with cold water, and put the strips of dough all round, moistening where they overlap. Put on the top of the dough and trim round the edges with a sharp knife to remove untidy ends. Press the edges firmly all round with the thumb and forefinger, decorate them, and make a slit at each end of the pie for the steam to escape.



A pie made the day before it is required will be perfectly good if put in a warm oven just before serving

and Sweets

Some delightful additions to the housewife's recipe book which are unusual but not unduly difficult

By
A. H. Adair

THE decorations for a Mousse should be as simple as possible—two coloured fruits being quite sufficient

NOTHING is more pleasant than a carefully cooked compote. The fruit should be peeled in such a way that it keeps its even, round shape

The pastry requires from twenty-five to thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

There are one or two important points to remember in making a fruit pie. If the fruit has to be cooked first, it must be allowed to get quite cold before the pastry is put on; when it is necessary to add sugar to the fruit, always put a top layer of fruit without sugar. If the pastry touches the melted sugar it would stick to it and remain sodden.

Puff Pastry

Take ten ounces of sifted flour and put on a board, make a hole in the middle into which you put a pinch of salt and add little by little cold water, working it into the flour very gently with the right hand. Add more water when necessary until you have a very flexible paste which you can draw out like elastic. Work it for a few minutes more on a clean, floured board. Put this away for a quarter of an hour in a cold place.

Meanwhile weigh six ounces of butter and work it with a knife so that you squeeze out any liquid which may be in it. Take the paste and form it into a square. Give the butter the same shape but much smaller; put the butter in the centre of the paste and fold the ends of the paste over it so that the butter is closed in an envelope of paste.

Take the rolling-pin and roll away from you gently but firmly until you have a band not more than three-quarters of an inch thick. Fold this into three, press down the folds with the rolling-pin, then roll across the folds, making another band of dough. Sprinkle it with flour and let it rest for ten minutes in a cold place. The process of folding into three and rolling out again must be repeated seven times.

This pastry is used for Vol-au-Vent cases, and for savoury pies of the more elaborate and delicate kind.

Rabbit Pie

Have the rabbit skinned and cleaned; joint it and bone it and put the pieces of meat into a bowl of cold water, leaving them to soak for one hour. Put the meat into a saucepan, cover with cold water, adding salt and pepper, two onions and a little sage and parsley. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for half an hour. Remove the pieces of rabbit and put them in a pie-dish with two rashers of streaky bacon fried and cut into small pieces, two hard-boiled eggs sliced, chopped parsley, and a dozen stuffed prunes, the recipe for which is given below. Add a teacupful of stock, salt and pepper, and let the contents of the pie get quite cold before putting on the paste for the pie-crust. It is better to use puff paste for this pie, but this is a matter of taste and also depends on the amount of time one has to spare for the dish. The time required for baking the pie depends, of course, on the type of paste used.

Stuffed Prunes for Savoury Use

Soak a dozen prunes in cold water for twenty-four hours. Dry them thoroughly with a cloth, make an incision with a sharp knife and remove the stones. Chop together a sprig of parsley, half a large onion, one shallot, and a rasher of streaky bacon trimmed and fried. Add salt and pepper and enough stale bread soaked in milk to bind the mixture, which should be fried for a few seconds in bacon fat before being used for stuffing the prunes.

Chestnut Tartlets

Prepare some puff pastry, line some little tartlet cases with it and bake the pastry. Make a purée of chestnuts by cooking the chestnuts in water, shelling and mashing them with sugar and a little milk. Fill the pastry cases with the chestnut mixture and put a little whipped cream on top of each one.

Vanilla Mousse

Put two ounces of castor sugar into a thick saucepan with four eggs. Place the saucepan over another saucepan containing hot water on the fire. Whip gently until the mixture is quite frothy, remove it from the fire and continue to whip until it is quite cold. Then add vanilla flavouring and another ounce of sugar, and meanwhile whip to a stiff froth half a pint of cream and the whites of two eggs. Add this to the first preparation and whip all the time until all is well mixed together. Pour the mixture into a mould at the bottom of which you (*continued on page* 136

Fish Luncheons which cost little

The health-giving properties of fish are indisputable, and it has the further merit of being an economical food

By Mrs. Sam Sloan

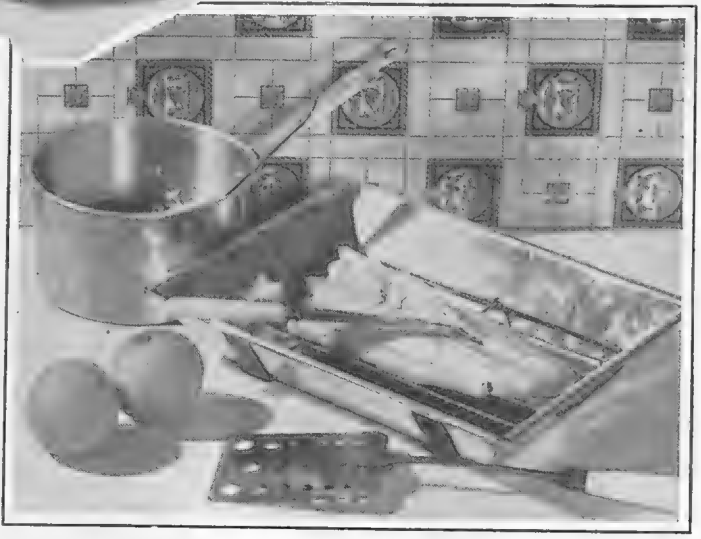
THE humble kipper can be easily converted into a pleasing luncheon dish, but be sure to buy a pair of "white" kippers

"VARIETY is the mother of enjoyment." So said the great Disraeli, and many other famous men and women, both before and since his time, have extolled the virtues of variety in everything pertaining to daily life. Though the truth of this has been realised and acted upon in a number of fields, there is still one in which we seem slow to take the hint. This is in the matter of home cookery. The average woman is so apt to fall into a fixed routine, as regards the feeding of her household, and this is synonymous with dullness; and dullness to-day being one of the cardinal sins no self-respecting modern housewife ought to allow herself to do so.

Fish is one of the articles of diet upon the cooking and serving of which it always seems to me so very little imagination is expended. Yet even the most inexpensive and common kinds can be made delectable to sight as well as taste by taking a little trouble over their preparation.

Here is a way of converting the humble kipper into a pleasing luncheon dish for the family.

Take a good-sized pair of "white" kippers and plunge them into boiling water for four or five minutes. This causes the flesh to swell and become tender. Next cook lightly in the frying pan, after which remove all bones and flake the flesh with a fork. This being done, mix in a teacupful of grated breadcrumbs and one egg well beaten up with a little milk until the mixture is of a doughy consistency which can be rolled into small balls. Add a suspicion of essence of lemon, cinnamon or other flavouring, according to individual taste. Brush over each ball with a beaten egg, dip in fine, crisp breadcrumbs and fry in deep *boiling* fat till a light golden brown. Serve heaped on a dish with a border of cress and sliced cucumber, and an accompanying mustard sauce. Findon haddock or any of the coarser white fish will be found equally suitable as the basis of these balls.



AFTER the sole has been cooked in a baking-tin, slit it down the centre and fill with buttered or scrambled eggs

LINE a dish with curly lettuce, garnishing the edge with tomato slices, and pile up the flaked fish in the centre, pour over a cream sauce, and add some chopped capers

AN individual fish salad can be made from the "common cod"

A COLD fish dish more in the nature of a salad may be made from almost any fish after this fashion. I choose the common cod for my recipe because as a rule this is associated in most people's minds with the fried steak or the boiled variety served with an egg or parsley sauce, and I wish to show that, by using a little imagination, even the cod, which many dislike under these guises, can be transformed into a distinctive dish.

Buy a piece of cod sufficient for your needs. Flake this well. Line individual dishes with the leaves from the heart of a curly lettuce, garnishing the edges with tomato slices. Fill with the fish well seasoned with salt and red pepper. Pour over this a little cream sauce, and on top of all pile a generous supply of finely chopped capers. I think you will find this variation of the stodgy codfish much appreciated.

Here is yet another fish dish which can be quite economical if plaice or lemon sole is used instead of the Dover sole, which is naturally really best.

Select a nice plump sole. Wash and trim in usual way, then place in a baking-tin or flat fireproof glass dish. Sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper, and lay small pieces of butter plentifully over the fish. Cover with a greased paper and put in moderate oven till cooked through. Meanwhile prepare some buttered or scrambled eggs, and when the fish is ready slit it down the middle (head to tail), laying each side slightly back. Into the space thus made heap spoonfuls of the egg, using the remainder round the dish. Garnish with thin slices of stoned orange. Cheese used judiciously is a great asset for varying fish dishes, just adding that little touch which is *different*. For instance, baked fillets of fish are delicious if done this way. Place them in a well-greased tin and plentifully sprinkle each piece with grated parmesan cheese; place small pieces of butter on top, cover with greased paper and bake in oven for ten to fifteen minutes. Yet another idea is to mix grated cheese with breadcrumbs in which fillets are rolled before frying in boiling fat.

Invalid Cookery

Invalid Cookery is a branch in itself which demands great care and accuracy

By C. Hughes Hallett

CARE should be taken that the meal is served punctually, and that the tray looks appetising

FOR Barley Water. 1 oz. Pearl Barley, 1 pint of cold water, rind and juice of ½ lemon, and sugar are the ingredients

IN sickness the digestive organs are generally weakened and do not function adequately, so the doctor invariably prescribes "light diet." Ignorance on this subject may cause serious trouble; therefore the nurse's first duty to herself and her patient is to find out what a light diet really means.

The following general remarks will give an idea of this, and at the same time will show how to regulate the food in cases of serious illness.

At first the patient is given cooling drinks in small quantities; barley water is excellent for this purpose, while others, such as invalid lemonade, lemon whey or apple water, may be preferred. As the fever subsides, Bengers may be given, and beef tea, which is of great value in the sickroom, can also be introduced. At this stage strength must be maintained and light nourishing soups should be carefully prepared and given at frequent intervals. Sips of calf's-foot or chicken jelly are also very strengthening.

In the majority of cases it is now possible to reintroduce some of the usual articles of food—white fish steamed or creamed, followed by a light custard, or a little steamed chicken and an invalid fruit tart, can be given, and in this way the patient is promoted to a normal diet as the digestive powers are gradually reestablished.

When cooking for invalids, doctor's orders must be strictly carried out. Cleanliness must be observed, and no food should be cooked within sight of the patient. The meal should be served punctually at the hour expected, and no more than is likely to be eaten at one time should be given. Care should be taken that all uneaten food is removed from the sickroom immediately. The patient's tray should look appetising; a fresh tray cloth, a dainty table napkin, china of delicate colouring and perhaps a freshly gathered flower will assist in giving the final note of cheerfulness.

Barley Water

1 oz. Pearl Barley, 1 pint Cold Water, rind and juice of ½ Lemon, Sugar to taste.

Wash and blanch the barley and put it into a white lined pan with the pint of water and thinly peeled lemon rind. Simmer it slowly for 2 hours, then strain and sweeten to taste. Add the lemon juice and serve either hot or cold.

INVALID Fruit Tart. Cut the sponge cake in slices, beat the egg, add the sugar and milk

Beef Tea

½ pint Cold Water, ½ lb. lean juicy Beef, pinch of Salt.

Put the cold water into a small basin or jam jar. Remove the skin from the meat and shred it finely. Put it into the jar, add a pinch of salt, then cover with a lid or kitchen paper, and let it stand for ½ hour. Place the jar in a pan of cold water, which should come half-way up the jar. Simmer for 2–3 hours, then strain off the beef tea. Remove any fat floating on top with tiny pieces of kitchen paper. Let it cool, and heat as much as is required at a time. Serve in a dainty cup or basin with thin pieces of toast if allowed.

Fish Cream

4 oz. White Fish, ½ oz. Butter, ½ oz. Breadcrumbs, ½ gill Milk, ½ gill Cream, squeeze of Lemon Juice, 1 beaten white of Egg, Pepper and Salt.

Melt the butter in a small pan, add the crumbs and milk, cook until thick, then add the shredded fish. Mix and season well, then rub through a fine sieve. Add the cream and the stiffly beaten white of egg, turn the mixture into small greased moulds or a basin, cover with greased paper and steam gently from 30–40 minutes. When firm, turn on to a hot dish and serve with or without a sauce as desired. Veal and Chicken Cream are made in the same way, but the meat should first of all be passed through a mincer.

Invalid Fruit Tart

1 1d. Sponge Cake, 1 Egg, 1 teaspoonful Castor Sugar, 1 gill Milk, 1 Apple, 2 tablespoonfuls Water, 1 dessertspoonful Sugar.

Stew the apple in the water and sugar, beat until smooth and put at the bottom of a greased pie-dish. Cut the sponge cake in slices, place these on the stewed apple. Beat the egg, add the sugar and milk, mix and pour over the sponge cake. Bake in a moderate oven for 15–20 minutes until the custard is set, then serve.

Veal or Chicken Broth

1 lb. Knuckle of Veal or 1 Chicken, 1 dessertspoonful Whole Rice or Barley, 2 pints Cold Water, 1 teaspoonful chopped Parsley, 1 teaspoonful Salt.

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and cut in small pieces, removing skin and fat. Put the bone with the meat, water and salt into a clean lined pan. Bring it slowly to the boil, remove any scum, simmer for 3–4 hours, then strain into a basin. When cold remove any fat from top—this forms chicken or veal jelly. If a soup is desired, return the jellied stock to the rinsed pan, add the rice or barley, cook for about 20 minutes, then add the chopped parsley.

Dyeing.—*A rubber apron and a pair of rubber gloves should be worn; a reliable dye used, in conjunction with an old basin and a couple of wooden spoons. Lift the garments with the spoons to see if the colour has taken*

Cleaning with Bran.—*Starch, bran or salt can be used for cleaning upholstery, furs, or other such materials. The bran should be heated and rubbed well into the fur, left for a while, and then shaken and brushed out*

Home *Cleaning* and *Dyeing*

for the Practical *Housewife*

THIS is the time of year when most of us look regretfully at our wardrobes. Our limited dress allowance will not allow of an entirely new outfit, and yet we cannot begin a season with shabby clothes. Certainly professional cleaners can work wonders, but this is expensive. However, the expense can be reduced to a minimum if the cleaning and dyeing are done at home. Those who have never attempted it are apt to imagine it is difficult, but if a few elementary points are observed, satisfactory results can be obtained.

Benzine and petrol, being grease solvents, are largely used in the process of dry-cleaning. At the outset, however, I wish to warn all my readers of the great danger involved if either of these are used carelessly. They are both highly inflammable, and this necessitates the work being done out-of-doors. Failing that, it should be executed in a room where there is neither heat nor light, preferably near an open window. Too great emphasis cannot be put on the importance of these instructions.

Cleaning with Petrol.—*The garment should be laid on a sheet outside in the open. Brush the dress or coat with a clean, soft nail-brush, and hang it out to allow the fumes to escape*

Almost any material can be cleaned in benzine or petrol. If the garment is only slightly soiled, lay it on a sheet on a table outside. Have a clean, soft nail-brush, dip it in petrol, and brush the dress evenly to remove the surface dirt, then hang out to allow the fumes to escape. For garments which are really dirty, the most satisfactory method is to immerse the whole garment in a basin of spirit, working and kneading it until clean. It is then rinsed in a second basin of spirit. This sounds rather extravagant, but if the spirit is carefully filtered through chamois leather, it can be used afterwards in the car, or for dry-cleaning purposes.

Hang the dress in the open air on a coat-hanger and allow it to drip and dry, until all the fumes have escaped. Black material after drying sometimes looks patchy, but this can be removed by steaming the dress (rolled on two sticks) over a pan of boiling water removed from the fire. The dress may require pressing with a warm iron.

SOILED felt hats may be sponged with a little petrol, but if very grimy they must be immersed in the petrol, then afterwards placed on a hat-stand or basin turned upside down to keep the shape. Gloves are better if washed on the hands and then hung in the air to dry, while shoes should be put on shoe-trees.

For upholstery, furs and other such materials, bran is generally found to be most successful. Heat the bran, then rub it well into the article to be cleaned. Leave it for a short time and afterwards shake or brush vigorously until all the floury substance has been removed. If very soiled, repeat the process. Starch and salt can be used in a similar manner.

Woollens or flannels should never be treated in a boiling dye, as the heat would shrink them. The usual method is to soak them in a warm dye bath for about half an hour, turning them occasionally, then finishing off as above.

Dyeing *at* Home: *Points to Remember*

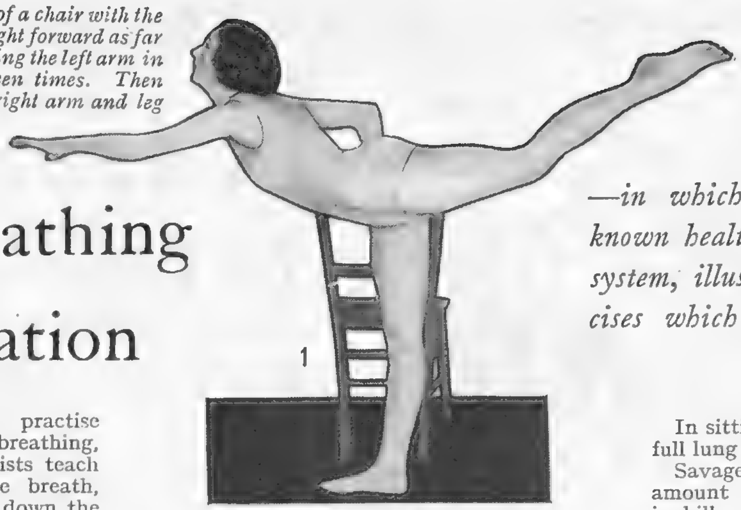
1. The worker should protect herself with rubber apron and gloves.
2. A reliable dye should always be purchased and the instructions closely followed.
3. A couple of old wooden spoons and an old basin or pan should be kept for the purpose; do not use an iron pan, as iron-mould may stain the material.
4. Before commencing remove all buttons and buckles, wash all soiled articles, and bleach patterned and coloured fabrics to remove the colour, so that the material will dye evenly.
5. Weigh the garment, to ascertain the quantity of dye to use.
6. Dissolve the dye very thoroughly—and strain it through muslin before using.
7. Test the colour with a small corner of the material before putting in the whole garment.
8. Have the dye bath large enough so that the dye will cover the article completely.
9. Have the garment wet, put it into the boiling dye and leave it according to the length of time given on the packet.
10. Stir constantly and boil briskly, lifting the garment occasionally on the spoons to see if the colour has taken.
11. When sufficiently dyed, lift the garment into a tub and rinse in frequent waters until no more dye comes out.
12. Hang in the open air dripping wet, without wringing either by hand or machine, otherwise the material would be streaky.
13. When almost dry, press with a warm iron and air thoroughly.

Deep Breathing and Relaxation

The Third Article

—in which Mr. Henslowe, the well-known health authority, summarises his system, illustrated by progressive exercises which should be done every day

By Leonard Henslowe



1. *Stand erect and holding the back of a chair with the right hand, swing the left leg straight forward as far as possible, and then backwards. Swing the left arm in the opposite direction. Repeat sixteen times. Then turn and continue the exercise with right arm and leg*

THERE are cults which practise special kinds of deep breathing, and in India some religionists teach a method of holding the breath, and breathing up one nostril and down the other; they call it rhythmic breathing. I can only consider all such claptrap as mere nonsense.

Breathing is a natural function; full, deep breathing is the kind that comes into use according to Nature's provisions when extra exertion such as running or strenuous games are indulged in.

To stand still and breathe fully or deeply is not a natural exercise to be practised without the accompaniment of suitable physical exertion, and anyone who teaches these sedentary breathing exercises, either sitting or standing, is going contrary to Nature, who has provided the extra capacity of the lungs for the specific contingency of vigorous exercise when the deep breathing will come into play perfectly naturally and automatically without thought.

After passing an hour or so in a vitiated atmosphere such as a stuffy room, cinema or theatre, it is very good to get out into the open air and take a few deep breaths, in order to get clean air into your lungs before returning to the bad atmosphere.

If the deep breathing can be accompanied by brisk walking so much the better, but I would remind you particularly on these occasions to breathe through your nostrils, as the cold air is then warmed and filtered before it reaches the lungs.

However, while I deprecate so-called breathing exercises, there is a lot to learn in the treatment of the human lungs.

TO get the fullest advantage from the air it must not be breathed in a shallow manner.

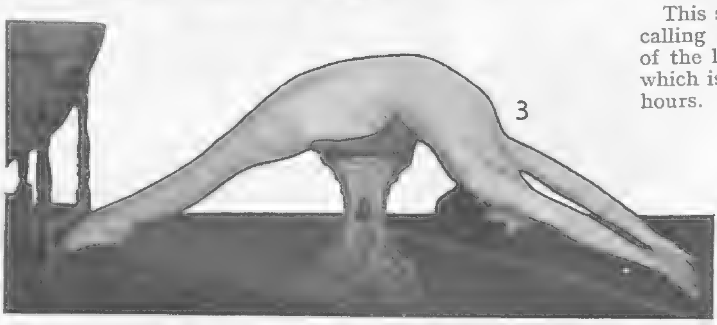
A study of physiology will teach you that the blood is oxygenated by the air you breathe.

The entire blood supply passes over the lung membrane every two and a half minutes, which means that if you go into a vitiated, smoky or otherwise bad atmosphere, in two and a half minutes your blood is affected in the whole body. This is where the breathing of good country or sea air is so beneficial to the human being; the blood is thus revitalised very quickly and the blood stream purified; and in inverse ratio, the breathing of bad, dirty or smoky air devitalises the blood.

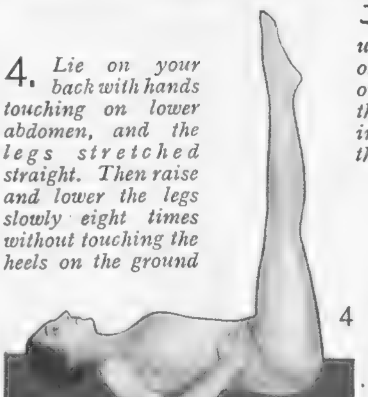
Sedentary life has been the cause of our shallow breathing, so much so that in time a large portion of the lungs become partially atrophied and then deep breathing, when called for by running or extra exertion, becomes very difficult.

Observe sedentary people when running for a train. They get out of breath from the unusual exertion, because so much of the lungs are out of use by shallow breathing.

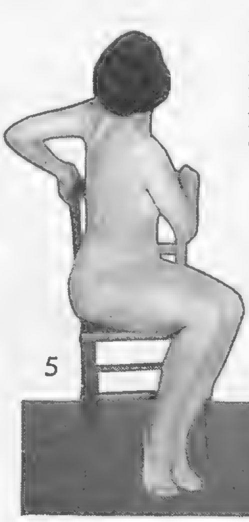
2. *Sitting on a chair, swing the head from left to right in a semi-circular movement. Repeat eight times and then roll the head completely round four times. Next, bend the head over to the left eight times, then to the right, and lastly, backward and forward eight times*



3. *Lie on a stool or chair with the feet under a chest of drawers or bed, the arms stretched out over the head. Raise the body twelve times into a sitting position, the arms coming up last*



4. *Lie on your back with hands touching on lower abdomen, and the legs stretched straight. Then raise and lower the legs slowly eight times without touching the heels on the ground*



5. *Sit on a chair and turn the body round to the left, grip the back of the chair with both hands twisting the body as far to the left as possible. Do this twelve times, then repeat on the right side*

In sitting still we use about a third of our full lung capacity.

Savage races and people used to a great amount of exercise, especially those living in hilly and mountainous districts, breathe deeply naturally, and are for this reason usually in much better health than people who have little occasion to exercise their lungs.

With deep breathing you rid the system of a greater percentage of carbon dioxide and replace it with a maximum amount of oxygen.

Naturally, deep breathing exercises should be no more necessary than digestive exercises or blood circulation exercises, as these functions are automatic and subconscious throughout life.

But as we all, more or less, live sedentary lives and wear tight clothing, we have to teach ourselves to breathe deeply and fully, for it is an imperative requirement to use the whole of our lungs. I say "fully," because it is obvious that the lungs are being exercised every minute of the day and night, but exercise of such a limited form that when the body is called upon to do something more strenuous, such as running for a train, it immediately gets into that state known as "out of breath."

This state, however, is nothing more than calling upon the body to use the whole of the lung power instead of about a third, which is being used most of the twenty-four hours.

NOW, I have practised myself and advocated for many years that everybody who values perfect physical fitness should form the habit of trotting daily. It can be downhill or on a level, and need not extend for more than a few hundred yards.

To middle-aged and elderly people who have perhaps never run since youth or early manhood, I suggest that the daily trot shall be taken gently on a down slope. There are few people in normal health who cannot quite easily trot a few hundred yards down hill. Thus the lungs will be well expanded without the heart being over-taxed.

As you get more accustomed to what may be quite a novel experience, you will find the trot becomes a real pleasure, and that your health is improving by the quickening of the pulse, the increased flow of the blood through the blood vessels, the expanding of your lungs, and the more complete oxygenation of the blood as it passes over the lung membrane.

You may walk twenty miles, and not once exercise your lungs to their full extent, *i.e.*, normal expansion, but this will be done during a few minutes' trotting exercise.

Lastly, I want to point out the importance of relaxation in its relation to work and exercise. To relax is to "let go" completely. People are much too tense, and their muscles never wholly relax. Many nerve troubles are caused by an inability to get into the condition of complete relaxation. To relax completely is the best and quickest way to overcome exhaustion.

"Rheumatics"

The Prevention and Cure of those Aches and Pains engendered by a Bad Climate and a "Good Table"

THE red beef of old England (washed down by the red wine of old Portugal) . . . the substitution of medicine bottles for port bottles

IT is not surprising that in this country rheumatic affections in various forms are among the most prevalent ills which doctors have to deal with. The red beef of old England (washed down by the red wine of old Portugal !) may have helped to make the English a race of stalwarts but, coupled with the "misty, moisty mornings" they have left a heritage which has necessitated the substitution of medicine bottles for port bottles.

It is inevitable that this phenomenally wet year should have caused an outcrop of rheumatic ailments in those with any predisposition to these troubles.

The modern treatments for all ailments resulting from an excess of uric acid in the blood are all based on processes of elimination. Before we discuss the "cures" for all the aches and pains which are likely to manifest themselves in the winter months let us consider preventive measures.

FIVE minutes exercising, preferably by an open window . . .

People who suffer from rheumatism or gout should first of all make sure that there is no localised source of infection where the poison is "manufactured." Two of the chief sources of this form of auto-intoxication are the teeth and the tonsils. These matters must be dealt with summarily and surgically.

Any of the internal conditions such as dyspepsia, colitis, etc., which interfere with assimilation and elimination call for careful dieting and, possibly, special treatment under medical supervision.

Barring these special sources of infection, or assuming that if they exist they have been taken in hand, there is a great deal that can be done by the patients themselves to counteract rheumatic tendencies. Nearly all the treatments at spas resolve themselves into processes of elimination and stimulation of the circulation and the essential elements of spa treatments can be carried out at home. First and foremost circulation must be stimulated by baths, friction and exercise and alkaline solutions used externally and internally for the mitigation of acid conditions. Warm, light clothing is essential; even the most sensitive skin can support the gossamer woollen underclothes now available, and women who "must" wear silk stockings should wear as well the very thin, flesh-coloured understockings of angora or finest cashmere. Good, waterproof leather soles to shoes or the use of rubber overshoes or boots in very wet weather will prevent many an ache and chill.

SUFFERERS from rheumatism should take daily a fairly hot bath to which alkaline bath salts such as "Radox" have been added. The hot water will encourage the natural eliminatory action of the pores of the skin and the alkaline solution (which makes the water similar to that at the famous spas) acts as a solvent of the acid secretions. It is well to lower the temperature of the water at the end of the bath, and a vigorous rub down afterwards is essential to stimulate the capillary circulation and close the pores of the skin. The ideal sequel to a bath of this sort is a friction with a loofa glove and the addition of eau-de-Cologne or some spirit lotion makes the process more luxurious and more stimulating and invigorating and will leave the skin soft and smooth and cure any redness or roughness at the backs of the arms or thighs to which many rheumaticky subjects with poor circulation are prone.

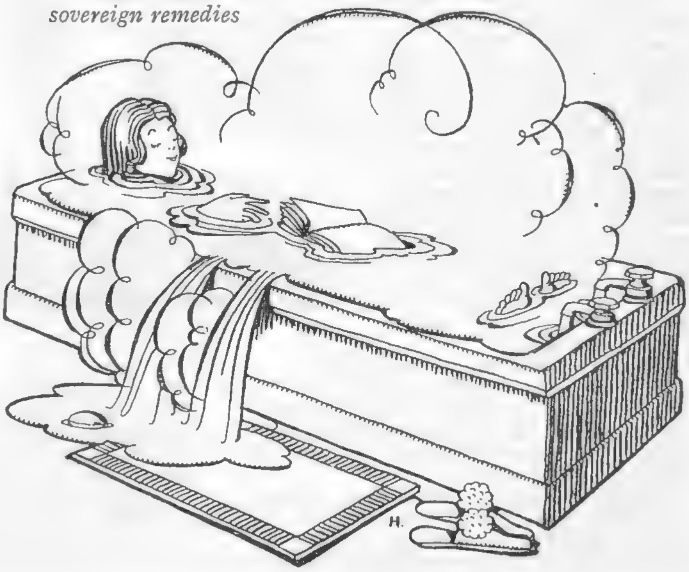
If the daily routine does not include outdoor exercise, five or ten minutes' exercising, preferably by an open window, should succeed the bath and friction. Excellent instructions for simple and beneficial daily exercises appear in other pages of BRITANNIA AND EVE.

If there are symptoms of internal acidity a saline irrigation (a heaped teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a quart of water) once or twice a week is beneficial. A glass of hot water with or without a pinch of bicarbonate or lithia last thing at night is also helpful, and hot water and lemon juice should be substituted for the early morning cup of tea. Vichy and other spa waters are obtainable in England.

If the course I have indicated is followed and a reasonable diet, not too rich in red meats and wines, is adhered to there should be no need to resort to cures for rheumatic pains, but if some painful rheumatic condition should arise there are several useful remedies.

Aspirin is the most universally used, but it does not suit everyone. A substitute which does not upset the inside is called "Alasil." Each dose should be followed by a tumbler of hot water in which a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. In all acute attacks of rheumatism, especially when there is any fever, it is desirable to go to bed and substitute woollen clothes and coverings for cotton. A doctor should be consulted. But in rheumatism almost more than in any other ailment, prevention is better than cure, and warmth and water are the sovereign remedies.

WARMTH and water are the sovereign remedies

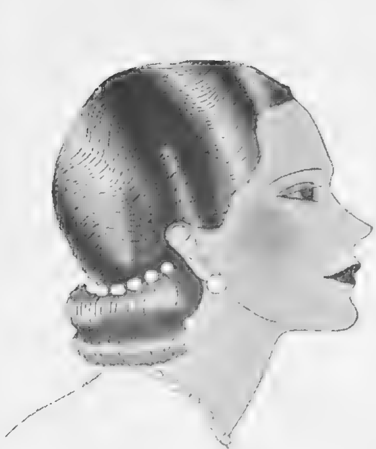


BEAUTY

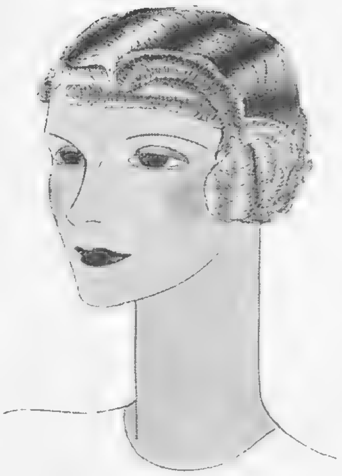
goes to the Head

The Millinery of the Moment is a Revelation as well as a Revolution and the Basis of a Perfect Coiffure is Health of Hair and Scalp

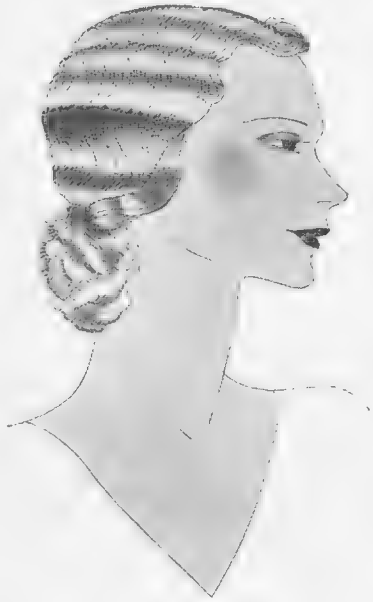
By "CHRYSIS"



Emile suggests a charming coiffure in which two horizontal curls are placed at the nape of the neck



From Emile also comes another becoming style of hair-dressing, with clusters of curls at the back of the head



A side parting and a bunch of curls at the neck is given by Maison Nicol as an attractive coiffure for the latest millinery

IT has been said that speech was given to woman to conceal her thoughts and clothes to reveal her beauty. The hat of the moment certainly fulfils the latter half of this adage—provided there is beauty to reveal. But the natural gloss and vitality which is essential to the appearance of well-dressed hair can exist only when the scalp is in perfect condition and the hair completely healthy, so that the care of one's hair becomes a very important part of beauty culture.

Not only did the tight-fitting felt hats of yester-year conceal a multitude of sins—of omission, but they were definitely harmful, excluding, as they did, light and air and hindering circulation. When women wore their hair cut very short I am afraid that the essential brushing which stimulates the circulation, " exercises " the follicle, and so invigorates the scalp and hair growth, was often skimped. I believe that the reason men go bald and women, except in very rare cases, do not is accounted for by the fact that men seldom brush their hair so long or so vigorously as women did of necessity when they had long hair. And so I welcome the regeneration of more elaborate hair-dressing for practical as well as æsthetic reasons, as I believe that hair brushing and combing is the basis of hair health and, therefore, beauty.

The newest coiffures with curls in the nape of the neck and at the side of the head and the softer, more feminine lines are charming but impossible of attainment if the hair is dull and lustreless, greasy or brittle, with broken ends and a disinclination to respond to the persuasion of fingers, combs or tongs.

Many women are in the throes of changing their hair-dressing and adapting it to the new millinery and frocks, and one hears many plaints, but it must be understood that hair that is in good condition can be made to do anything. The first essential is that a woman should have an intelligent knowledge of her own type and what suits her and that she should have a clever and not too obstinate hair-dresser.

I am a great believer in frequent washing to keep the head and the hair absolutely clean. The stimulating effect of a shampoo is in itself beneficial. If there is the least trace of dandruff a special shampoo should be used. In cases of dryness an oil friction before shampooing is helpful. For greasy hair a good tonic lotion should be massaged into the scalp daily. This need not interfere with the wave if it is a spirit lotion and the hair is combed back into its " setting " immediately afterwards. The value of electrical treatments, violet ray, vibro massage, etc., is that they stimulate the circulation so that the hair roots are nourished and reinvigorated by the blood.

There is a delightful " foam " shampoo which is highly oxygenated and soapless, which is a cure for dandruff and leaves the hair clean, soft, glossy and " settable," but this can only be had at the establishment itself, as the generating apparatus is elaborate and not portable.

NOW that curls have come back, permanent waving, for those who are not possessed of natural curls, seems the obvious and only solution, and the present system of waving is so perfect that there is no reason why it should not be done two or three times a year without injuring the hair in the least. Those who have fine or brittle hair, or who have fair or white hair, of which the colouring is susceptible of change, should ask for the oil vapour process of permanent waving, and in any case the systems in which sachets are used (which is the prevalent method in this country) are preferable to those in which there is direct heating (these are used a good deal on the continent), as the latter may leave the hair rather dry and harsh and might be injurious to sensitive hair.

If any tinting or bleaching is desired, it should be done *after* a permanent wave, not before, as hair in its natural condition takes the permanent wave much better than hair that has been subjected to any chemical or even vegetable process to alter the colour. Any woman who is going to have her hair dyed or bleached should make sure beforehand that her scalp is in a perfectly healthy condition, as otherwise skin trouble may be set up.

A " specialist " in London whose coiffures are always a little ahead of the general fashion has made a special study of the platinum blond effects we read so much about. His process is a secret one. He does not advocate permanent waving for these artificially fair heads. Some of the effects are very lovely and extraordinarily natural looking.

Remember, when you are deciding on your new coiffure that you may, if it suits you, indulge in *fantaisie*, but it is never smart to be *fantastic*. The two things are miles apart. Study the shape and length of your face and the shape of your head. If your forehead is high, do not sweep your hair back; if it is low, do not indulge in fringes and flisks; if your head is wide, do not make it look more so with puffs and curls; if it is narrow, have soft curls behind your ears to give an effect of breadth, and so on. The position of a parting may make all the difference between a becoming line and a hideous one. Above everything, brush your hair vigorously with a clean brush twice a day and see that it is always scrupulously clean and naturally glossy.

The Crown *of* Thorns

(Continued from page 21)

In private life the same parallel can be followed up. Both royal ladies had a happy family life—and a delicate son. Hidden away in the hearts of both a gnawing fear never disclosed to anyone was the constant secret fear of an anarchistic plot which at any moment could rob them of their nearest and dearest.

In Queen Victoria Eugénie's case the ominous note had been sounded on her wedding day. Most people remember the accounts of that tragic return of the newly married royal couple from church. An anarchist's bomb meant for the young King killed several men of his escort and the white gown of the golden-haired, smiling bride was bespattered with the blood of the victims!

"It is dreadful, dreadful," Queen Victoria Eugénie repeated the words as a refrain to the reporters at Paris, on her arrival after the hurried departure from Madrid. "It is horrible, awful." With these words the Empress Alexandra met me in her mauve boudoir in 1917 after Kerensky, head of the Provisional Government, had told the Emperor Nicholas II that he and his family were to be removed from Tsarskoe Selo "for an unknown destination" in two days' time.

From my window I had seen the Emperor's car drive away. Kerensky had annexed it for his own use—the rare visits of the new powers never boded any good to the State prisoners in the palace. My worst premonitions were justified when I heard the Empress describing Kerensky's interview with Nicholas II. It was August 11th, 1917. For nearly five long months Russia's former autocrat and his family had been under strict arrest in their palace, their every movement watched, their short daily outings being supervised by a guard of armed soldiers. The prisoner's life had been at the mercy of the changes of the guard's mood. When some specially red-hot Bolshevist had ranted at one of the popular meetings daily held in town or their comrades had taken justice into their own hands and murdered their officers in Kronstadt or Vyborg, the guard-room resounded with threats of murder for the Tsar and his family. Insults and humiliation had been heaped on Nicholas II and his consort for five long months. Still the great love they bore Russia made them dread exile abroad more than anything. It was a nightmare to them. "I should rather have to work for my living in Russia than be sent abroad," the Empress said to me. She was full of illusions still, she firmly believed in the proverbial kind heart of the Russian people and was convinced no one would harm her young daughters and her boy!

THE Imperial family hoped for their transfer to the Crimea, Dr. Botkine had spoken about the plan to Kerensky, urging as a reason the convalescent grand-duchess's health. He had given evasive replies and now the news of the removal came as a thunderbolt. The Empress's eyes were red as she spoke with me. She tried to be calm as she told me that Kerensky, though he did not give any details to the Emperor, had said that their removal would only be temporary. It was to last during the time of the elections for the Constitutional Assembly. When it should decide on the final form of Russia's government, they would be moved again. Kerensky could not divulge the secret of their new abode, but it was "for their good." "Do you believe me?" the Socialist leader had asked the Tsar. "I do," the Emperor had replied. Having met in such extraordinary conditions, prisoner and gaoler on one hand, the former head of the Government and the new one on the other, between Kerensky the hater of Monarchy and the Tsar a moral link had arisen. "That man loves Russia," Nicholas II said—and putting aside political enmity, he complied without demur to all his demands not to increase the difficulties of the man, who he hoped might succeed to make order out of chaos.

Sadly the Empress told me, she was sure now the Crimea would not be their destination. "We have not even been given time to make our preparations—we must go at once." Her face contracted, but with an effort Alexandra Feodorovna pulled herself together. "It will still be for the best," she said. "To-morrow being Alexei's birthday I have asked them to authorise the ikon of Our Lady to be brought from the Lharnenie church and a Te Deum will be sung. We will all pray together once more before the journey, for we are told to be ready to leave on the next day." Businesslike as usual she began to talk of the arrangements to be made, thinking of the comfort of all the others before her own.

As we were talking, the bells of a church near the palace rang the call for vespers, the Empress crossed herself. Deep emotion again in her face. "When shall we hear them again?" she said. She went up to the window—I only saw her back—but saw she had covered her eyes with her hand. Had she a premonition she would never return to that house where she had lately lived through such agonising weeks, but where she had spent the most of her happy married life? She stood a few minutes motionless—when she came back to her sofa, Alexandra Feodorovna forced herself to think of the matters of the moment. "I shall immediately sort my letters and get my things ready. I want to look through my dresses. There are so many Polish refugee ladies here. I shall have parcels made up of things that might be useful to them and send them on." She dismissed me to start work immediately, evidently trying to kill thought by unceasing activity. The few members of the household who, like myself, shared the Imperial family's arrest during those five months discussed the departure busily. We were careful of what we said in the servants' hearing, for though the Imperial family's personal attendants were unswervingly loyal to their masters, many of the others were no better than spies—pandering to the all-powerful guard by repeating to them every word we said and giving a distorted meaning to our utterances. It was a frequent occurrence on opening a door to find a footman standing close to it listening. Once even, casually looking up at a closed door, I saw an eye blinking at me out of a key-hole from which the key had been noiselessly removed. We could not start packing that day, for the regiment on duty was one which was specially hostile to the Tsar, and it was feared that if they heard the news of the Imperial family's removal from their supervision, they would enforce their transfer to some fortress and even, perhaps, take the law into their own hands, in which case there was the grave danger of the wholesale murder they had several times threatened.

At night, carefully tiptoeing in stockinged feet, the maids of the Empress and ours got out our boxes from the lumber rooms and started packing. It was resumed openly on the morrow after the guard had changed at midday and a less militant regiment had replaced the red-hot Communists of the day before.

As still no one knew the climate and the conditions we were to face in our new prison, the maids thrust the most heterogeneous things haphazard into the rows of boxes and valises that stood in every bedroom. On unpacking my trunk later I discovered numerous pairs of long white evening gloves, my smartest evening dress, and perfectly useless and valueless nicknacks, while the most necessary articles of clothing had been left in the Palace. The same fate befell the Empress. When at Tobolsk she asked her maid for a pair of woollen gloves in winter poor "Tootles" replied, much hurt, "We have none, your Majesty, there was no room in the boxes." It is true they were full, for we had been told to take our bedding. Engineer Makarov, whom Kerensky sent to make the last arrangements with Count Benckendorff, the Master of the Household, evidently saw some cotton summer frocks of the Grand-Duchesses in the open boxes and casually hinted to the Count the ladies had better take their warm clothing and furs. It was only August! Evidently we were being sent to the North. The last hope of the Crimea vanished as we all asked ourselves, with secret apprehension, if the Imperial family was not to be taken to Siberia? Siberia where many of those now in power had been political exiles. It was sweet revenge to send the Tsar in his turn to face the cold winter, to add to the moral suffering by physical discomfort for women and a sick boy! We whispered our apprehensions to each other, but did not voice them either to the Emperor or the Empress, for fear of meeting trouble half way. They spent the last day in the palace busily packing their personal belongings. The Emperor carefully and methodically, as was his wont, the Empress hastily, doing a hundred things at a time. She sent small souvenirs to her friends, wrote farewell notes thanking the nurses in her hospitals for their services, eagerly availing herself of the permission to do so in view of her departure. For the first time in his life, the Cesarevitch's birthday saw no special celebration. A Te Deum was sung in the presence of the royal family and of the household. The Empress had put a bunch of roses someone had sent her upon the venerated ikon of Our Lady. After the service, she gave one to me as a remembrance, for I was not to leave with them, but was to join them later, as I had to be operated upon in a few days' time.

IN the afternoon the Emperor and Empress took leave of all the retainers who were to remain at Tsarskoe. The Empress had found a batch of old photographs of herself and distributed them to the servants as she thanked them for their service. "I gave them the old ones on purpose, so that if things get worse and my pictures are found in their possession it will not compromise them by underlining the recent connection with us." All the maids and the old pages completely broke down, as they came up in turn to Their Majesties and kissed the Empress's hand. "All felt it to be a last good-bye," my weeping maid said, as she showed me the Empress's picture she had received from her.

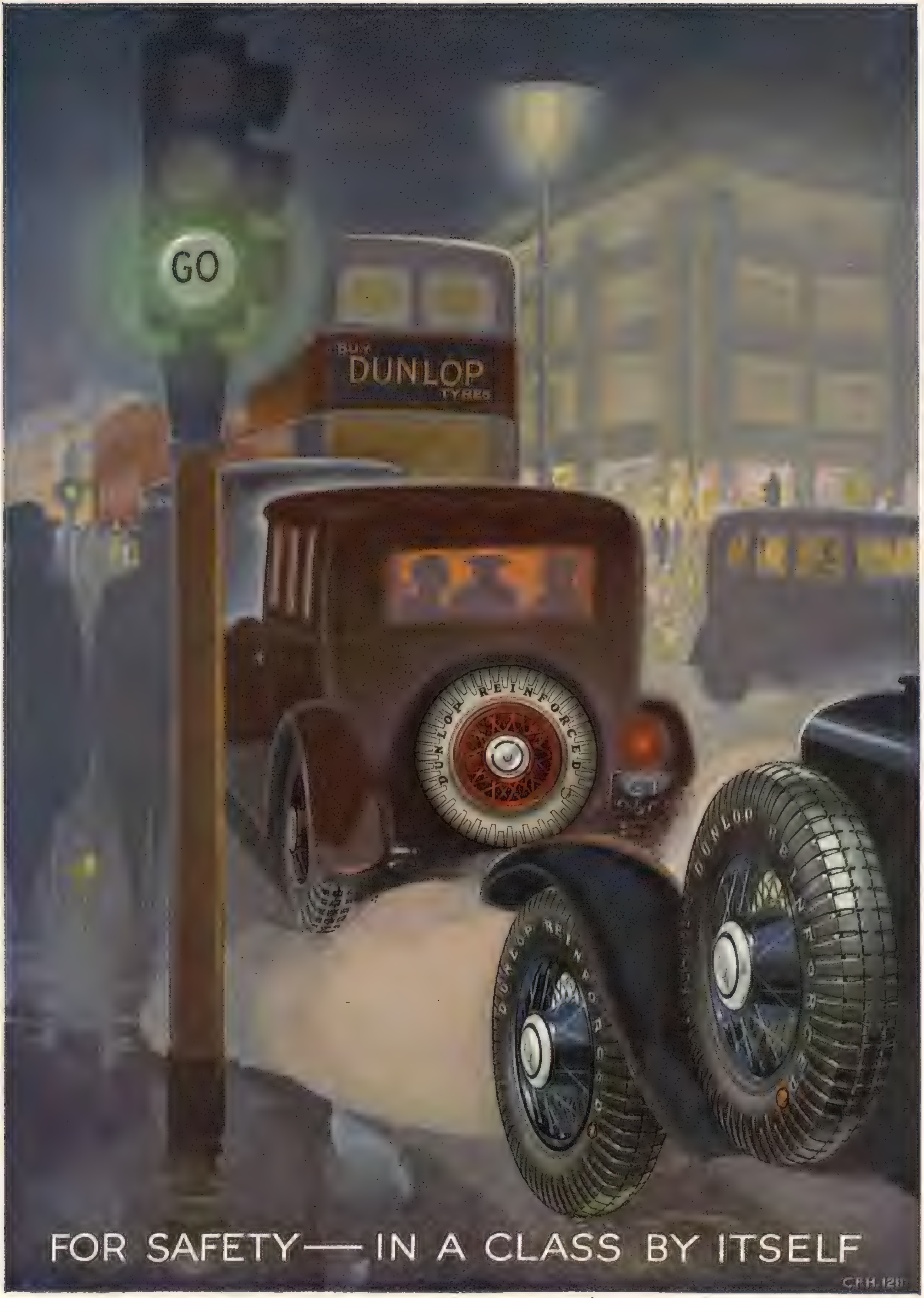
After dinner I was summoned to come and spend the last hours before her departure with her Majesty. The Empress was in the former "play-room" of her daughters, now used by them as a sitting room. The pale-faced, delicate Cesarevitch, completely worn out by fatigue and emotion, rested full-dressed on a wide chintz-covered sofa. His bed hour was past long ago, and he was dozing.

"When does your train start, madam?" I asked. "Some time after ten, I believe," Alexandra Feodorovna replied. "Kerensky has said he will come and fetch us."

She lowered the lampshade so that the light should not fall on her boy's face and motioned me to sit down beside her on the end of the sofa. We talked in undertones, our voices sounding "like big flies buzzing," the Cesarevitch remarked sleepily. The Empress gave me her last instructions. She asked me to thank those who had thought of her, to go and visit the Imperial graves in the fortress.

The Grand Duchess Tatiana came in hastily: "Mama, Kerensky has come and has brought Uncle Mischa (the Emperor's brother) to see Papa. We are not to leave before eleven, Count Benckendorff says." The Empress jumped up. The Cesarevitch followed suit, wide

(Continued on page 91)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The Crown *of* Thorns

(*Continued from page* 88)

awake in a moment. "I want to see Uncle Mischa," he said. Mother and son went down, asking me to wait for their return in the Grand-Duchesses' room. The three youngest were busy packing their last personal belongings. Olga Nicolaevna, her face so haggard and drawn, that the girl of twenty-two looked quite middle-aged, was writing a note. Alexei Nicolaevitch rushed back. "I have seen Uncle Mischa through the chink of the door. Mama and I were not allowed to talk to him." The Emperor told me afterwards that Kerensky had assisted during his short interview with the brother, whom he had not seen since he had passed on his rights to the Grand Duke and the Grand Duke had refused to accept the crown.

Emotion had prevented any intimate talk between the brothers in the presence of the hostile witness sitting at the far end of the room. After the Grand Duke left, Kerensky announced that he had to make the round of the Soldiers' Soviets in town; he would return in an hour and the family must be ready to leave immediately. The hour passed; with that punctilious exactness of Royalty, the Empress was usually less severe on this point than was Nicholas II—the whole family and the household, fully dressed, went into the dimly lit semi-circular hall which formerly was the scene of all the banquets in the palace. In the previous reign it had witnessed the gayest and most informal Carnival balls. To us it now was linked with specially painful memories of five months of prisoners' life. There it was that the dwellers in the palace assembled before their daily outing, the officers on guard aggressively brandishing huge keys, the symbol of captivity, followed by a band of untidy, revolutionary soldiers. Seldom when the Imperial party filed out did they refrain from making offensive and threatening remarks. The daily walk, necessary as it was for reasons of health, was a moral ordeal.

All these memories must have crowded in on the Empress's mind as she sat immovable on a sofa in her grey travelling coat and neat grey toque. Her daughters also wore long coats over their grey tailor-made dresses. The Grand Duchesses Tatiana and Anastasia held their dogs in their arms. The Cesarevitch had "Shot," his faithful spaniel, on the leash. All sat down on the chairs in their chintz dust covers. The vast hall looked singularly bare without a green plant or flower anywhere to take away from its austerity. One of the first measures of the new rulers over the Palace had been to take away every flower and shrub from the rooms of the Imperial prisoners. The great doors leading into the garden were open. A seemingly endless procession of servants and soldiers carrying great deal boxes painted a dull grey, with the Imperial crown on them, alternated with disreputable-looking baskets covered with worn oilcloth. Hundreds and hundreds of boxes and bundles seemed to pass. They were all the paraphernalia of the kitchen and pantry, china, copper and household linen. I even remember huge ungainly bundles of brooms being dragged along, while in the oilcloth-covered baskets were the goods and chattels of the servants and the whole of the detachment of soldiers acting as convoy.

In silence all sat looking on at the seemingly endless procession. An hour passed. No one dared leave the room, awaiting Kerensky's coming any moment. At last the Palace Commandant appeared and held a whispered confabulation with Count Benckendorff. He told the Emperor that Kerensky would come in about an hour's time; he was busy haranguing the soldiers in the barracks, some of whom were vetoing their prisoners' departure.

The Imperial family retired for an hour's rest in their rooms. It was past midnight when we again assembled. Still the doors were open, still the heavy tread of the glum, scowling soldiers resounded as they walked backwards and forwards. In an undertone the Emperor and his daughters talked to the Household; sitting close to them the Empress, her eyes fixed on the dark windows, seemed oblivious of her surroundings. The delicate woman was physically at the end of her endurance and was leaning back on the pale mauve silk cushions I had brought from her room. At the other end of the great hall sat the Commandant and the officer on guard, both seemingly on the verge of collapse, having been on their feet nearly all day. Ten o'clock, two o'clock, half-past two—"Has the departure been postponed?" the Empress asked. "If so, Alexei at least must go to bed somehow. He is pea-green from fatigue." The Commandant went out and inquired of the gaunt bald-headed Kouzuminsky, the head of the Petrograd garrison, whose sinister, hawk-like eye surveyed the scene from the door with cold contempt and hatred. "There is no change," Colonel Kouzuminsky said, "but for unforeseen reasons the departure has been somewhat delayed." Somewhat delayed! the young Grand Duchesses nearly smiled. "It will be breakfast time soon," the youngest, Anastasia, said. "I am so hungry." "I too," chimed in her brother. I went to the Empress's page to ask if he could get some sandwiches; he spread out his hands deprecatingly. "The whole pantry is packed," he said. "There is nothing to be got." "Tea," I suggested. "The tea things have been sent off first," he answered. I was coming back empty-handed and disappointed when I suddenly remembered that upstairs in my rooms my *régime* supper of milk and water biscuits stood untouched. I ran up, hastily got some cups and carried down the ingredients for the meal to the Tsar's children. They were so hungry that they were delighted, and ate heartily, while I sadly looked on at this last humble meal of the Tsar's daughters in their father's palace.

IT was August 13th now. The sky was pink and glowing in the east. In the glimmering of dawn we could make out a row of motors lined up outside the balcony. One of the chief reasons put forward by Kerensky for a departure late at night was that the Imperial Family should not be seen by the population. It was nearly light now. We earnestly asked ourselves, if the Government had not changed its mind at the last moment and the Emperor would remain at Tsarskoe after all. It was 5 a.m., when suddenly we heard Kerensky's rasping voice outside. He stood framed in the doorway, behind him the dapper white figure of his naval A.D.C., Lebedev, the son-in-law of the "Socialist" leader Kropotkine.

"You can leave," Kerensky said curtly, saluting the Emperor. Silently Nicholas II turned to take leave of those of us who were to remain behind. The Empress got up heavily. In her arms was a bunch of red roses the Commandant had just handed her, the gift of some ladies who had heard of the forthcoming departure, in some mysterious way. Scarcely able to speak, Alexandra Feodorovna softly murmured her farewells and a gentle "God bless you" to each. Her daughters with difficulty restrained their tears. In the cars, the highly strung girls broke down completely.

The motors crunched on the gravel. An escort of mounted soldiers closed round. Slowly the cars drove off, the soldiers following at a gallop. I saw the Empress's hand making the sign of the cross. The Imperial Family left for Siberia—to their doom.

END

Simple Souls *of* Simla

(*Continued from page* 23)

priest. Sacrifices of goats, doves, buffaloes and many other creatures are made.

In years gone by human sacrifices were common, and even to this day the story goes that in a certain hill state, not far from Simla, a form of human sacrifice is still practised. In one of the pictures Gurkhas are sacrificing buffaloes. It is a rule that the animal must be killed with one stroke of the *kookri* (the knife invariably used by Gurkhas).

THE simple hill folk have no industries to speak of. Cultivating what parcels of land they can on the hill-sides they eke out a precarious existence.

Most of them take up menial employment in Simla and the neighbouring towns. Though education is free and many of them take advantage of it, it is strange that they still cling to their peculiar beliefs and customs. As domestic servants they prove very hard-working, and will work with unfailing regularity for twelve to fifteen hours a day, with a break of but a couple of hours for their food and rest. Employed generally by people who have not very much themselves, they are obliged to live in uncomfortable and none-too-sanitary tenements; yet never complaining, extremely respectful and submissive. Always happy and quite unconcerned about any political upheavals, some will declare Gandhi to be a saint, others a villain because he requires them to wear *kudder*!

Despite all these peculiarities they are nevertheless, like all men, proud of their blue blood.

The menial classes belong largely to the *Koli* sect and claim descent from India's most warlike people—the Rajputs. According to their story a *Kanet* (that is, a Rajput outcast because of the adoption of widow marriage) had two sons by different women. To the son who ploughed first he offered the first share of his possessions, which he promised to divide equally between them. The elder son was the first to rise. When the younger one awoke and found that his brother had already gone, he rushed into the courtyard and attempted to plough it. But finding it too narrow he became angered and slew his bullocks. This prodigal had two sons, the first was a good-living man, but the other was found guilty of skinning and eating dead cattle. The *Kolis* claim descent from the good son, while the lower caste men, who skin and eat dead cattle, are believed to have descended from the other son, and consequently many social distinctions have been established between the *Kolis* and the lower caste men, yet they are all proud of the fact that they have descended from Rajputs.

Woman—the eternal and inevitable cause of evil—plays an important part in the peculiar customs of these people. Both polygamy and polyandry are practised, and the number of wives which a man may have is regulated only by the amount of work which he can apportion to them. Frequently debts are liquidated by the delivery to the creditor of one or more of the debtor's wives. Daughters sometimes fetch as much as the equivalent of £15.

A wife may not walk abreast with her husband. She must walk a few paces behind him, in token of her inferiority and submission to the male.

Among the poorer classes *purdah* is not observed, but nevertheless most wives are kept under lock and key, as it were. *Purdah* is a sign of respectability. Introduced into India at the time of the Mohammedan invasions, it is generally confined only to those territories where Mohammedan influence had made itself felt. The fact recalls an amusing incident at a Simla garden party some years ago. An ill-wind had blown down the screens that formed an enclosure for purdah ladies. Pandemonium naturally followed. But the "master of ceremonies" rose to the occasion very promptly and explained that all the men present were viceregal eunuchs! Peace and quiet was immediately restored.

This is but a brief sketch of a small portion of—yet typical of—the masses of India. It might serve to show the great amount of leeway that India has to make up and the great task it has been to encourage education in the country.

END

Taking the British Drama for a Ride

(*Continued from page* 45)

But it was not until Erik Charell, who had used a similar stage at the Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin for " White Horse Inn," which he afterwards produced in London, that they began to get wildly excited.

Now, I am getting a little bit tired of the revolving stage already. If authors would revolve an idea a little bit more in their minds, instead of whirling it around like mad in front of you, when they think they have finished it, well, it would be better for all of us.

I went, for instance, one night, to see " Late Night Final " at the Phœnix Theatre. They had had to use, for that, three revolving stages. As they had three revolving stages when the play was originally done in New York, they had to have three in London, and they used them in such a ridiculous way that, during one part of the play, when there was an editor who did not want to do something sensational arguing with his proprietor who wanted it done, they had to show us the editor on one side of the stage, and the proprietor in another room on the other side of the stage, with a ridiculous black curtain in the middle which, obviously, concealed something that was round.

That was the revolving stage !

Now, a dramatist who had not gone mad on the revolving stage idea would have had one scene for that incident, and not two. He would have shown the proprietor visiting the editor's room, discussing it with him quite personally or on the telephone, or else shown the editor in the proprietor's room, which could not have been very far away.

The real idea of drama is the main idea of writing, or of public speaking, or of teaching, or of helping somebody else to think. You should make it as clear as you can, not complicated. But, however, it is so difficult to be simple. At Drury Lane, where they had, for many years, the most modern stage in the world, they use machinery for big scenic effects which otherwise they could not have produced, and not for making difficult something that, otherwise, would have been easy.

In " Late Night Final," because of this moving stage idea, when the editor calls up a young woman reporter to tell her to go to interview somebody late at night, you have to see the editor telephoning to her on one side of the stage and the poor girl in bed on the other side ! Now, seriously, I do not think the audience wanted to see the young woman reporter in bed. She was not beautiful or attractive. Nor did you hear her say anything that was worth listening to.

" Use that mechanism, Jim," somebody had said, I suppose. " We've bought the damned thing."

And so it had to be used.

Now this new mechanicalisation has already got on my nerves. If audiences continue to yell for the producer, as they do now, every time something of this sort happens, forgetting that the real producer is often somebody who did it originally abroad, we shall get more and more until we are sick to death of wheels and pulleys and hinges and springs.

We may be children when we go to the theatre, but we do not want to see the wheels go round.

Jack Hulbert made the first attempt at using a revolving stage in kine-variety.

Basil Dean, who runs the Leicester Square Theatre for the Radio Film Corporation, and who, by the way, has a nice little line of revolving stages which cost only about £200, had installed a small revolving stage there and got Jack Hulbert to put, on it, a revuette.

Now frankly, in spite of what the other critics said, I found this sublimely dull. In fact, a few nights after what I wrote, it was cut considerably. Instead of using clever revue ideas, Jack Hulbert did what everybody does when he sees machinery for the first time.

Father always does it when he takes home Tommy a new toy engine.

Jack began to play with it. So the revolving stage had to revolve when it need not have done.

Instead of remembering that the theatre is flesh and blood, Hulbert merely showed us, quite cleverly though, how a revolving stage could be used.

Now I do not want to know how a revolving stage can be used, nor does anybody else.

When, the afternoon after the production of " Waltzes from Vienna " at the Alhambra, where a revolving stage is used very cleverly by Hassard Shortt, George Reynolds, the manager, very charmingly had the stage started and said, " Swaff, would you like a ride ? " I said, " No."

I never go anywhere except for a purpose. That is why I usually stay where I am, because I know that the other place is the same as the one I am in.

But several members of the company had a nice little ride.

Now, I don't mind actors and actresses being taken for a ride, but I do not think the British drama ought to suffer the same fate.

Our stages used to be old fashioned. Indeed, it was very curious, the other night, when I went into one theatre, to notice, suddenly, that it sloped towards me from the back to the front.

Now, during all the many years I have known that theatre, the stage has sloped, but I had never noticed. I had been used to it. Suddenly, it seemed new. It is called the rake, and it slopes because, in the old days of the London playhouse, the people at the back of the pit could not see the back of the stage. So they sloped it towards them.

In those days an auditorium was flat. Now, as the audience slopes towards the stage, there is no need for the stage to slope.

In the old Adelphi, when Gilbert Miller's father brought there " The Great Divide," the American stage manager, as they called him then, said, " These English are trying to do it on us. They know we shall beat them, and so they give us stages where we cannot produce."

When, after the curtain fell, there was loud applause, he went to old Miller and said, " They couldn't beat us, you see, *even with their stage*."

He forgot, of course, that Henry Miller was born in England.

Stages with rakes are very awkward for dancers. In fact, frequently the dances have to be made less difficult on a stage which slopes.

Now, machinery has to come. The world is suffering to-day, not because of machinery, but because it has not yet learned how best to use it in the service of mankind. As part of evolution, machinery of the most elaborate kind is coming into every theatre.

I warn playwrights to stick to the old rules that the Greeks laid down and that Shakespeare followed and that Sheridan knew—the rules that governed Pinero and Ibsen and Wilde. They must not write to please machinery. Machinery must be the servant of man, not its master.

Otherwise, they will be asked to do what they asked dear old Hall Caine one day, when, knowing that " Angelo " would be a failure at Drury Lane, they said to him, " Will you alter ' The Woman Thou Gavest Me ' so that it will go into 285 scenes ? "

The drama must evolve, not revolve. I am used to it being fussed about by faddists. But I do not want it run by cranks.

END

Dukie

(*Continued from page* 13)

his highness deign to get up in the morning ? "

" Not till nine."

" We shall be out of the hotel by nine. But, my dear, I wish I could stay behind and see his face."

" I expect he'll make trouble at our club."

" Can't you live without a club ? "

" As a matter of fact I hate the damned place, but when your house is a kind of hotel and night-club combined—— "

" Well, I should resign from both clubs. Give the girls a thousand a year each, and take a small flat in town."

Mr. Brumfit said : " It's an idea."

So, on the night of Wednesday he had a few words with a discreet manager, and paid his part of the week's bill, and packed like a thief in the night. Mr. Duke came back late from the casino and made a great deal of noise while he was undressing. He was still asleep when Mr. Brumfit, having dealt with his *petit déjeuner*, had his luggage carried down, and joined Mrs. McGavin in the lounge.

" How is Breezy Bertie ? "

" Still asleep, I think."

" Splendid. You haven't been soft-hearted, have you ? "

" No, I haven't been soft-hearted—in that case."

The hotel bus carried them to the station, and by the time that Mr. Duke was having his bath, the Paris Express and Mr. Brumfit and Mrs. McGavin were somewhere between Bayonne and Dax. Mr. Duke was not playing golf that morning. He strolled downstairs about eleven, and spent the morning flirting with Margery Pitman under a red and yellow umbrella on the terrace.

At half-past twelve they carried their affair into the lounge.

" What about a little drink, Marge ? "

" Rather."

Mr. Duke called the cocktail waiter and ordered two Martinis.

" Put 'em down to No. 33, Georges."

The white-coated cynic who presided over the American bar administered a shock to Mr. Duke.

" No 33 has gone, sir."

" Gone ! "

" Yes, he left this morning, sir."

Mr. Duke dropped his monocle.

" Well I'm damned ! "

He was still more damned when he found out the facts. He had been left without tickets and with his week's bill to settle. There—was—too, the question of tips. Mr. Duke had not tipped a soul in the place.

He was furious ; he was hurt. He squealed. He squealed to Miss Carfax and Mrs. Pitman. Women were always so sympathetic.

" The old swine has left me with the baby."

And the strange part of it was that both ladies joined him in abusing Mr. Brumfit.

" Poor Dukie. What a dirty trick ! "

Mr. Duke's indignation was quite sincere.

" Yes, selling your soul to the old blighter, and he welshes you like this ! No sense of decency. Filthy old commercialist."

Biarritz has a very rocky coast, and Mr. Duke was very much on the rocks, and the fascinating fellow had to be rescued by a woman. It had happened before, and on many occasions. Mrs. Pitman paid his bill and took him back to England with her, stopping in Paris for three days in order that Mr. Duke might cancel some of his indebtedness.

But Mr. Duke was not quite his cheery self. The " sponge " seemed to be too full of water. Mr. Brumfit had left him in his bath.

Mr. Brumfit took Mrs. McGavin's advice. He disposed of the house at Kingston Hill, stored his furniture, pensioned Irene and Moira, and rented a small flat in town, but he did not remain very long in this flat. Mrs. McGavin's house at Richmond was as pleasant and as comfortable as its mistress, and in October Mr. Brumfit entered upon his second adventure in matrimony.

The marriage was completely successful.

END

Morning

TIME to get up—are you glad or sorry? Do you face the coming day feeling gloriously alive after a night's sound sleep, or are you tired and heavy-eyed after hours of restless wakefulness?

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P.751

Behind *the* Scenes *in the* Recording Studio

(*Continued from page* 29)

but the accompaniment. Behind him stand three violinists, who seem to be doing their best to drown out any of Jack's singing that might be heard above the rest of the band. But Jack has been singing into a microphone at the B.B.C. for years, and knows instinctively what position to take and what volume to use to produce the best result.

Now they are playing the last chorus; it a "hot" chorus, and Jack is letting the boys go. But suddenly he crouches slightly, his hands bring the band down to a *pianissimo* and we hear the melody flowing from a full-throated baritone saxophone. Then a brilliant ensemble coda, and the record is finished.

Perfect silence is maintained until a final buzz indicates that the recording operator has lifted the recorder from the wax. Immediately the tension is broken, chatter and laughter break out spontaneously on all sides, and Jack goes into the recording room.

"'Fraid it's a little too long, Mr. Payne," announces the operator, just as we sneak in unnoticed. "Can we have about 18 to 20 seconds off that?"

"Let's see," replies Jack, "20 seconds—about half a chorus in this *tempo*; yes, we can do that easily. Boys," raising his voice, "cut the first half of the last chorus; go straight to the baritone solo; everybody got that?"

An answering chorus of "Yes" and the problem is settled.

The playback starts and we hear in breathtaking reality the piece we have just heard in the studio. But even after my explanation of "microphone technique" you are unprepared for the result. In the second chorus the trumpet solo is amazingly effective; in the vocal refrain Jack's voice is strong and clear, with just the right weight of violins in *obbligato* behind it. And perhaps you do not understand Jack's running-fire comment throughout the playback—but his boys do.

"Saxes too loud under the trumpet solo . . . keep the rhythm going in that modulation . . . more piano and banjo in the vocal chorus," and so on. After these comments the second test will be nearly perfect. Or perhaps Jack, knowing his band as he does, will simply rehearse the faulty places and make a "master" straight away.

But we cannot wait to hear this final perfection achieved. I have just remembered that there is a session at the Central Hall which we ought not to miss. So we take our leave of the genial Jack and his boys, who are well on the way to completing their usual five or six sides per session.

A FEW hundred yards away at the Central Hall we call on our magic cloaks once more, not only to lend us invisibility, but to carry us back six months in time. We are going to be present at the recording of the now world-famous "Rio Grande," by Constant Lambert and Sacheverell Sitwell.

The hall itself is a large auditorium used for religious meetings, concerts and lectures; it has seating capacity for 2,000 people. There is a wide, sloping balcony on three sides and a stage built up from the floor on the fourth. The whole effect is that of a theatre, but with an almost sombre lack of decoration. On the floor, from which the rows of chairs have been pushed back to the walls, a scene of great activity is taking place.

It is our first sight of the use of multi-microphone recording, or the use of several microphones to pick up different part of the music.

We are standing behind one of the oldest symphonic ensembles in the world, the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester. That grey-haired man with the gentle, somewhat tired face, seated at the grand piano, is Sir Hamilton Harty. And the tall young man standing before the orchestra, speaking rapidly in a tense, preoccupied manner, is Constant Lambert, the 26-year-old composer to whom Sir Hamilton has yielded his baton for this occasion. The group of men and women at one side, whom you may at first glance have taken for interested onlookers, are the chorus.

And now, just as I finish pointing out to you the three separate microphones—one in front of the orchestra, one at the piano and one before the chorus—the studio manager begins to alter their positions. The one before the orchestra is placed slightly nearer the players, the one at the piano is drawn a little away, and the one into which the chorus sings is turned a trifle more toward the basses. The difference in each case seems ridiculously small to you, but the studio manager knows that he will now have exactly the proper "mixture" of the principal musical components on the record.

He leaves to go to the recording room, where he will listen intently during the recording to a special speaker from which he hears the music as it will sound on the finished record. The signals are given and Lambert starts the orchestra with that short and decisive beat which he has made peculiarly his own.

And at this point we may leave without anxiety as to the outcome of the session; for the "Rio Grande" records made on that occasion are among the finest orchestral discs of to-day.

No survey of Columbia recording would be complete without mention of the "Original Artists" records of successful musical shows, which are actually made in the theatre. Reproduced at the head of this article is a photograph taken on the stage of the Drury Lane Theatre during the recording of the "Desert Song" numbers by Edith Day and Harry Welchman, with full chorus and orchestra.

Many of our London theatres have proved excellent recording studios; besides the Drury Lane, records have been made at the Vaudeville, Prince of Wales, Piccadilly, Prince Edward's and the Palace. But in spite of the fact that theatre recording is now an accepted thing, it always seems strange to see famous theatrical stars singing away on the stage in an empty theatre—not to crowded stalls, but to a little black box on a pedestal!

ELECTRICITY has brought almost limitless possibilities into the field of recording outside the studio. Animals at the Zoo, New Year's Eve at St. Paul's, Beatrice Harrison and her famous nightingales, the King's speech at the opening of the India Conference, the Trooping of the Colours—all these would have been unobtainable by the acoustic (or "horn") recording of six or seven years ago.

To-day any music, speech or sound may be successfully recorded, even in the open air. But in spite of the expert knowledge gained in the last few years it is still impossible to predict recording success in the case of a singer. The quality, or timbre, of the voice may sound quite different on the wax.

The principal recording studios of His Master's Voice are situated with the factory at Hayes, Middlesex, but a great deal of their recording is done at the Small Queen's Hall in Langham Place. You, who go often to the Queen's Hall, have probably never noticed the inconspicuous stairway at the right of the main entrance, with a small sign reading:

"Small Queen's Hall—
H.M.V. Recording Studios."

Here, almost any day, may be found our old friend Jack Hylton, or the amiable Ambrose, or the New Mayfair Orchestra, turning out the newest dance tunes for eager consumption not only throughout the British Isles but in most of the countries of Europe. And here are made many of the popular recordings on the H.M.V. lists; those of the inimitable Gracie Fields, George Metaxa, the lovely Lilian Davies, Ann Penn and many others.

Mark Hambourg and Peter Dawson, on the contrary, among the older record favourites, always go to the studios at Hayes. They feel at home there in familiar working conditions, which is a consideration of the utmost importance in recording.

THE science of recording, to whatever height of perfection it may be brought, will never be without its occasional humorous moments. In the final analysis the whole thing rests on the personal element involved, and the very human nature of the work brings about many amusing incidents.

So many records have been spoiled by artists not waiting for the "All Clear" signal at the finish, that the recording operator is constantly on his guard against it; but even so, some amusing things happen. A certain operatic tenor was having trouble in recording a song, the last few bars of which took him through some extremely trying passages. Two tests had been made easily and all seemed clear going—until he started to make a master. Then time after time the poor fellow messed up the bars at the very end, until it seemed hopeless. Before putting it off until another day, however, he decided to make one more attempt.

He sang it like an angel! In the recording room the studio manager was in ecstasies. Then, before the recording operator had time to lift the point from the wax, these words came through the speaker and were forever engraved on the last grooves, "Thank God, that's over! I couldn't make a better one if I tried for years."

Upon another occasion I was showing some friends through the Columbia studios when the Don Cossacks were just finishing recording. Not one man in the choir speaks English; even the dynamic little conductor, Jaroff, speaks to the studio manager through an interpreter. The last master had been made and pronounced perfect. We were standing watching the forty or fifty Cossacks bustling into their hats and coats, when suddenly Jaroff jumped on a chair and barked out a perfect torrent of Russian. The men all snapped to attention at once and one of them burst into a long solo, seemingly impromptu, and chiefly consisting of chromatic descending passages. Then Jaroff brought in the rest of the choir, and that singing was surely one of the most thrilling musical experiences of my life. We discovered afterwards that the whole thing was a sort of benediction upon the studios, the studio manager, the recording operator, and, I suppose, the microphone!

I FREQUENTLY encounter the most ludicrous misapprehensions regarding the question of the payment artists get from the gramophone companies. Most people seem to believe that making a record or having a song recorded is a sort of "Open, Sesame" to fame and fortune. The truth of the matter is that a song is never recorded until it has been accepted by a publisher, and then one record would bring the composer or author from ten to fifteen pounds. The unknown singer or player receives in the beginning from five to ten pounds per record, on a basis (if he is lucky) of six records in a year.

Of course, there are the Very Few—the Jack Hyltons, and the Layton and Johnstones—whose royalties, growing with their popularity over many years, now bring them in a small fortune annually. Nice to think about, isn't it?

A question I am often asked by budding singers is, "How can I get an audition with one of the gramophone companies?" The answer is that any company is ready and willing to make a test record of a singer or player of proven ability. Many of them have regular audition days when a studio is given over to a succession of young hopefuls, most of whom will sing "Down in the Forest," or play "Souvenir." A record will be taken of each one seriously, in the hope of discovering a new gramophone artist.

But *don't* write to me about it—and if you do go to one of the studios for an audition, don't you dare to say that I sent you!

END

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HOUBIGANT

PARIS

Life for a Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

wherever ye shall find them, and seize them and slay them and lie in wait for them with every kind of ambush.' He has made drunk the boy with lies and flattery, till he holds himself a sucking Messiah and goes up and down the land gone *ghazi*, preaching holy war. But in the plan the boy is less than nothing. They could replace him with a dozen others, and they will."

Maxwell's mind raced. This was real news. A big white man with yellow hair at Garuli, and the fountain head of the war agitation.

Soffit—? Of *course*. Soviet. A Russian. The ceaseless campaign of the Bolsheviki against all constitutional powers. It was logical, it was probable. In fact, now he remembered Bolshevik aggression in the Khyber had always been anticipated. Then this young firebrand was, as Sher Gul Mohammed said, a mere catspaw. His removal would make no difference.

At this his heart sank. Then he had done nothing. His swift decision, his gruelling ride into the heart of hostile country and his mad charge to almost certain death was wasted.

But was it? Headquarters knew nothing of this Russian. They were sure the mullah was the key-man of the trouble, and even though time proved that he was not, the officer who had captured him in such a raid as Maxwell's would be a made man at once. There would be glory, promotion, for which Maxwell burned with a desire that never ceased.

His eyes came back from distance and focused on the face of Sher Gul Mohammed in the yellow lamplight close before him, an old, old man, gazing up at him with an expression almost childlike with age, haunted and pleading.

Suddenly he received a vivid thought of home, fragrant and beautiful, and of the glorious years of his boyhood, there with his father and his family. And it came to him that all of it he owed to this old Pathan, who had laid down everything in the name of loyalty to bring his father back from death itself, and who now gazed up at him with such perfect faith, asking for his son's life in the name of that same loyalty.

If he released the boy, his glory, fairly won, went with him. And more than that, how could he face a flint-eyed general and say that he had led his men deep into hostile territory, risking his whole command and actually losing three, had captured the Garuli mullah, but had released him for a sentimental family reason. Already the news would have reached headquarters and three regiments would be thundering on their way to escort him back.

But this was not the strongest impulse in Maxwell's heart. Ambition and the lust for glory gripped him fast; always it had been the driving force behind his life. And he had glory now. He had performed a splendid act of valour and of leadership. His name would be told with envy in every mess in India. And should he give this up, exchanging for it censure and possibly disgrace? He had earned it at the hazard of his life, of death by torture. What had happened between Sher Gul Mohammed and his father twenty years ago belonged to history. And, a small voice whispered to him, when the excitement of his capture had died down, it would be easy to divulge the news of this man at Garuli as though he had just learned it, and that would be an even greater triumph for him. No. It was his duty as a soldier to deliver this wild-eyed fanatic boy into the hands of retribution. If he did not he would have actually betrayed his trust.

With this conviction strong upon him, his gaze came back to the fierce old face whose lone eye watched him unblinkingly. And at the pleading in their depths a strange grip closed about his heart. But for this crippled ancient man he never would have known those splendid years. Sher Gul Mohammed had risked his life, actually lost a leg and an eye, that he might have them, that his father, whom he loved so, should live and have a sweet old age. Now the old Pathan was agonised at the danger to his misguided son, whose crime to Afghan mind, nurtured on bloodshed, was a trivial thing. He pleaded for a gift that was Maxwell's to give. The old man's voice came, tremulous and supplicating. "Sahib, mine only son, last of my house. They will hang him, for twelve months' boyish fooling." The grip on Maxwell's heart tightened till it was an actual pain. Then something seemed to burst there and a warm flood surged from it through his body. His lips trembled. There were tears in his eyes. And he knew that, at whatever cost, as far as he was concerned, his debt to Sher Gul Mohammed must be paid.

He went out to the courtyard and called in a voice that shook, "Ressaldar!"

At once the deep tone from the shadows answered, "Sahib!"

"Bring the prisoner."

Two guards brought in the boy, with his fluff of jetty beard and his wild, young-eagle face. "All right, Ressaldar," Maxwell said.

When Ghulam Hyder and the escort left, Maxwell said, "There's thy son. Take him, as the price of my father's life."

Sher Gul Mohammed stood gazing at his son with eye half baleful, half compassionate. Then the old man turned to Maxwell, saying hoarsely, "Huzoor, blessed be thy house for ever!"

Maxwell took from his pocket the key of the handcuffs, and picked up the boy's wrists. But the father hobbled forward swiftly. "Nay, Sahib. Would you let this wolf-cub loose till I have schooled him. Give me the key, I pray you. As we go out, mayhap we shall meet those coming to his rescue. I will arrange for that" He unwound his puggaree and, stepping behind his son, gagged him with speed and science, so trussing his jaws that he could utter no articulate sound. Then, cutting off what remained of the long cloth, he lashed one end to the chained wrists, the other to his own girdle. "Thus, my lord," he said grimly, "we shall arrive at my village."

Then the old man fell on his knees and seized him round the ankles. "Thanks and mercy, O son of my Maxwell sahib! My greetings to him, and say Sher Gul Mohammed does not forget."

"Thank *you*, Sher Gul Mahommed, for twenty years of his life. But there is no time to lose."

The old Pathan rose and said to his son, "Boy. March!"

The boy shrugged insolently and made a muffled grunting. His father said shrilly, "Thinkest thou I am some puling schoolmaster of Quetta?" He jerked the cloth. "March!"

The mullah turned for the door and Maxwell led them to the wall-gap and watched them clamber through before the eyes of two astonished sentries. When the purple boulder-shadows had engulfed them, he went back to his room.

WELL, that was that. So much for his dreams of glory and for his career as a soldier. He realised he was a ruined man, as far as the Army was concerned. Suddenly he felt very tired, tired to the point of taking any interest in what went on.

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and to him entered Ghulam Hyder, indignation and mistrust in every line of his gigantic figure, with a *sowar* who had been posted as a sentry a mile up the Gut. He was covered with yellow dust and he panted from running.

"Well, Wali Khan," Maxwell asked.

"Huzoor, they come. Nigh two thousand."

Maxwell licked his lips. Now, with his fifty men, he must stand off two thousand fanatics. If he failed, there would be death by exquisite slow torture. If he won, he would face disgrace and humiliation before his seniors. And, in this massive fort with its well masked approaches, he thought he could hold out, till the relief arrived.

No, there was a better way out than either. It would be easy to die fighting, as so many men of his house had done, between the crumbling stone gateposts where the yelling man of Garuli would be sure to concentrate their charge. That was it. He would place himself there, right in the gap, sword in hand.

"How long will they take to get here, Wali Khan?"

"A half hour, at least, huzoor. I saw them in the moonlight, from the hillside. They travel slowly, being encumbered with banners and men on foot. I saw the raven banner of the chief of Garuli in the van."

Ghulam Hyder's hot eyes lay unblinkingly on Maxwell's. He knew the mullah was already free, and he wanted to know why.

"You have done well, Wali Khan. Call in the other videttes, Ressaldar." In flight from his own thoughts, Maxwell flung himself with desperate energy into his preparations for defence. There would be a big force attacking, if the chief of Garuli and all his men were there. . . .

He was striding across the court to inspect the rear wall when in his mind a thought was born that stopped him in his tracks and set his heart pounding. If what Wali Khan said were true, then there could be few fighting men in Garuli. He knew how Pathans dashed out at the call of Djehad. And envoys of the Soviets did not go to war. They worked in the dark, destroying, agitating, spying . . . .

He saw a chance, a reckless, forlorn chance, to turn his desperate dilemma into glorious success and in the same moment resolved to risk everything upon it. His voice rang out in a great shout, "Ressaldar!"

The deep voice, steady and alert, answered, "Sahib!"

Sher Gul Mohammed squatted in the innermost chamber of his village fortress. Before him was a steaming bowl of curried mutton and across it his son, still handcuffed.

"Thus you shall come to see how these men who oppose the Sirkar are fools," the old man was repeating. "They have filled thine ears with dreams and fancies, keeping out facts. Consider now the things which be as you may find them easily. And I know thy father's son will come to see the truth . . ."

An ancient woman shoved her head into the room, "There is a sahib, with troopers, demanding entrance"

The old man scrambled up, seized a rifle where it leant on the wall and hobbled to the octagonal watchtower above the gate."

"I am Sher Gul Mohammed. What wanted . . . Allah! Maxwell Sahib! A thousand pardons, huzoor. Open there! Open the gate! Swiftly, thou baggages!"

He hobbled from the tower as through the opened gate tramped Maxwell and six sowars, afoot, and yellow and white with the dust of stealthy progress through the arid hills. "Sher Gul Mohammed," Maxwell said, "I have need of thee."

"All that I have, sahib, even my son and my life, if it must be."

"Nothing so precious, Ressaldar. Hillmen's clothes for me and these, camels to make believe we are a peaceful caravan and a sure guide to Garuli."

When Alexander marched on India through the Khyber, he camped at Garuli. To-day, another would-be conqueror of India sat at a camp table in a stone-built chamber and gazed down the slope to where the age-old road wound through the crags from Turkestan to Hind. Itska Mordkin, the Bolshevik, who, rich with Soviet gold, was giving all his brains to fanning into war the fierce sons of Islam, so that after they had shed their blood in breaking down the frontier, he and his might march safely through.

He was writing his monthly report to Moscow. "All goes well. Owing to my special knowledge of these people, our plans prosper. I have a boy, half-educated by the English, who serves me well. When I give the word there are a hundred thousand Pathans who will follow him to India. Believing him a Messiah, inspired of the Prophet." Filled with content at his success, he let his gaze fall idly

(*Contd. on page* 98)

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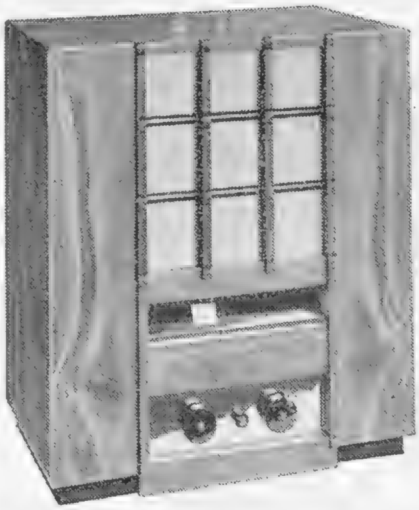

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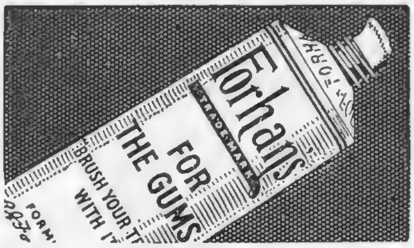

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down the slope to where three hillmen laboured up toward him, three ordinary men of that country, tall, swaggering, wrapped in voluminous white garments and with black skull-caps on their heads, and all armed to the teeth. They came slowly up the path and their shadows darkened his doorway as they entered and regarded him in silence.

"Well," he said in Pushtu, "You bring news from Jangor?"

"Yes," said the youngest man in the same tone. "News from Jangor," and he pushed into Mordkin's startled face a heavy automatic pistol. "The news that your work here is finished. Do you want to live?"

Mordkin sat rigid, glaring into the eyes which too late he had realised were blue. "It is your life or mine, you understand," Maxwell went on. "But if I die, you will die first. So you will go with us quietly, where we go, taking care to attract no attention. I am Lieutenant Hugh Maxwell of the —th Bengal Lancers, come to arrest you. March!"

Mordkin did not move. Maxwell said, "Wali Khan!"

"Wali Khan drew a short, evil knife. "I ask once more only," Maxwell said. "Did you ever see a Khuttuch cut a throat?"

Mordkin rose, with a sowar on each side and Maxwell behind, and the four strolled slowly down the hillside. Half way down they met some boys, herding goats. "Speak to them," Maxwell said.

Mordkin said, "Thy goats are fat, sons! The boys laughed, one said, "Next year I shall be able to ride with the men. Goats!"

Without mishap they crossed the main road, went up a little nullah till where it turned and masked itself, waited four sowars with three camels and the boy from Sher Gul Mohammed who had been their guide.

At a word from Maxwell these fell upon Itska Mordkin, bound him and gagged him and rolled him in a carpet till he looked like any other of the carpet bales with which the camels were laden. Then quietly they turned and made their way up the nullah.

Maxwell, hardly able to believe he could have been so unreservedly successful, said, "To thy father's fort, son."

At Jangore Fort the fight was done. In the rapidly declining sunshine, the hillsides were strewn with dead and wounded hillmen, while round the ancient walls clustered two regiments of cavalry with a pack-mule machine-gun company. Within they cared for their wounded, and the survivors of Ghulam Hyder's force paraded before the colonels of the two regiments.

Ghulam Hyder answered the senior colonel, Barry.

"Sahib, we captured the Garuli mullah as we rode out to do, but he——he escaped in the night, and Maxwell sahib with six men went out after him, telling me to endure until you came. That is all I know."

The two colonels looked at each other. "Well, he's made a sweet mess of it, that's all I can say," Barry remarked. "How in the name of Tophet he could let the fellow go after once having grabbed him and risking court martial to do it, I can't understand. This mess—we've thirteen killed and seventy wounded—will take some explaining in England."

A sowar came, saluting, "Huzoor, there is signalling fire from the mountains."

All turned, following the fellow's pointed gaze. Across the valley to the eastward, high on the sombre hillside, someone was heliographing in the last of the sunlight. The tiny point of light flashed dazzlingly, and the signal-subaltern of the —th Bengals ran to his horse and took a shaving mirror from his wallet, with which he flashed the O.K. signal.

The distant spark broke off, began again.

The subaltern spelt out the message. "P-R-O-C-E-E-D in force village Sher Gul Mohammed Euzufzai. Prisoner there. Report H.Q. all danger djehad ended. M-A-X-W-E-L-L"

END

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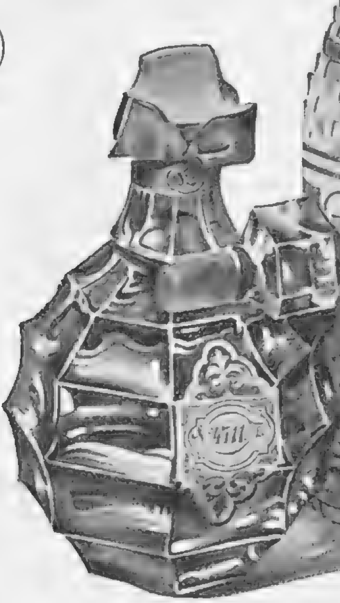
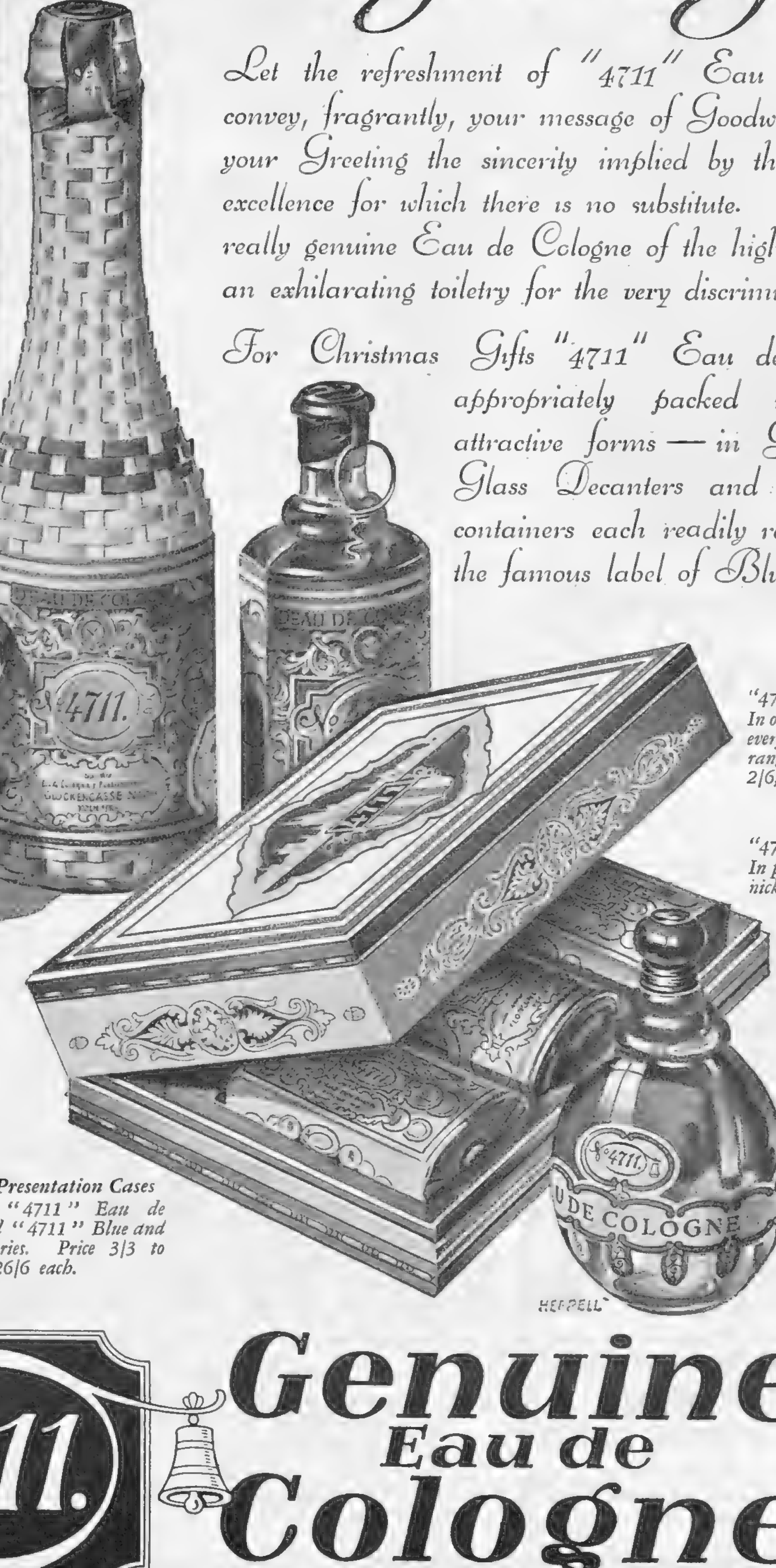

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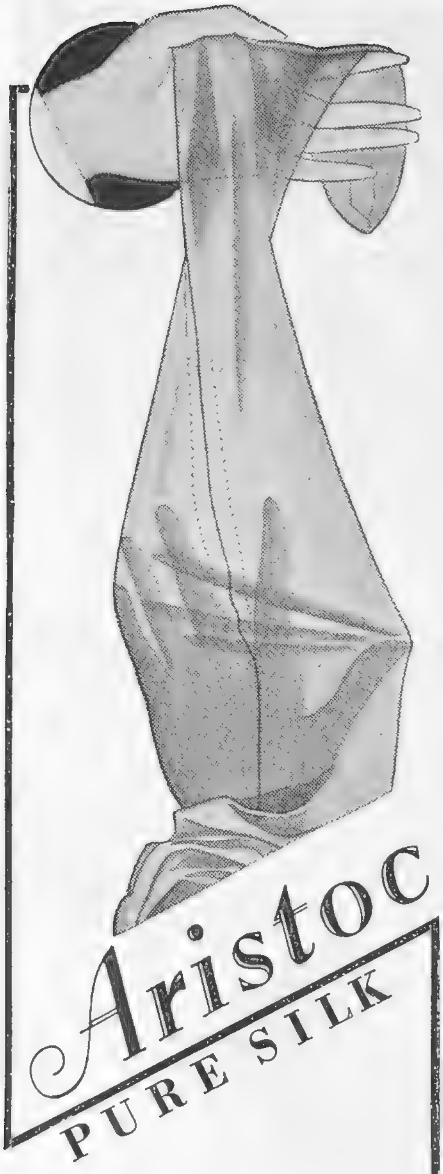

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The Sinking of the "Republic"

(*Continued from page* 39)

12 *noon.*

ALL the world now knows that the liner "Republic" is sinking: but no one yet knows where she lies!

Mr. Jack Binns has tapped out the grim tale of the collision; has related how the "Florida" has been found; and how the dangerous process of transferring the passengers of the "Republic" from the sinking liner to the more-fortunate Italian vessel is already being attempted.

Yet the fog still spreads its grim cloak around the two stricken vessels, and the wireless spark on the "Republic" is weakening under the strain.

Binns can no longer send his messages far—but he can hear the outside world talking.

1 *o'clock.*

IN hundreds of newspaper offices across the world the story of the sinking liners has already been perpetuated in print.

Pictures of the ships involved have already been engraved; their dimensions and histories elaborated; their probable fate surmised.

Outside the White Star offices in Broadway is a clamouring crowd of anxious enquirers. The "Republic" carries not only many millionaires but several hundred returning Italians from New York's East Side. In Cockspur Street, in London, the telephone bells have likewise never ceased to ring since the appearance of the early editions of the evening papers on the streets.

All the world is hanging on the words of Mr. Jack Binns!

2 *p.m.*

THE liner "Lorraine" has sent the message "I am coming," but has mistaken the Nantucket lightship for the sinking vessel; it has passed the word to the "Lucania" and to the "Furnessia" to hasten to the rescue.

And the "Baltic" is moving into range of the "Republic" but only as rapidly as a blind man might grope his way across a congested traffic junction.

4 *p.m.*

ALL this long and leaden afternoon the "Republic" has been directing the hovering "Baltic" towards her.

For half-hours at a time she has been lost, at others she has seemed so close that the crew on the deck of the liner have hoped every minute to hear the wail of her syren.

The "Florida," badly holed in the bow, stands helplessly by in the trough of the seas, her narrow decks crammed with nearly 1,500 passengers; millionaires and immigrants are as one to-day.

Sometimes the faint hail of a syren seems to be heard. Then quickly dies away again into the fog's farthest recesses. . . . .

6.30 *p.m.*

BINNS has just reported to Captain Sealby that he believes the "Baltic" to be within a few miles distance; her messages are coming in stronger every minute. Suddenly an officer on the bridge of the "Republic" cries "*Vessel on the starboard quarter!*"

And out of the fog and darkness of the Atlantic evening comes the "Baltic," ablaze with welcoming light. Jack Binns, hearing the cheers outside, rises wearily from the table in his shattered cabin and gropes his way to the door.

There he stands, gazing across at the "Baltic," a slight figure in a torn shirt; yet a figure triumphantly symbolical of man's eternal battle with the elements.

The sea had claimed the "Republic" and its 750 souls for its own; but Binns had bent the elements to his will by the mere tireless tapping of his right hand. And out of the darkness had come the "Baltic."

8 *p.m., Jan.* 24.

AS the revenue cutter "Gresham" and the derelict-destroyer "Seneca" are slowly trying to tow the "Republic," the bows of the liner suddenly begin to rise into the air.

Quickly the tow-lines are cut, and the two tiny towing vessels turn hurriedly back.

With the ponderous solemnity of some gargantuan sea-monster the "Republic" slowly up-ends herself, and prepares to plunge stern first into 45 fathoms of Atlantic water. Her crew, loyal to this last dramatic moment, jump for their lives, many being carried down in the maelstrom of the sinking ship.

Captain Sealby is seen to be climbing the foremast as the ship is about to disappear beneath the surface; he, and his first officer, will presently be picked up clinging to a grating; his wireless operator, Binns, has also jumped to safety of the sea.

* * *

Away to the southward the "Baltic" is steaming back to New York with the rescued passengers from the two colliding liners. And while Binns is still shivering from the shock of his immersion his colleague of the keys, H. G. Tattersall, of the "Baltic" will be painfully tapping out this last message: "*Can send no more. Have been at it for 52 hours without sleep.*"

Thus was born that new fraternity of the sea whose patron spirit is Ariel.

END

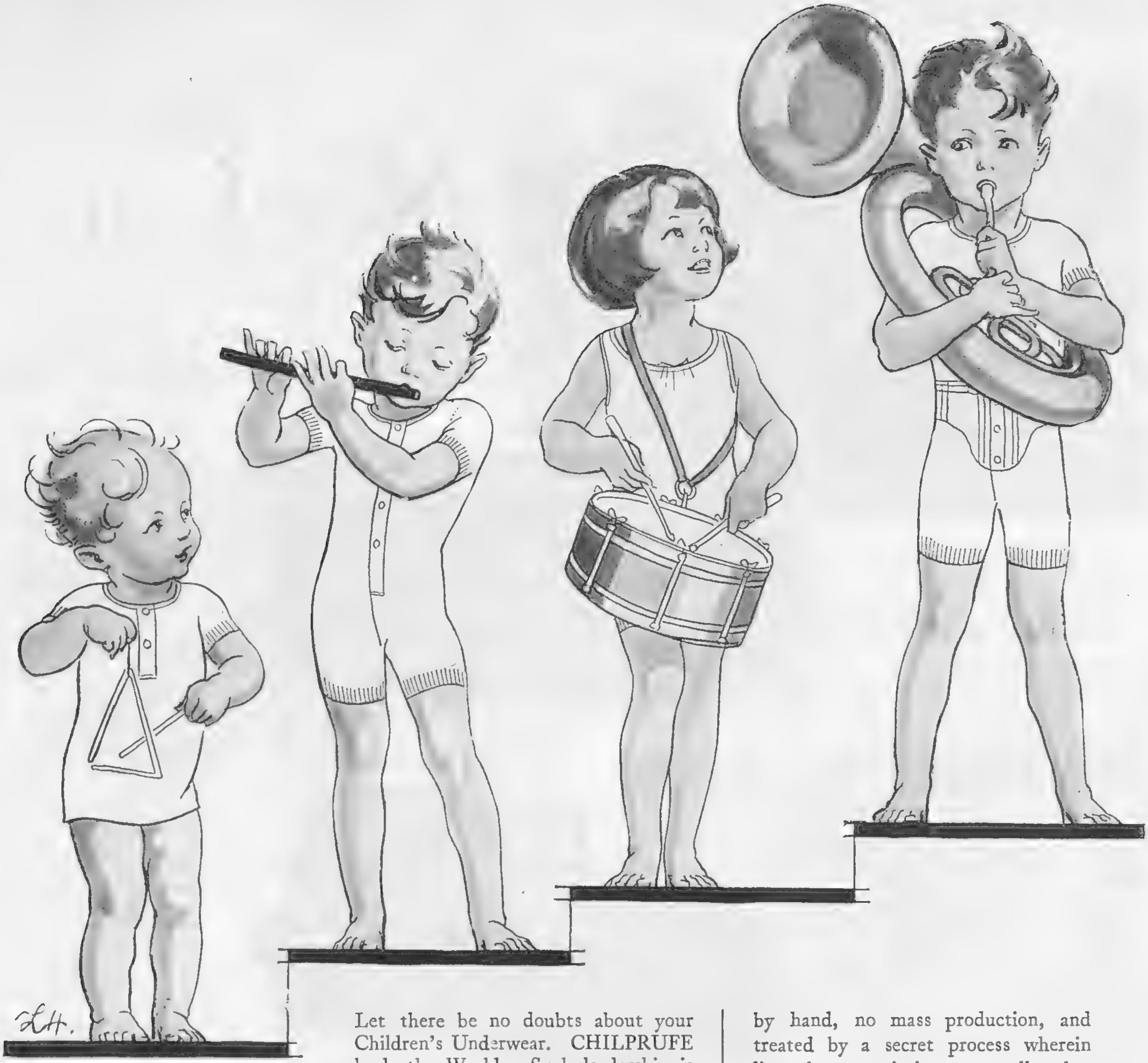
Books

(*Continued from page* 69)

sickened me, and ended, if truth be told, by making me want to smile. Mrs. Garnett has drawn a remarkable picture of the times, with their heartlessness, bestiality and stench; but solemn, unremitting heaping up of torture and indignity does not necessarily produce tragedy, and in spite of many moving and even beautiful pages, *Unrecorded* remains melodrama. Mrs. Garnett is like D. H Lawrence in this—she does not know the precise position of the line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous.

The Man Who Died (Secker, 6s.) is the last story Lawrence worked upon. Although it will outrage the feelings of many good men and women, this curious book has even more than most of Lawrence's novels a true visionary quality. Lawrence, in spite of his power, seldom succeeded in setting down on paper all that he saw and all he wished to say. So many of his thoughts eluded or half eluded him, leaving but a rag in his restraining hands. Sometimes we can guess the wearer from the coat; sometimes the garment is ludicrous and undignified, as if an angel had shed trousers. It mattered not to Lawrence who lifted up his hands, whatever they held, with equal rapture and reverence. There was something sublime about him, and he knew it. What he did not know was just what that something was and where it was present. Often in his work he gives parties, so to speak, to celebrate this sublime something when the sublime something isn't there. Was he aware of it? He appears to notice nothing.

Then there are *My Best Detective Story*, by twenty-two popular purveyors (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), and *The Cottage Murder*, by E. R. Punshon (Benn, 7s. 6d.). I don't know if people have always read detective stories, and have only now ceased to feel shame, but there is hardly a house I enter where "mysteries" are not lying about. The two volumes named are particularly good value. And lastly, I have been enjoying in imagination one of those holidays frowned on by Mr. Snowden, and reading John Gibbons's *A foot in Portugal* (Newnes, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Gibbons's travel books never fail to please me, and I hope he will go on until he has trod and described every inch in Europe.



Let there be no doubts about your Children's Underwear. CHILPRUFE leads the World. Such leadership is maintained only by the trust and faith of the wearer, and this has never been betrayed, proved by the fact that each year more and more CHILPRUFE is sold.

Every strand of CHILPRUFE is the Finest Empire Wool. It is made by British workpeople under ideal conditions. Every single garment is cut by hand, no mass production, and treated by a secret process wherein lies the superiority over all other underwear.

Remember also the unique CHILPRUFE RENOVATIONS SERVICE, by which garments can be enlarged and repaired, thus doubling their life. As to price, even in these days of economy CHILPRUFE is easily the cheapest in the end.

CHILPRUFE REGD for CHILDREN

There is also a range of **CHILPRUFE for LADIES** made from the same fine quality Pure Wool as the Children's range, each garment cut by hand to ensure perfect fit.

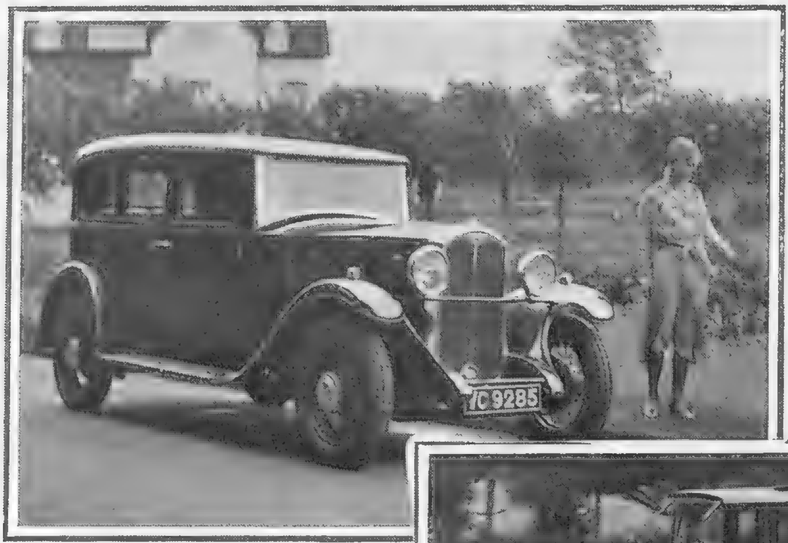
Ask your Draper, or write direct, for a copy of the

NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.
(JOHN A. BOLTON, Proprietor), LEICESTER.

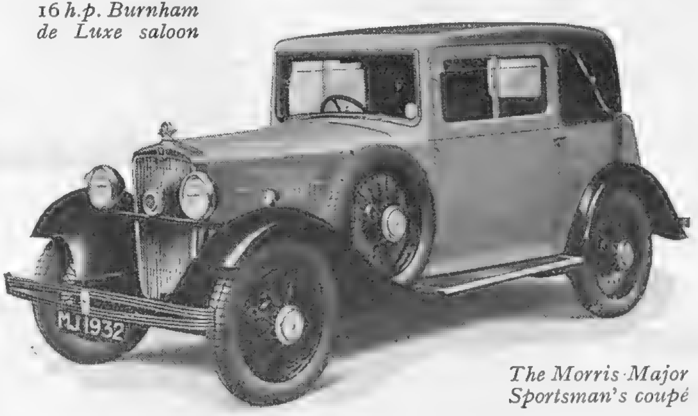
That *New* Car...

The Earl *of* Cardigan *discusses an* After-*the*-Motor-S*how* Problem



The Hillman Vortic 8-cylinder saloon. The price of this car has been reduced to £375, and represents remarkable value among 20 h.p. cars

A 1932 Austin 16 h.p. Burnham de Luxe saloon



The Morris Major Sportsman's coupé

BY the time this article appears in print, the Motor Show of 1931 will be no more than a confusing memory. In the minds of many people, however, it will have implanted a vague but persistent desire to exchange the old car for one of more modern vintage. Here comes the problem. We have just seen perhaps a hundred new and attractive models, of which a dozen or twenty may be more or less within our means. Which one is it to be?

The Motor Show itself is far from helpful. We see far too many cars there, and the catalogue becomes a burden. Press reviews may be a better guide, but we cannot forget the old saying that one man's meat is another man's poison. A car which I and others praise for its mechanical virtues may not provide enough space for the children; another of which we speak somewhat reservedly and coldly may actually be much more convenient for the housewife on her shopping expeditions.

The critic, at best, can only indicate how a certain car is likely to appeal to the average man, and we all know that no such person actually exists. Professor Leacock has shown that the Average Man possesses (I think) two and a quarter children and owns one-fifth of an automobile. "Which," in the words of the geometry books, "is absurd"!

The result is that, try as we may to select a new car in a serious and commonsense spirit, we are all reduced eventually to making the choice almost entirely on the basis of personal preference or prejudice. We may be well aware that the six-cylinder *X* is the most practical proposition for our everyday requirements—that it is cheap to buy and economical to run. For all that, we shall probably spend a little more to purchase one of the latest *Y* cars—a quite inappropriate machine which has happened, in some way or other, to tickle our fancy.

It is no use trying to justify this method of selection on purely reasonable grounds, yet I entirely sympathise with those who buy their new car in this apparently haphazard and irresponsible manner. After all, we must admit that the chief function of a car is to give pleasure to its owner, and mere efficiency, value for money and economy of upkeep are not necessarily a source of pleasure. A thoroughly bad car, with pleasant "paces" on the road, may easily give more enjoyment.

Thus, in buying a car, we must never lose sight of the personal element. We must not, for instance, ask: "Is this seat comfortable?" but—"Is this seat comfortable *for me*?" The softest cushions will not compensate a driver, on a long run, for the fact that the angle of them does not conform to the natural position of his leg. An accelerator pedal mounted throughout on Eesiwork Roller Bearings will be worse than useless if its position does not happen to agree with the natural angle of his foot.

Personally, I regard this as a matter of very great importance. My own preference being for a somewhat reclining position, with the legs fairly well extended, I have never bought a car in which I have not been able to enjoy this sort of arm-chair comfort. The result has been that I have often passed over a good car in favour of one much less reliable, yet I am not dissatisfied, since I obtain an enormous saving in fatigue through being able to drive all day in the position most convenient for me.

Similarly, it is by no means unreasonable for the owner-driver to be largely guided by such considerations as the pleasantness or otherwise of the controls. He may feel that light steering is essential, or again he may be quite indifferent to the quality of the steering provided that the wheel comes comfortably into his lap. A trivial point, but how annoying it is when one has to drive 200 miles with one's arms unnaturally extended—this being the penalty for having pushed back the adjustable front seat!

FOR the enthusiast, a pleasant gearbox is an almost invaluable asset. The worst of engines has its agreeable speed, and it is largely determined by the gearbox whether it is possible, in ordinary running, to keep the engine turning at that speed or not. A bad gearbox will mean that, on a long hill, the engine must either labour round in top gear or "rev" to an objectionable speed in "second."

What a blessing is the really helpful gearbox in these circumstances! The lever lies just where one can drop one's hand upon it, the changes are easy and the ratios convenient. For every gradient there is a gear, just low enough to give us ample power and just high enough to prevent the engine "racing." How many miles of tedious grinding does it save us!

Then, for those who do their own running repairs, there is the question of accessibility to be considered. Are the various components of the engine and chassis easily got at and simply adjusted, or shall we have to invoke the services of a skilled mechanic every time a piece of fluff gets into the carburettor jet? I have known cars in which the magneto contact breaker could only be examined through a periscope (I once bought one for this purpose) and others in which the back seat has to be removed in order to adjust the rear brakes.

THE luggage problem also must not be overlooked. For carrying big loads, I have found a three-seater with a dickey to be better than many four-seaters, and both luggage grids and trunks are not always what they seem. "How much luggage am I liable to carry, and where will it all go?"—is a very valuable question when coachwork styles are being considered.

Small points, all of these, in comparison with the basis question of efficient locomotion. Nevertheless it is just such small points which can make or mar many a business trip or holiday expedition, and the careful purchaser need not be ashamed to include them prominently in his investigations.

For sheer neatness, the modern luggage trunk is no doubt the ideal, but it suffers from this disadvantage—that its dimensions are rigid and its shape prescribed as much by æsthetic as by purely practical considerations. A little surplus space inside the car is much more readily adaptable.

"Investigate Before . . . You Invest!"

DO YOU REALISE that the World's Record Dependability Demonstration was carried out this summer? Between 5-30 p.m. on June 22 and the same hour on June 25 last, 194 standard, stock cars, owned and driven by motor vehicle dealers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, travelled 334,930 miles, without a single involuntary stoppage.

These three ladies shared the whole 72 hours' driving of this car, entered by an Edinburgh Dealer. Their Ford covered 1,894 miles without an involuntary halt.

At the conclusion of the Demonstration, English and Welsh participants rallied at Stratford-on-Avon, to fight their battles o'er again: Entering Stratford.

Day and night they ran, for three days and nights, stopping only to change drivers, to replenish petrol-tanks, at scheduled points and times.

Those cars gave the clearest possible evidence of complete trustworthiness. But in doing that they simultaneously made plain the ability of their owners to keep them in A-1 running order, first-class trim.

A car that can be driven continuously for such a period, without harm, without a hitch, is a desirable car. And when not one car, or a *few* cars, but 194 of them, all of one make, and all genuinely standard, stock cars, ranging from two days to two years old, can travel 334,930 miles without an involuntary stoppage, one thing is manifest—namely, that cars like those are the sort of cars wanted by the average, representative buyer.

Why, then, should not you own a car like one of those? Why should not you buy it from a Dealer like one of those?

Lancaster's Chief Constable made himself personally responsible for the custody of a local Dealer's Ford, on its completion of three days and nights, non-stop.

The Rally of Dependability Demonstration participants at Stratford-on-Avon: Similar gatherings were convened for the Irish and Scottish Dealers, at appropriate centres.

The cars concerned were Ford cars, built at Trafford Park, Manchester. The least costly was a £180 car. The highest-priced cost only £225.

Every owner of a Ford car has, at instant command, anywhere and everywhere, Ford Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with definite, fixed, low charges for every operation, every replacement.

The Ford owner knows, right at the outset, the exact cost of everything he can ever want for, or want done to, his car, from a wash-and-polish to a complete overhaul. Considerations of this nature suggest that you should *Investigate before you Invest.* The Nearest FORD Dealer will assist your investigation. You can ask no question he cannot answer.

LINCOLN Ford **FORDSON**

AIRCRAFT

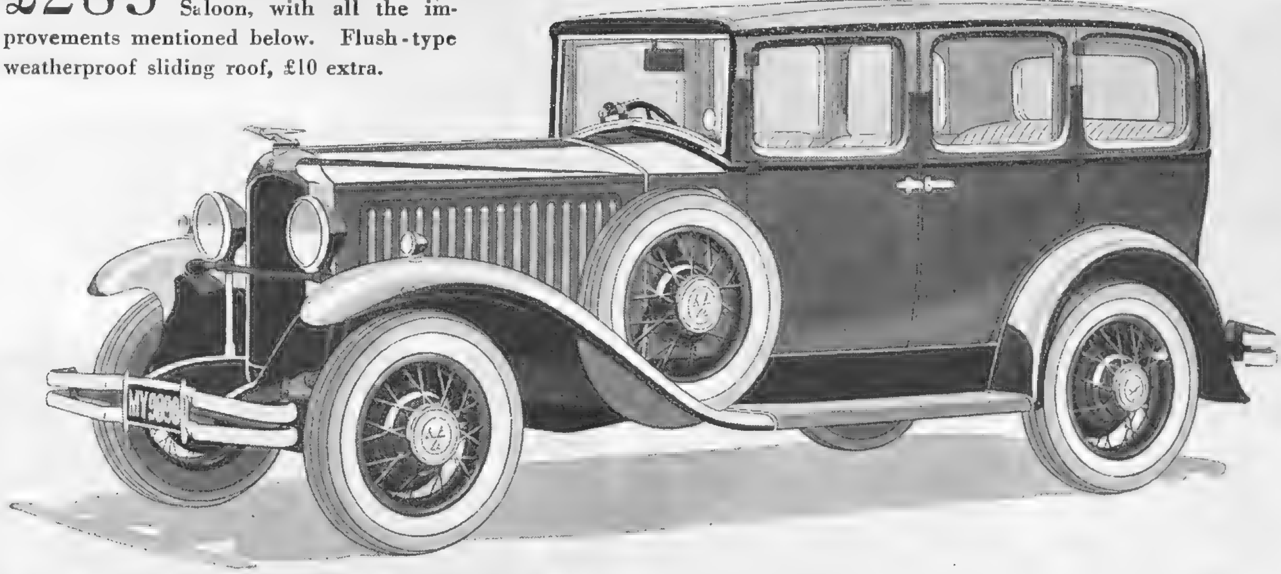
To get the Name and Address of your Nearest FORD Dealer, write to

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED,
88, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NEWS!

Important improvements to the VAUXHALL CADET

£285 The new Vauxhall Cadet Saloon, with all the improvements mentioned below. Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £10 extra.



SYNCHRO-MESH AND SILENT SECOND GEAR

You never need make a bad gear-change, either up or down, on the new Vauxhall Cadet. It has Synchro-Mesh Gears—which mean no double declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no pause in neutral, no stalling, no noise. A perfect gear-change *every time.* And the new second gear is as quiet-running and as free from vibration as top!

Other new improvements include

Safety glass all round • Improved wire wheels with large hubs and chromium hubcaps • Full rubber mounting for engine and rear axle, eliminating chassis vibration • Dual automatic and hand ignition control • 12-volt electrical equipment • And many other detail refinements to engine, chassis and bodies—giving smoother performance, greater comfort and a still more impressive appearance.

PRICES (*ex Works, Hendon*)

Four-door Saloon (flush-type sliding roof £10 extra)	£285
Two-light coupé, with sliding roof	£295
Four-light coupé, with sliding roof	£295
Romney drop-head coupé	£325
Tickford all-weather saloon	£325

17 H.P. 6-CYLINDERS

There is a special 26 h.p. model for overseas.

Take a trial run—see how fascinating it is to drive the new Vauxhall Cadet with its easy-changing gears and silent second

OR WRITE TO VAUXHALL SALES DEPT., GENERAL MOTORS LTD., THE HYDE, HENDON, LONDON, N.W.9

BRITISH

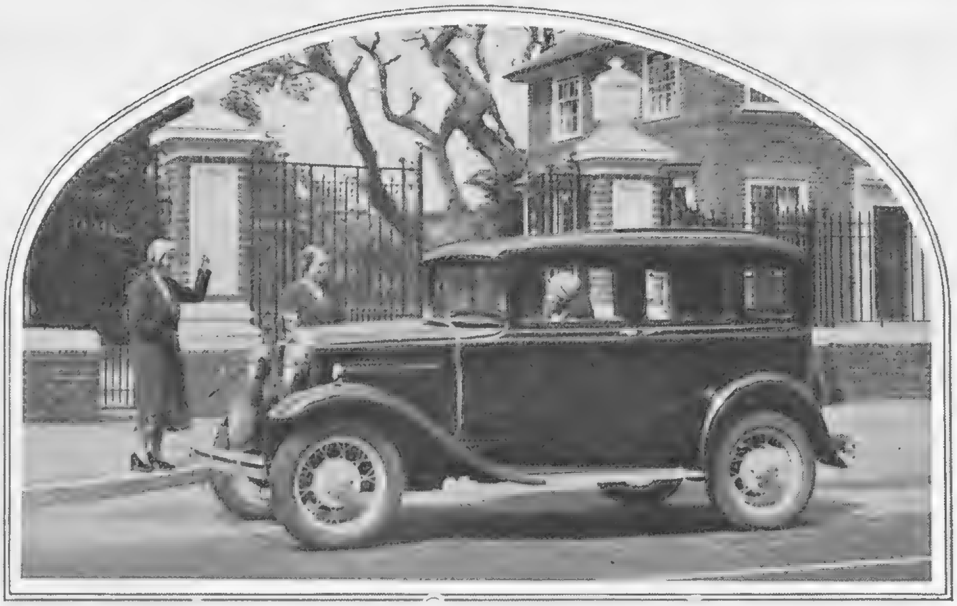
For those who want a bigger car, there is the improved 24-h.p. Vauxhall Silent Eighty, from £485

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GT. PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

The New Ford

Road-tested by The Earl of Cardigan

A Car of Low Price but High Performance



One of the new Fordor de Luxe Sunshine saloons

I SOMETIMES wonder what exactly are the motives which induce the British motorist to invest, whenever his means will permit, in a relatively high-priced car. They are, no doubt, many and various, but one powerful inducement is unquestionably this. It is exceedingly gratifying to human vanity to possess a car which is a trifle faster or more powerful than the majority of those which it will encounter on the road.

Generally speaking, it would obviously be foolish to compare the Ford with cars in the £1,000 class. In this one respect, however, the world's most popular motor car definitely seems to challenge comparison with a great many of the more expensive makes. It is no exaggeration to say that the £1,000 car which sets out to overtake a Ford on an ordinary country road will find itself faced with an exceedingly tough proposition. I myself have never actually tried to chase the new Ford, but I have been chased *by* one, and have had to set a brisk pace in a £3,000 car before being able to shake off the pursuit.

A recent week-end run has only served to remind me that, whatever other "luxury" qualities may have been sacrificed by Mr. Ford in order to sell his products in England at something like £200, mechanical efficiency is decidedly not one of them. Not only is Ford acceleration and power comparable to that of many so-called sports models; it is also obtainable in the easiest possible manner—simply by depressing Button "A," (in this case the accelerator pedal) and watching the speedometer dial slip round to a genuine 60 m.p.h. or over.

The gearbox provides only three forward speeds, but this is one of the few cars on which a fourth ratio definitely does not appear to be needed. In the course of 200 miles or so, during which I encountered some fairly formidable hills, I did not find a single gradient for which the top gear was not amply powerful. White Hill at Henley, for instance, was not only climbed successfully, but actually "romped up" at a vigorous 40 m.p.h. Likewise, a very stiff climb on to the downs from Portsmouth, which I should have described as a good third-gear test hill, was made to look positively easy.

This Month's Motoring Hint

Turning a Corner

I FEAR that my Motoring Hint may not be very widely read this month, since the majority of motorists will deride the idea that there is anything new to be learned about the very simple and elementary procedure of turning a corner.

Every year some thousands of mudguards are dented when cars are drawing out from a parking place or garage. Why?—Chiefly because the drivers have concentrated their attention on getting the front wheels past an obstruction, and have then, in turning, omitted to allow sufficient clearance for the back wheels.

Every beginner would be well advised, before attempting to negotiate an awkward turning, to take his car first on to a wet or sandy surface and observe the wheel tracks which are made when cornering. If the car is a large one, the tracks of the back wheels may be a couple of feet "inside" those left by the front wheels.

Elementary, no doubt; yet the number of minor mishaps is a clear proof that many beginners are ignorant or forgetful of this phenomenon. Very few are aware exactly what clearance is required by their back wheels when the front ones are locked over. Sooner or later they will find out, but usually their paintwork has to suffer in the process.

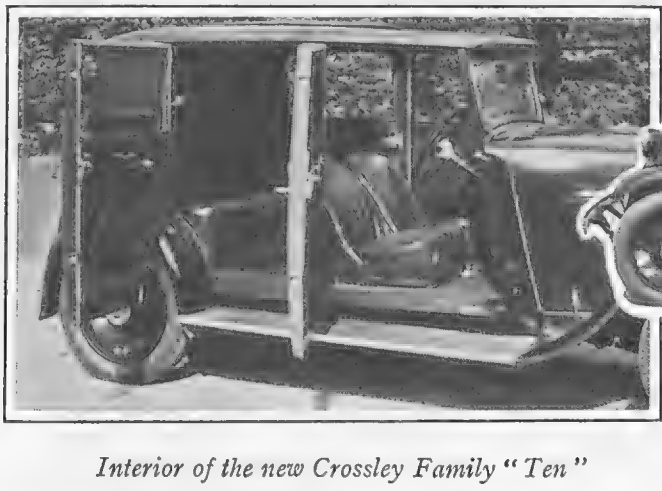
Such feats as this, which must seem highly creditable to any of my readers, will be even more appreciated by those with a little mechanical knowledge when I add that the top gear ratio, as given in the table of specifications which I have before me, is 3·78 to 1.

Now, there may be, and probably are, one or two English cars which could have climbed this Portsmouth gradient with equal facility in top gear; but I would wager that in nearly every case the top-gear ratio would be between 5 and 6 to 1. The only car personally known to me that would have done the same thing with a "three-point-something" ratio is a £3,000 job—i.e., fifteen times more expensive than the new Ford.

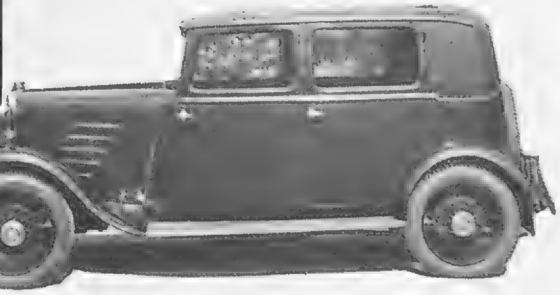
If anyone should ask what difference this top-gear ratio makes, provided that the same performance is achieved, I can only answer that, in my opinion, it makes all the difference in the world. Drive two cars along a level road at 60 m.p.h.—The one with a 6 to 1 ratio will be revving "fit to bust itself," if I may use an unparliamentary expression. The one with a 4 to 1 ratio will be thoroughly happy, and not appearing to exert itself.

The interesting thing is that Mr. Ford's method of obtaining such striking results is almost childishly simple. He merely takes a chassis of 12 h.p. dimensions, fits a 12 h.p. body to it, and installs a 24 h.p. engine, thus achieving spectacular performance for an extremely modest outlay.

Although many of its components, are almost equally admirable, it must not be supposed that the Ford is necessarily the perfect £200 motor car. It has several failings, as for instance the lack of self-centring action in the steering gear and the quite inaccessible hand brake. The general impression, however, is one of exceptional value for money. Every item which is not strictly necessary has been eliminated but the essential features, such as speed and power are almost lavishly provided. The Ford, true to the country of its origin, "delivers the goods."



Interior of the new Crossley Family "Ten"



The Crossley Family "Ten" Saloon

The most interesting item in the Crossley programme for 1932 is the début of a new small car of ten horse-power, high quality, advanced design and outstanding performance. The price of the full four-seater Family Saloon is £265

The Strange Story of Manuel Godoy

(*Continued from page* 43)

Godoy had endeavoured to maintain the national army at a moderate degree of efficiency. He had also tried to maintain the nation on a united front. He had, perhaps more remarkable than any of his other achievements, succeeded in retaining the affections of Maria Luisa. He had during this period formed a most passionate liaison with a beautiful woman named Pepita Tudo. Some said that he had married her. But because he was a man of high rank he was forced to make a marriage with a daughter of the Royal house. His wife hated him as cordially as he hated her.

THERE is no need to enter into a detailed examination of the strenuous months which preceded the final downfall of the Spanish Monarchy and the elevation of Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of Spain.

While the troops of the French marshals were pouring across every pass of the Pyrenees, King Charles decided to abdicate in favour of his son. Villain though he was, he was the idol of the mob. The Madrilenos welcomed the foreigners as liberators. They looked on Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, as the source of their woes, and while Charles IV was packing up ready for exile the hooligans prepared to sack his house.

It happened that he was living at his palace in Aranjuez. He had supped with his brother and a Colonel of Hussars. Although he must have realised the temper of the people, he took no special precautions. Just after he went to bed the silence of the Spanish night was broken by the sharp crack of a horse pistol. It was followed by the murmur of an advancing mob.

The noise of tramping feet presently increased to the thunder of several thousand angry voices. Godoy, hearing the din, rose hurriedly from his bed, and looking out of the window saw a great multitude advancing through the palace grounds by the light of torches. From that moment he must have realised that his doom was sealed. He hastened to the door, only to find it barred from the outside. His valet had evidently thrown down the bars in sudden terror.

Godoy cursed, but actually this half-demented act was the means of saving his life.

Two thousand men and women, intoxicated with enthusiasm and wine, rushed the main door of the palace and proceeded to smash everything within view. They discovered the apartments of the wife of the Prince of the Peace, but because it was common knowledge in Spain that she hated her husband, they let her go free. Throughout that dreadful night they failed to discover the apartment in which cowered the terrified Godoy. The palace was practically burnt to the ground, but the mob failed to find their victim. In the meanwhile King Charles was brought news concerning the assault on the palace of the Queen's favourite. He himself had the great defect of an acknowledged sportsman, namely, lack of personal courage, and he ordered his son Ferdinand, in whose favour he had abdicated, to show himself at the window, so that the mob might be appeased and disperse. And all this time Godoy remained concealed in the roll of matting in a room of his own house.

Later on it was publicly announced that the Prince of the Peace had been stripped of all his honours. Godoy must have realised that his earthly possessions had passed from him. But with that strange illusion which invariably associates itself with the minds of men not born to greatness, but who suddenly experience a tremendous downfall, he fancied that his mere presence would suffice to turn the balance.

After twenty-four hours of captivity he stealthily descended the staircase and emerged into the open. He addressed the sentry on guard, expecting the awkward soldier to keep silent. But the man became alarmed and called an officer, with the result that Godoy was placed under arrest. A number of privates of the royal bodyguard, that same fantastic corps in which the Prince of the Peace had served on his first coming to Madrid, was formed up to march the former dictator to prison.

All would have gone well except that at the last moment the prisoner was recognised by some peasants in the street. The alarm was given, and in a few minutes there was a mob of people streaming from all sides. Godoy and the guard set off at a trot, but they could not run fast enough to escape the infuriated peasantry, which closed in from every turn. Before Godoy had reached the barracks he had been assaulted. He was attacked with knives and clubs. A great gash drew blood from his face. He had twenty-three knife wounds in various parts of his body. A well-aimed blow from a heavy stick hitting him under the eye had knocked him practically senseless. Such was Spain's farewell to the young cadet of nobility from Estremadura.

It is well known that in the course of the next few weeks King Charles IV and his son, King Ferdinand, were invited to cross the frontier to the city of Bayonne to treat with the Emperor Napoleon. Napoleon had by this time disposed of most of the minor royalties of Europe. The age-long dynasty of Spain was to go the way of the others. Both Charles IV and Ferdinand were duly dislodged from the throne of their ancestors in the course of negotiations as disgraceful as any which sully the good name of the first empire. Godoy was called from prison to accompany the King and Maria Luisa. At the last he did not fail. He went into exile with them, and during the miserable years in which that unhappy couple wandered about Europe throneless and homeless, he was always theirs to command.

At the end, after the King and Queen had died, he was left penniless. His beloved Pepita returned to Spain rather than share his exile. King Ferdinand, persecuted even in these days of adversity, and old Godoy, now approaching the edge of life, had to submit to more than the ordinary humilities which accompany poverty.

And his end was not without a certain irony. It was in the year 1847 that Queen Isabella II signed a decree restoring the Prince of the Peace to his rank and dignities and the possession of his property.

At this time Godoy was a very old man, broken by misfortune and wearied by misery.

He fancied at the last he would be able to go back to his native Spain, to end his last years in peace.

His enemies thought otherwise; they employed all the methods of litigation and circumlocution known to the Latin mind in order to keep the old man from his possessions, and towards the end of the year 1851, when the judges and lawyers had done their procrastinating, a message was received in Madrid that Godoy, Prince of the Peace, Duke of Alcudia and Suecca, Prince of Basano, Baron of Mascalbo, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Comendador of Santiago and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, had died obscurely and unknown in exile.

They buried him in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, in Paris, and someone who had either a sense of humour or of the fitness of things, caused to be marked on the gravestone:

"The prodigy of fortune and most sorrowful example of bad luck."

End

The Greatest of all Film Mysteries:

(*Continued from page* 49)

purpose; the casting had been done and the production, scheduled to take two months, was commenced within a few days.

"Lloyd of the C.I.D." deals with English life; there are scenes in London streets and at Scotland Yard. Like René Clair, Macrae is responsible for his own story and scenario. In the cast there are Emily Fitzroy, the Englishwoman who has made such a success on the screen in Hollywood, notably in "Show Boat" and "The Bridge of San Luiz Rez"; Wallace Geoffrey, who scored in "The Flying Fool"; Lewis Dayton, better known on the stage than on the screen; Muriel Angelus, who proved her potentialities in "Night Birds," but has not had a really good part since, and a new male star, a "discovery" of Macrae's, in the person of Jack Lloyd, a young actor with considerable stage experience who has never before acted before the camera. He acted Shakespearean parts, including Iago and Casius, in Australia, where he was born, when he was very young. He played lead with Miss Olga Lindo during her successful South African tour; he has been acting in repertory in Birmingham for the last year, and at the moment when Macrae was looking for a young actor to play the lead in "Lloyd of the C.I.D." he was playing as Charles Saunders, the part of the butler in the "Silver Box" at the Savoy.

Macrae happened to go to the Savoy Theatre one Thursday night and was struck by Saunders's appearance, voice and excellent stage manner. He went round and saw him in his dressing room. Early next morning a test was made and, as Miss Price willingly released him from his contract with her when she heard that he had a big chance, a contract was signed by noon that day booking Claude Saunders for the important part of the detective in "Lloyd of the C.I.D.," and giving Universal the option on his services for five years.

Claude Saunders, who henceforth will be known as Jack Lloyd, is not the typical "beautiful young man." He has good looks and physique, but he has also personality and intelligence and says that he does not like photographs of himself which make him look like a "lily-of-the-valley." But it took a director from Hollywood to discover him. The lack of imagination which keeps the British film industry static when the rest of the world is moving on is, I think, partly explained by a suggestion made by Claude Saunders himself. He was careful to explain that he was British and did not wish to criticise English films, but that he thought that the attitude of the casting executives was inherently "feudal," by which he meant traditional. If a dashing young man-about-town is required for a part and someone suggests John Smith, someone else says, "Yes, he would fill the rôle perfectly, but he has not got a West End reputation. Mr. So-and-so has played that kind of part for the last thirty years. It is true that he is rather fat and not so romantic looking as he used to be, but he is a fine actor and he has a West End reputation." They forget that a West End reputation means nothing beyond a very limited radius.

I think this is a perfectly true explanation of at least one aspect of the situation. And I think that the British film industry needs constructive criticism and even punishment—like most young things. Mutual back-patting and Jingoism are fatal. It is agreed that "we have the men, we have the guns"—or the cameras, but they are useless if they are shut up in fortresses of complacency and inertia. This is one of the cases where traditionalism is all wrong. The answer to the mystery of why, with good actors and actresses, a plethora of themes and backgrounds and adequate equipment, we cannot make films is that we are too *slow*, mentally and physically. A glorious past, like a dead language, is not even intelligible until it is translated into modern terms. Let us hope that we shall learn from the American companies who are making films in England.

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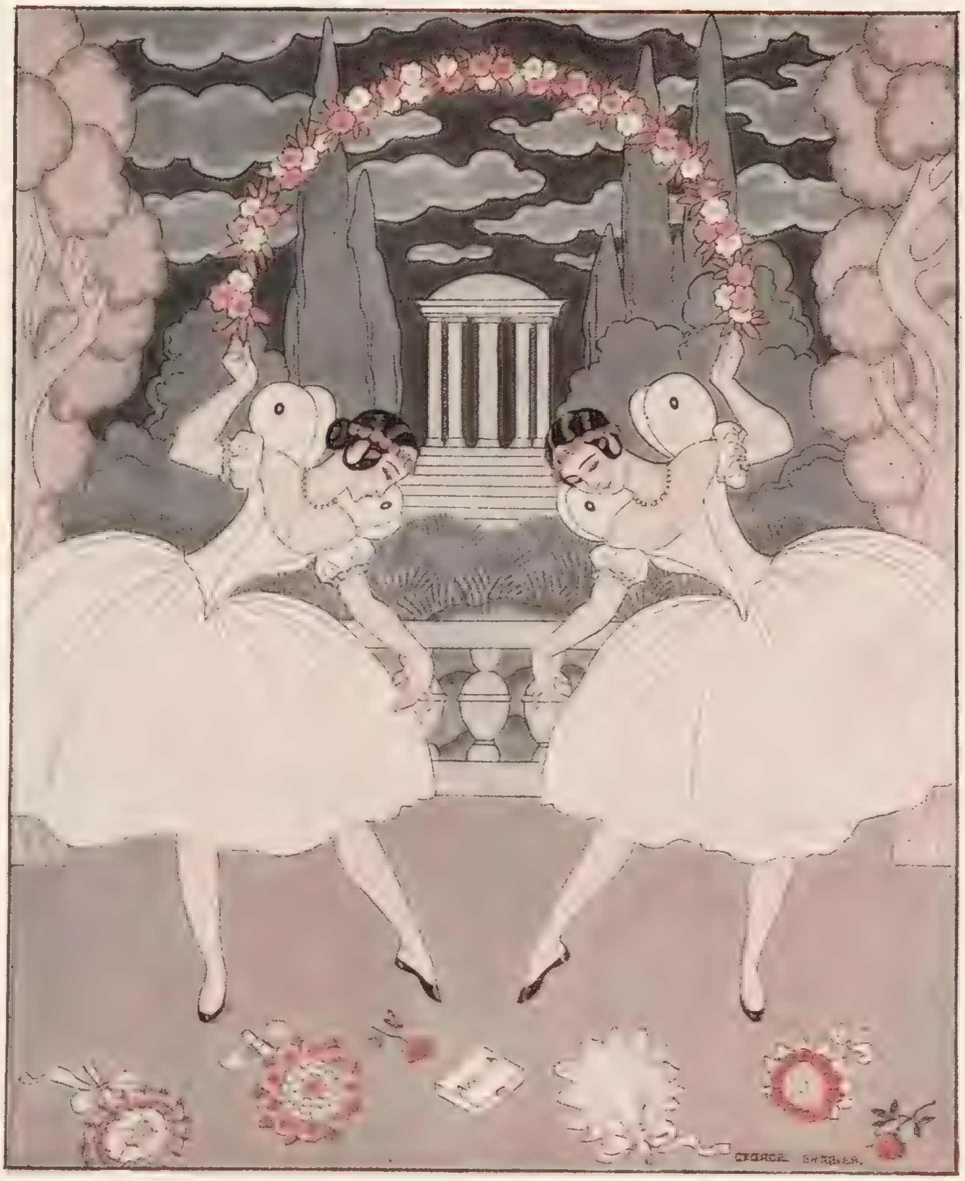

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F. R. Holmes.

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Service Advertising. C.

The £ s. d. of Sport

(Continued from page 31)

sport of coursing. Indeed, in the more orthodox forms of sport, the owners and their dogs are often divorced by a chasm, occupied by handlers, trainers, slippers and judges. It is, none the less, the oldest of all field sports. And when one thinks of that other side of coursing, where we meet in the sharp-set morning of a November day, after a farmhouse breakfast, and run and pant, jump and burst, after greyhounds that follow their hare over fen and dyke, over down and stone wall, up hillside and down scree, we must admit at the end of it that there has been a certain element of dash and danger, of lep and go which is lacking on the football field.

Golf is not a sport. It is a pastime. Its one useful function, so far as I see it—and I speak as a non-golfing barbarian—is that it keeps a great many unbeautiful people herded together on comparatively small and inaccessible areas of ground. This will evoke protest. But let us consider the possibility of meeting a battalion of suburban golfers, clad in plus fours of the appropriately eloquent shade, jumpers, leather jackets and "cads' socks," marching down our favourite country roads. It does not bear contemplation.

Yet we have to admit that these unlovely hordes spend a very considerable amount of money each year upon the pursuit of their own peculiar pastime. Indeed, probably no other pastime circulates so much money. Therefore, from the point of view of economics, golf is bound to claim its due share of merit.

And furthermore—and even more to the point—when our Radical legislators point the finger of contumely at the pheasant coverts of Norfolk, we may legitimately retort that equal, if not larger, areas of ground are devoted to the less profitable propagation of the flying white ball. You can grow pheasants in a wood and sell the wood after you have shot or eaten the pheasants—but you cannot play golf among trees or eat golf balls.

And so we come back to the original point of this article, the moneys that are spent annually upon sports and pastimes. I quoted the figure of £40,000,000 for racing. Obviously it is impossible to give detailed statistics for that sum, because no such statistics have ever been compiled. But when we consider that there are over 700 racehorse owners in this country, that more than 3,750 racehorses are in training in this country, that something like 300,000 men are employed directly or indirectly thereby, and that it has been estimated that £20,000,000 per year changes hands in bets on horse races run annually in this country, it is not far short of the mark to say that at least £20,000,000 per year is spent annually on racing.

Incidentally the Racecourse Betting Control Board, father of that monstrous infant the "Tote," estimates with its customary light-hearted optimism that the annual betting turnover is £200,000,000! Wiser men put it at £20,000,000 at the lowest.

It has been estimated that it costs at the very lowest, £250 per year to feed and train a racehorse. In addition to that initial expenditure it must be remembered that each racehorse contributes something towards the annual national bills for railway freight, entry fees, upkeep of racecourse and the wages of grooms and helpers, quite apart from the sums of money that are spent on fodder, saddlery, boots, clothes, spurs and a dozen and one smaller details.

As for hunting, there are in England and Wales no fewer than 396 packs of staghounds, foxhounds, draghounds, harriers, beagles, otterhounds and basset hounds. This means an approximate total of 8,925 couples of hounds, and, from a financial point of view, these figures mean that the amount of money spent in feeding hounds alone amounts to a considerable annual figure, say, £5,000. All that money is of direct benefit to the countryside, particularly to the farmer, the miller, the corn merchant and the horse slaughterer.

At least 595 hunt servants are employed by the various hunts at wages of from two pounds per week upwards. This total simply includes whips and huntsmen. But in addition there are the kennelmen, feeders, fleshcartmen, grooms, blacksmiths, strappers, helpers and others who are almost entirely employed by hunting. It is not overestimating the case to say that these men number between seven and eight thousand.

Hunting, horses and hounds are their livelihood, the only trade they know, and if hunting were to cease they would starve. And from this point of view it is worth noting that hunt servants are not insured under the Unemployment Insurance scheme.

In addition to the wages of such men we have to take into consideration the letting of houses and hunting boxes, the living expenses of those who live in the country only to hunt, the money spent with tailors, whip makers, boot makers, hatters, saddlers, spurriers and others who benefit almost entirely from hunting. Then there is the expenditure on corn and fodder bills, on hay and straw, oats and beans. It is a large total, and one which often means, in the hunting country, all the difference to a farmer between profit and loss.

As a side issue from hunting, we have to consider the hunter breeding industry. On an average, three thousand eight hundred hunter foals are bred each season. Each one has to be broken, made, attended to, shod and probably sold, thereby giving employment to a section of a community which might, at a conservative estimate, be put at 25,000 persons. Also, on an average, we breed 536 Welsh ponies each year, and approximately a hundred polo ponies.

The polo ponies, although comparatively limited in number, are the backbone of a small and highly prosperous industry. They are the most expensive type of pony bred in this country and may cost a good many hundreds of guineas each, according to quality. Polo itself is a terribly expensive game and distributes probably £100,000 per year, in the form of wages, sales, railway freight (a heavy item), the upkeep of grounds and the heavy ratable values of such clubs as Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, where you have large areas of extremely valuable land within the confines of London.

If we take into consideration all these figures, we shall find that hunting and polo, directly or indirectly, benefit the country to the extent of at least £15,000,000 per year. Such assets are surely far too valuable lightly to be cast aside.

In some districts such as the Shires and the West, the abolition of hunting would, of course, mean almost complete financial paralysis in many towns and villages.

With regard to racing, the figures are so enormous that it is by no means easy to define the exact amounts apportionable to the many branches of the sport. It is not so much a sport as a national business, for on an average at least four thousand foals are bred every season, of which about fifteen hundred win races. Practically all the four thousand run on the racecourse and thus are responsible for the payment of entry fees. In addition at least seven hundred yearlings are bred for the sales at Doncaster and Newmarket. A fair average estimate of the amount of money turned over by the bloodstock sales, both at Doncaster and Newmarket, is at least £300,000. That is without taking into consideration the amount of money spent on stallion fees.

More than thirty-five thousand people are employed either in racing stables, in studs, on the racecourse or on the executive side. Their wages and salaries amount to a figure probably approaching £300,000, if not more. Then we have to consider the tens of thousands of pounds directly distributed by racing in the many towns near which it takes place. On top of that come the thousands of railway and omnibus fares paid for by the race-going public. Thousands more contribute to the sales of petrol, oil, motor cars and motor horse boxes. It must be remembered that in England it is an accepted financial principle among shopkeepers, hotel keepers and others that you must always make racing people pay at least double for everything.

But apart from the purely financial aspect of the sport, it is important to bear in mind that the influence of the British thoroughbred horse is felt in every country in the world and every breeder has to come to us for fresh stock.

It is an actual fact that if once you take a horse away from England it begins to deteriorate. And England, strangely enough, is practically the only European country where owners of horses have to find the money—or nearly all of it—for which their horses run.

It certainly does not appear as though that gigantic bureaucratic fiasco, the Racecourse Betting Control Board, with its two million pound overdraft, is likely in the near future to contribute anything, beyond the erection of concrete mausoleums on our racecourses, towards the betterment of the sport.

With regard to the money distributed by cricket and football, I cannot find that any exact estimate has ever been arrived at. But one would be conservative in putting their joint annual financial turnover at between £5,000,000 and £7,000,000. They pay large sums in rates and taxes for their grounds. They receive large sums in gate money. They employ an appreciable proportion of the populace. A first-class football player is paid £8 per week for First Division play, and the gate money at any Arsenal match should be worth £2,000 per week.

Players are transferred from one club to another at enormous fees, as witness the recent pilgrimage of David Jack from Bolton Wanderers to the Arsenal at a price of just over £10,000. Then Alex James, as our daily newspapers did not fail to remind us, was transferred from Preston North End to the Arsenal at £9,000. The players receive a small percentage of these fees.

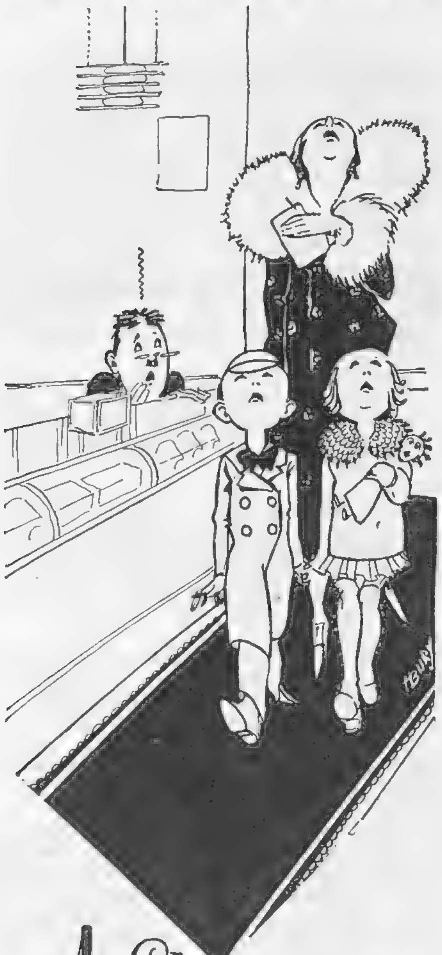
In first-class cricket the professionals are paid £11 per match, and play usually in two matches a week, not more. The average gate money for a three-day professional match is from £150 to £200, taking into consideration the grounds all over the country. There are seventeen first-class counties who play three-day matches twice a week for sixteen to eighteen weeks in the year. So we shall not be far wrong if we estimate their average "gates" at from £5,000 to £6,000 per annum, and £10,000 in a Test year.

Sports and games may fairly claim therefore that, quite apart from their recognised qualities as training grounds for national manhood and morale, they are definitely national financial assets of the utmost importance.

Any further attempts to tax or penalise sports or games, whether they are indulged in by rich or poor, would be not only shortsighted, but definitely bad business. It is unmoral for politicians or cranks to discriminate between the claims of polo or football, hunting or golf. They are all alike the possession and heritage of the British nation. They must be judged alike and kept intact as a part of our national character which, perhaps more than any other, has contributed towards the enhancement and maintenance of British prestige throughout the world.

End

MADDENING MOMENTS



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There *and* Back Again

(Continued from page 19)

ever make a great actress; they only thought her "a great girl," but, like Miss Gladys Cooper, she became one in the end.

Well, we produced at Newark, New Jersey, which was unimportant except for the fact that I had my first and last "row" with Ivor, because he and Constance Collier accused me of slackness in my performance.

I dare say they were right, but I thought it ungrateful as I had made nearly all my clothes at home and painted my evening dress with spots to imitate a giraffe as the original one was lost, had again worn ungainly shoes and left a lasting impression that I was awkward and heavy.

Well, we came to New York and I got many boxes of flowers from my new-found friends and a beautiful jug full of winter daffodils from Billie with a letter: "Our great American public will love you as we all do."

Next morning I woke up and found myself *a star*; they said that I had "stolen the play" and lots of things which most actresses set down in detail; yet I merely felt that I had tricked them again, for it is a beautifully written comedy part.

The play succeeded well and we were just drifting into a nice monotonous success when by the merest chance through Rudolph Kommer, the bosom friend of Professor Reinhardt, I fell in with my opposite, a girl called Ethel Harriman Russell, who, like me, had a flair for doing "stunts" at parties.

We met. She had rich friends and a rich family. She is a niece of the still beautiful Mrs. Vanderbilt, but from various falling off of fortunes, she has to earn a living in order to keep up her charming existence in an apartment on the East River, where all the rich are now turning.

At tea facing the river's bridge and the sky scrapers, making a Valhalla of the middle distance, we rehearsed and laughed at each other's impersonations and decided to put them together; to try to be Nervo and Knox or, as some people described it, two Ruth Drapers, but, as I will tell later, it was not as easy as all that.

It changed my life. It made a great difference to me because it took me into the top social world of New York. I went to live in an apartment in her house, instead of in Ivor's, and I exchanged my stage friends gradually and unintentionally for American "Society."

There was great jealousy and at first an attempt to compromise. I used to drag her to stage parties, and she took me to lunch at the smart Colony Restaurant.

Americans are not snobbish about us stage people, but they are completely cut off from any but their own little set. Stage people do not like to be asked out outside their own gang, and if you do it, you are said to have "gone Society."

It made a difference and, I am sorry that that break came—it made me have to lead two lives, as it made me extravagant at times, and also it irritated Ivor. One night, I shall not easily forget.

New Year's Night—I had promised to spend the New Year actually on Broadway seeing the crowds and the dazzling lights with several of my stage friends; Leslie Banks, I think, was one, and Ivor, of course.

There was a rival party to which my partner (as she had then become) wished me to go. I was torn as usual between two friends. I wanted to be alone and sentimentalise about England, but my wants did not count.

Another night there was a great ball at the Astors—a heavenly party full of lovely frocks and forgotten pearls; Mrs. Astor looking like a startled but hospitable faun in a white dress with green velvet panels, but I left it for the theatre party where Noel Coward, Constance Collier and the Alfred Lunts were sitting in a tiny room talking of plays over chicken and gin with a breathless crowd of listeners—which is, of course, where I fit best; the other kind is for me sight-seeing—yet how pleasant, for one doesn't have to appear clever.

I was only ill once, in spite of the fact that I never got enough sleep and often slept on the floor of my dressing room or in the taxis that took me to and fro.

I had 'flu, caught at a horrible fortune teller's, whose room was alive with germs and all air was excluded. I did not get my own fortune told, but had to wait for a friend.

I woke with a temperature alone in my apartment, which was empty save for mattresses, a piano and flowers.

The famous Society doctor, where social life congregates from five to seven in the evening, sent me his best nurse with a spray of living iodine for the nose. I didn't stop working, but stayed in bed for two days and went to the doctor's clinic for the nose spray. It was agony, but I did get rid of it quickly, and it was very necessary as I had no understudy. My friend's maid came downstairs with deliciously-served chicken on pink and green cloths, and jugs of grape-fruit juice.

My next piece of personal history is that Ethel Borden and I had an offer to do our "Revue by two," as we called it, professionally at a club at Boston and at a theatre at Washington, where the Harriman family is all-powerful. This meant a great deal more work; it also meant going to the great Elizabeth Marbury (perhaps the most famous "play-broker" in the world), and doing some of the little scenes, to be criticised. She sat in her big chair, where so many famous stars have seen her, and admired us and scolded us by turns. We were going to be paid three hundred dollars between us, which she thought much too much for two beginners—she insisted on calling me a beginner, in spite of my twenty years' experience. "You girls have got to work," she repeated.

Ethel was quite new to it all and expected to walk on to the stage and *ad lib.* in her brilliant way, just as we did in drawing-rooms and on luncheon tables with friends.

I kept on saying, "You must rehearse; you must rehearse; nothing can be left to chance when people have paid for their seats and we are being paid to entertain them. We must be at least 50 per cent better than we have ever been before."

Ethel, the spoilt darling of American society, who raised laughter by her slightest speech or gesture when she came into a room crowded with her friends, had now to spend hours in a cold, dark theatre with me, repeating and repeating jokes light as air, with me "bossing" her, telling her not to speak with her face away from the stage, not to cross her feet when she went up stage—all the technicalities that it takes years to learn by experience she had to learn in a few weeks.

I, on the other hand, had no "boss," and was probably full of faults. Before our public performance, I got Clifton Webb, the most graceful of revue performers, to come and give me a few tips. He thought it good, but not quite good enough, and said that he and Noel Coward had discussed me, and decided that I had "genius without talent." That is what Lady Oxford had said—"a streak of genius." Well, I hope it's true, but such a very, very thin streak, I fear.

Ethel and I used to improvise the dialogues and monologues ourselves and have a stenographer to take them down; or, occasionally, to rush to a block and pencil and make notes ourselves. There were about twelve scenes, six monologues and six duologues.

The best was a scene in a wagon-lit, when she played a French woman (her French was superb), and I a very typical Englishwoman.

In one sketch we employed Hugo Rumbold to design us eighteenth-century costumes, which was very ambitious, but we thought we would "do the thing well."

As I look back on it, and forward to it again, I wonder that I had the courage to face a public that had seen Miss Ruth Draper and Miss Cornelia

(Continued on page 112)

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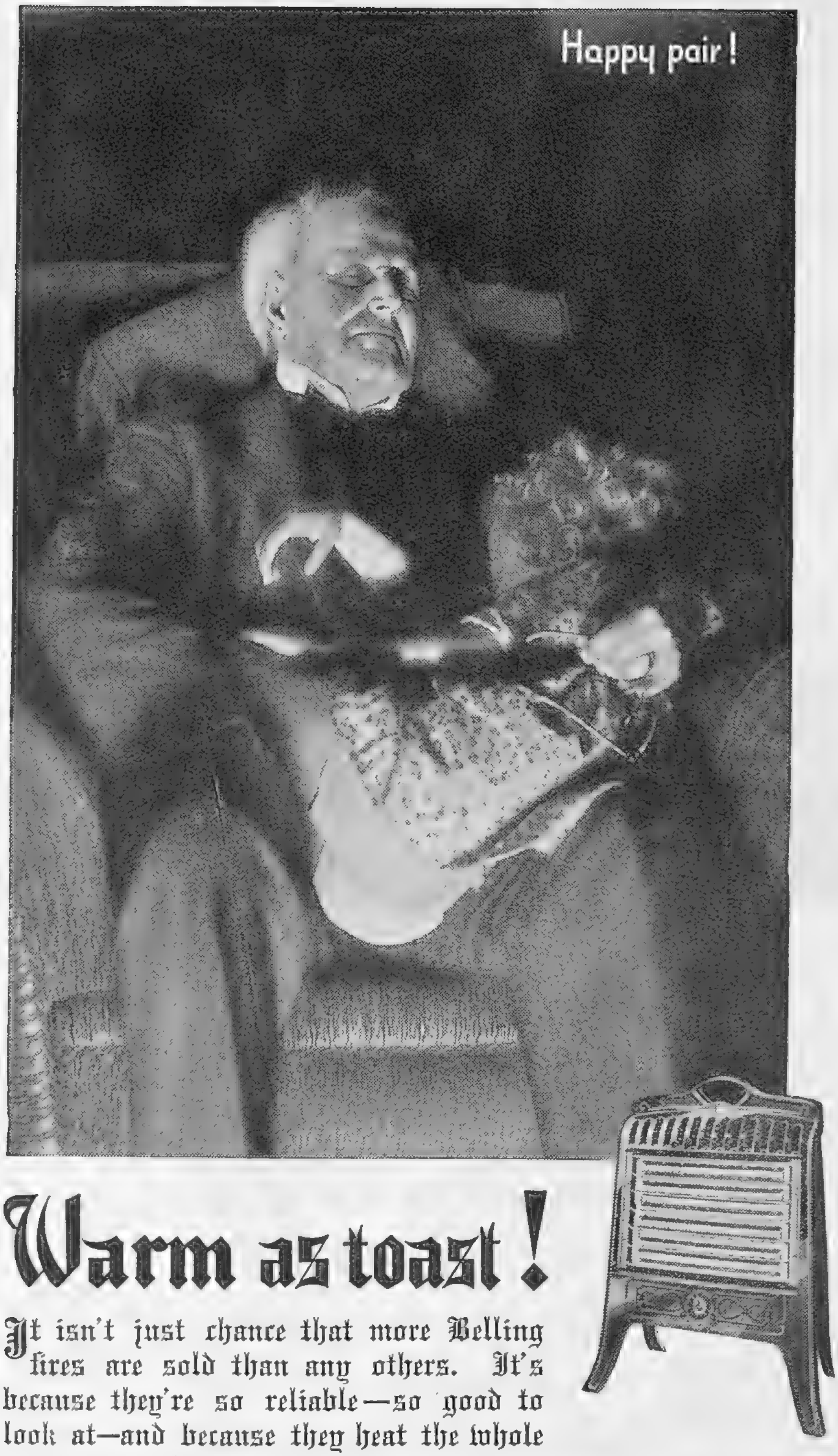

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Otis Skinner. Everyone said that our material was not so good, and I knew very well that where Ruth Draper was absolutely *the* person, I was making a burlesque and always showing " Viola " through it.

Ruth Draper gave a party for me and, I think in pure goodness of heart, asked us to do our " stunts " before some artists and critics. This was a ghastly failure, and Ethel, I must say, had been dead against our doing it. Ruth Draper's friends praised us with faint charm.

Well, we opened in Boston, Ethel's mother accompanying us by the night train. She was marvellous at securing candelabras and brocade so far from the local " gentry," and Ivor sent his manager, Gordon Gay, who had rehearsed us. He was a sweet creature, but too admiring and too frightened of me to deny me the impossible, for which I was always asking.

We went the following week to Washington. It was a " Good Companions " idea on a small and luxurious scale, and we did our best performance in Mrs. Vincent Astor's drawing-room, where the atmosphere was so flattering that we could not fail.

Mr. Gilbert Miller saw us and pronounced it " sensational." Mrs. Vanderbilt, Ethel's aunt, offered to finance us, if we would give up being " amateurs," as she called it and be properly directed and procure some really good sketches.

But sketches, I must tell you, are as difficult to get as the moon.

I can never describe what we went through; the worst mistake was made by me, when I came on in my one and only costume number as George Washington's A.D.C. in a complete uniform and a long black woman's skirt which I had forgotten to take off in the quick change at " black out."

That is the sort of happening which is the actor's nightmare. He dreams of these dreadful things, but in spite of the " happy-go-lucky-ness " of our job, they hardly ever happen.

OUR New York run ended in glory! Ivor and I ran in a deluge of rain all along Broadway to " catch " the last Act of " Tristan and Isolde." We were " in at " the Liebestodt—the death, in fact.

Lee Shubert had planned a long tour for us, ending up at Hollywood in June, where Ivor had a contract which he is now fulfilling; but very luke-warm houses at Boston and " Philly " discouraged the not too hot-footed Shuberts at once, and we were rather sadly disbanded, except, of course, Ivor, who went off in triumph to Hollywood with Billie Burke, who had contracts for two pictures.

There was an all-night sitting of Ethel and her mother and Mrs. Astor and Dr. Rudolph Kommer to decide what to do.

I could obviously not afford to live in New York without earning money, and was also panting to return home. Yet we wanted to keep our new " Act " going. Should we go in to Revue? Or to the music hall stage?

Billie Burke had several times implored Mr. Ziegfeld to have me—and she thought Ethel very clever, too, though she wasn't sure of her inexperience in so huge a theatre.

Though it is considered undignified to give what is known as " an audition " to managers when one is an established actress, our outfit was so new that I decided there was no better way if, indeed, I was to remain in New York at all.

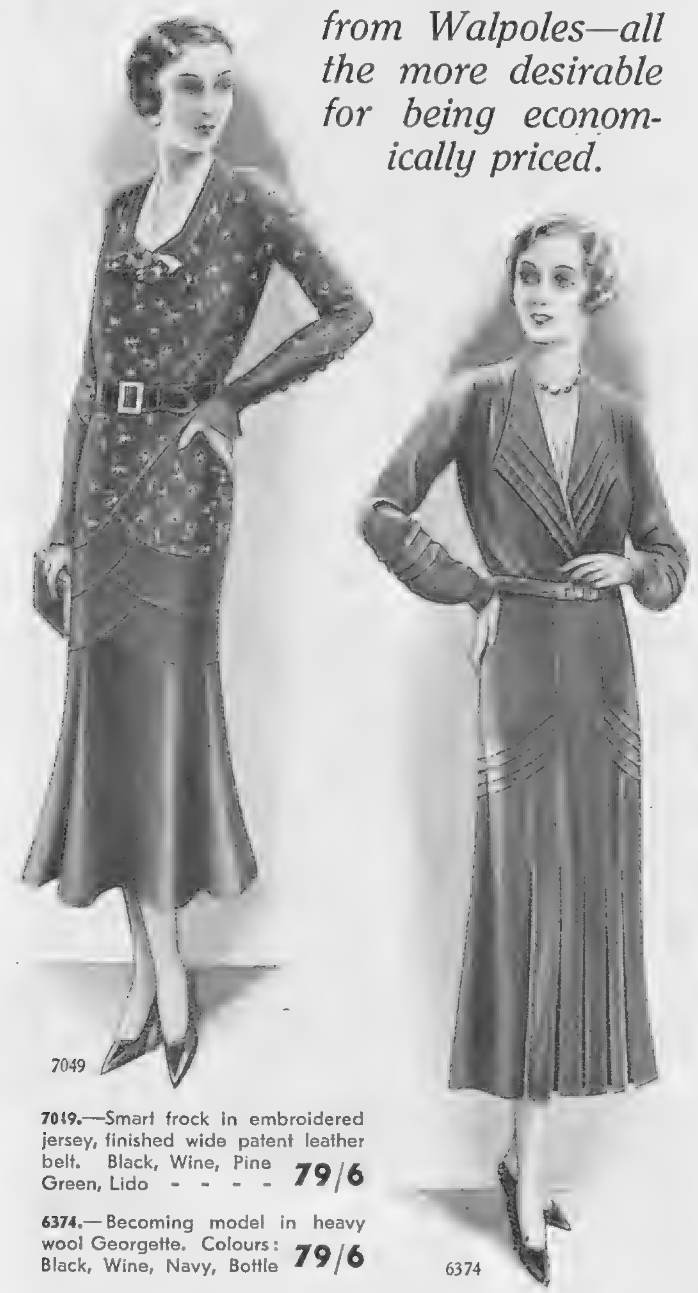
SO, one morning very early, with a box full of hats of all kinds, Paul Lennon, a sort of A.D.C. of ours, carrying a pail and scrubbing brush for me, Ethel's children's governess with the make-up box, Sam Walsh, a wonderful musician with a new song number and, in addition, a very rich and charming bunch of Ethel's friends in Rolls Royces, set out for the Ziegfeld Theatre.

We encamped on the huge Ziegfeld stage on benches, and then started, fully made up in the broad light of day, to do our " Act."

We did " the ladies in the train." Mr. Ziegfeld wandered (*Continued on page* 114)

Winter Needs—

Two smart frocks from Walpoles—all the more desirable for being economically priced.



7049.—Smart frock in embroidered jersey, finished wide patent leather belt. Black, Wine, Pine Green, Lido - - - - **79/6**

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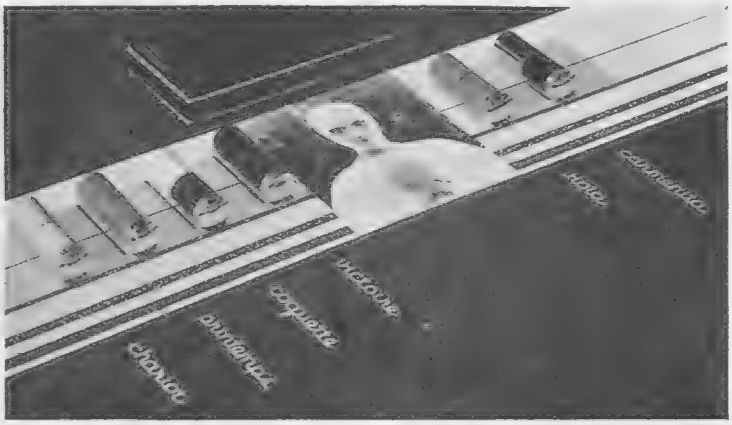
Elizabeth Arden's LIPSTICK ENSEMBLE enables **any** woman to wear **any** colour

- A leopard cannot change its spots, poor thing. How much more fortunate are those women who have discovered that they can change their personalities by using a different make-up to suit every mood and costume
- Important in this quick-change process is the new Elizabeth Arden Lipstick Ensemble, comprising six exquisitely tinted lipsticks, each in a charming case, assembled for convenience and accessibility in a black and silver box
- If you have always longed for a lipstick that was smooth, easy to apply, indelible, in just the right colour . . . and have concluded it was impossible to find this heavenly combination, then the new Arden lipsticks will renew your faith in life. For they are as smooth as a rose-petal . . . go on very easily . . . are *really* indelible . . . and the colours are enchanting



These are the new Arden lipstick shades — and costume colours they enhance:

CHARIOT (*Lacquer red case*)—Rich flame . . . a very youthful colour. Good with costumes of green, woody brown, black, and flame colour

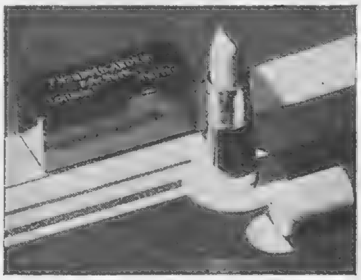
PRINTEMPS (*Fern-green case*)—Designed by Miss Arden for pastel frocks, and also to wear with cool greens, blues, and black and white

VICTOIRE (*All black case*)—Triumphant with a black gown! It is becoming to both blondes and brunettes

COQUETTE (*Black case with oyster white top*)—A deep red, with raspberry, wine tones. A dashing touch for the woman who likes a definite make-up

VIOLA (*Blue case*)—There is a hint of violet in this . . . just enough to make it perfect for wear with blue

CARMENITA (*Black case with silver top*)—Darker than Viola, and more likely to be the choice of brunettes, who will wear it with most dark colours



- The new Arden Lipstick may be had in six enchanting shades. The Ensemble, containing all six shades, is 32s. 6d. individual lipsticks, 6s. 6d. each

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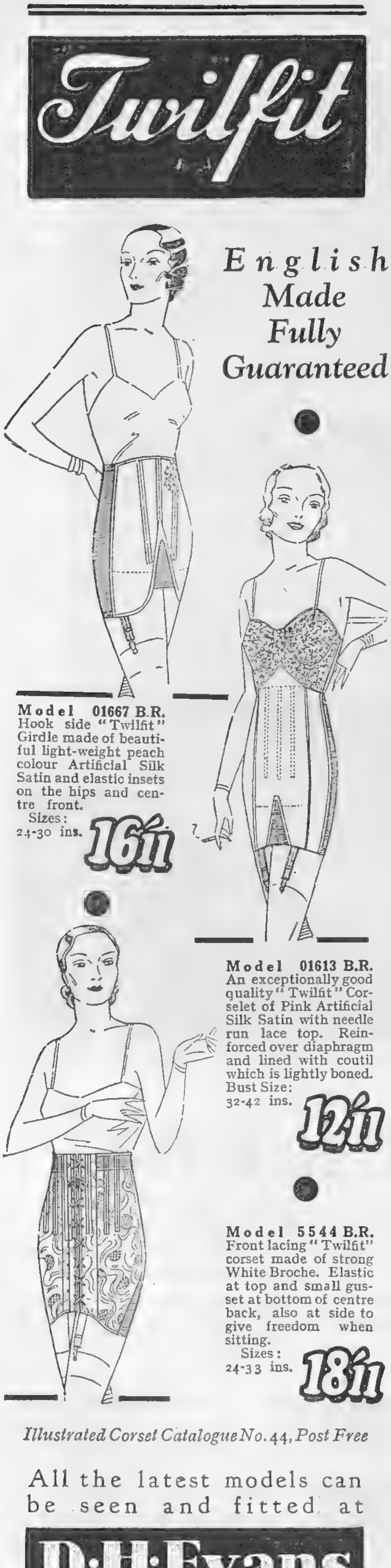
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Model 01667 B.R. Hook side "Twilfit" Girdle made of beautiful light-weight peach colour Artificial Silk Satin and elastic insets on the hips and centre front.
Sizes: 24-30 ins. 16/11

Model 01613 B.R. An exceptionally good quality "Twilfit" Corselet of Pink Artificial Silk Satin with needle run lace top. Reinforced over diaphragm and lined with coutil which is lightly boned. Bust Size: 32-42 ins. 12/11

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far away, "silent upon a peak in Darien," with his cigar at the back of the stalls.

Then Ethel did her French sketch alone: then I did my Billingsgate woman, and Ethel inundated me, in an excess of zeal, with a pail of strong soap-suds. I then did a burlesque dance which went marvellously with Mr. Ziegfeld. I had clicked. Ethel was taken on at once for her personality and her French, so we thought ourselves in clover.

THE rehearsals started well. The hot weather began and we wore gardenias in our black suits. Ethel bought a brand new car and I bounced about and climbed out of windows into the sun. The chorus girls were speechless, but quite beautiful, and I rehearsed my burlesque dance in black pyjama trousers and my Grand Guignol play in French with a skirt over the pyjamas.

Perhaps it was my curious indifference to my appearance that put them off, or my utter inability to swank, at all events, in *their* way, I began to be pushed on one side. The sketch I was rehearsing I knew was desperately improper and not very funny and, of course, before long it was cut out. I prayed for a number, and a nice Englishman wrote me a tune to *They're Changing Guard at Buckingham Palace* out of a book by A. A. Milne. Ziegfeld had a magnificent "set" of Buckingham Palace and I thought it a great opportunity for me. But he wouldn't listen to it. The cavalcade started for Pittsburg full of hope. A boiling night, a train full of beautiful girls and very speak-easy young men. In the carriage next us Reri, the Tahitian girl, clad only in a chemise and covered with flowers, sang and played as she would in her native land.

Ethel and I behaved in what I thought was rather a dull way; that is, we went to sleep, I in the upper, she in the lower berth.

In the night I heard footsteps running backwards and forwards, and an agonised voice of the Frenchman, who was acting as her protector, crying: "Reri! Reri, où es tu?" Où, indeed?

But a train is a train, and apart from this strange night, the company behaved with perfect dignity, and the girls had charming manners—and were utterly virtuous.

Pittsburg, I remembered, was the place where Duse died—the great Duse! And I thought to myself, "This is an unlucky place. If Duse died, I most certainly will wilt."

I had nothing to do at all but appear in a Night Club scene and say, "Just too clevah!" in an English voice. Mr. Ziegfeld had by then turned the light of his countenance from me and I never got a hearing.

I told him that I would like to ride an elephant, would even fall off an elephant in the cause of Art, but nothing would induce him to listen. His gaze was fixed, purely, I make no doubt, but unremittingly, on the legs and faces of the hundreds of beautiful girls. These were very sweet to me, and so were the "male chorus" boys, who were composed of young men with really magnificent voices. They used to pat my hands and say, "Poor Miss Tree, we are so sorry for you." I was always hanging about and never catching anyone's eye. Of course, I often used to see the humour of it, but at other times I did not, and it made me angry and want to punch people in the eye. My poor partner, Ethel, who had managed to smile herself into three little parts in the show, got the worst of it, as I was worse tempered with her than with anyone; for now she was so up, and I was so down—she who had hung on my words!

The loveliest girl was Gladys Glad, the Queen of the Follies, who made great friends with Ethel. Marie Stevens, also an exquisite girl, who came often to our room to have sandwiches, and poor Helen Walsh, who was burnt to death in a motor boat belonging to the leading man (who detested me), Harry Richman . . .

Then one night I tried my dance. I had no faith in it; it was very subtle, an imitation of a German futuristic dancer. The audience smiled but did not laugh. I told Mr. Ziegfeld I would like to see him in the morning. I had never spoken to him once since rehearsals started. We were both too shy. He didn't face it, and wrote: "Last night must have convinced you beyond any possible doubt that it would be ruinous to your standing in your theatrical career to go to N.Y. with the material you have, and I regret that it is too late to do anything about it . . . However, you are not just an actress engaged by me for a show . . . you are a friend of Billie's . . . I like you very much personally . . . I know so well what a Follies audience expect. Your style of humour is entirely too subtle for them." So there was nothing for me to do—but go.

It is awful when you are up against such slow-grinding mills. Perhaps he was right, and though tall in person and loud in voice I may perhaps be a thumb-nail artist.

After a night of real unhappiness, because I felt attached to the show for which, against the opinion of every living soul, I predicted a success, I decided to leave straight away.

Ethel Borden sent me off to her mother's lovely garden in Washington, where I spent a suitable retreat, tilling the soil and making new paths for an Italian garden. It was divinely hot and I avoided tears or nerve storms, but Pittsburg will always be a sort of little bar sinister on my escutcheon.

END

The *Courtenay* Rebellion

(*Continued from page* 37)

The farmer had said his last word on the subject, for, drawing away to the chimney corner, he drank his ale in silence. The old woman got up off her chair and went feebly towards the door. Kingsnorth left some money on the table and hastened after her. They passed out of the Red Lion together, and away up a starlit road, over fields where the dew lay dank and chill, and a wood where owls called weirdly till at last the grey tower of a country church rose up against the night sky, and they stood beside the broken yew with the rough grave beneath.

Now Parson Kingsnorth lost the eloquence that had given him a London pulpit, as he talked there to the old rebel in a simple, brooding way. "God knows that it was all wrong, the idleness, the fighting and the burying, yet in the whole cruel business there was something sublime. I know that no bad man lies in this grave, but only a great lover whose splendid pity spoilt his brain before it broke his heart. So I stand here, and speak out, and lay the bitter blame on those men who in the beginning wantonly imprisoned him, and on those men who denied the rudiments of schooling to the village, and on those men who committed the sin of ordering his burial with the half-rites of the Church. But there are miracles and miracles, my dear soul," he ended, "and God Himself has promised that those who give a cup of water in His Name shall nowise lose their reward."

When Kingsnorth took a book from his coat, and stood beside the grave, a humble heart and a worldly heart had understood each other, for he knew that he had loosed some desperate thought in her, and she knew that he would never let her cottage roof fall in. The old village woman rubbed her stiff knees and knelt down on the earth, and her soul was not inarticulate any more. The stars blinked softly down on two still figures, and the wind blew through the churchyard and the white clouds drifted on, while, in the silent, wonderful May night, Parson Kingsnorth read, with unmaimed rites, the Burial for the Dead.

END

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The GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP at Stoke Poges

Miss Nancy van Zwannenberg and Miss Josephine Spiers

Some of the girls at Stoke Poges

Miss Diana Taylor and Miss Peggy Grant

Cups for Two: Miss Pauline Doran (left) with the Girls' Championship Cup and replica, and Miss Dorrit Wilkins with the Stoke Court Cup

The Whitfeld Twins, Peggy (left) and Betty

Miss Mervyn Barton and her sister Pam, the youngest competitor — and one of the longest

Miss Pauline Doran again and Miss Dorrit Wilkins

By ELEANOR E. HELME

IT is a very pleasant fact that competitors in the Girls' Championship, whether they win or they lose, always seem to enjoy themselves and to have a real affection for the event. Old girls are apt to come back for the meeting of the Girls' Golfing Society on the day before, and then to stay on for the pleasure of watching the present girls struggling with those problems that were theirs such a short time ago.

The sympathy of the crowd is divided between youngest competitors and those who have reached the sad moment of the last Girls' Championship before they are too old. This year there was a great mingling of young and old, the youngest of all, in the person of Miss Pam Barton, hitting the ball farther than anybody else. The second youngest, Miss Pauline Doran, managed by pluck and good golf to hold on to her title, and then at the other end of the scale Miss Dorrit Wilkins, who was one of the oldest, was runner-up again and only just failed to reverse her 1930 result with Miss Doran.

There was any amount of good golf played by other competitors, and played in good style, notably by Miss Peggy Grant of Furness, Miss Betty Roberts-Harris of Broxbourne, Miss Pears of Walmley, and Miss Betty Taylor of Hadley Wood.

The days are quite gone by when it was possible to dismiss the Girls' Championship as of no importance or its chief stars as unlikely to shine in any other firmament than the limited one of Stoke Poges. There were plenty of girls there this year who ought to be a help to their county teams and get any amount of pleasure out of first-class golf, even if none of them rise to the heights suggested by Miss Molly Gourlay when she gave away the prizes and reminded them that Mme. Lacoste (Simone de la Chaume), Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Diana Fishwick had all of them won the Girls' Championship as a prelude to winning the Open. Apart from actual honours, the Girls' Championship does give players a start in the world of golf; gives them, moreover, friends who adventure with them so that they do not have to take the plunge alone for their first Open or Close championship. And if they carry on the splendid good sportsmanship which makes light of a beating and not too much of a success there will be nothing but welcome for them when the fatal birthday comes and they are "too old at 19."

ONE of the biggest factors, after the kindly welcome of Stoke Poges, has always been the good time which the girls are given at Stoke Court Country Club, where many of them stay, and now Stoke Court have even given a beautiful challenge cup which will reward each year the girl staying there who goes farthest in the championship. This year it fell very worthily to Miss Dorrit Wilkins, whose name is a thoroughly sound one with which to start the decoration of the plinth.

In a year when weather has been uniformly bad for all the big golfing events the Girls' Championship will stand out as unique for being blessed with three perfect days of sunny stillness. But the course was heavy, so that Miss Doran's three over fours for the third round match, in which she beat Miss Betty Roberts-Harris 5 and 4, represented very good going, just as Miss Fishwick's 79 had done when she won the Girls' Golfing Society scratch and handicap trophies two days earlier. One of the best performances of the first round was the way in which Miss Betty Taylor pulled her match out of the fire to beat Miss Kathleen Merry 2 and 1 after losing the first four holes. Miss Peggy Grant started with the same run of wins from Miss Diana Taylor, but Miss Grant held on to her lead successfully. So did Miss Spiers against Miss Nancy Van Zwannenberg, and Miss Estelle Hough won a great match one up from Miss Kathleen McKenzie.

The second round was remarkable for two matches to the 20th hole. In one of them Miss Morgan, making unfortunately a last as well as a first appearance, beat the elder Miss Barton, getting a three at that 20th to do it. And in the other Miss Doran disposed of Miss Pears, to whom she had offered early chances which were refused through inexperience. But Miss Pears looks as though she had a golfing future before her. The better of the Whitfeld twins put up a good fight against Miss Wilkins, but Miss Spiers was not at her best against Miss Horsburgh, nor Miss Aline de Gunzbourg against Miss Betty Taylor, whilst Miss Grant, Miss Betty Whitfeld and Miss Roberts-Harris respectively were distinctly too good for Miss Hough, Miss Cox and Miss Barton.

THE next morning it did Miss Morgan great credit to take Miss Dorrit Wilkins to the last green. Miss Betty Taylor always had the measure of Miss Horsburgh whom she beat by 5 and 3, Miss Betty Whitfeld unexpectedly found Miss Grant completely off her game and so won by 4 and 2, and Miss Doran, as aforesaid, disposed of Miss Roberts-Harris.

In the semi-finals Miss Wilkins's beautiful putting was the deciding factor, to the extent of 4 and 2, against Miss Betty Taylor, and Miss Doran's short game, too, was responsible for her beating Miss Betty Whitfeld by 3 and 1, though the latter had many brilliant moments. Miss Wilkins dominated the first part of the final by reason of her beautiful approach putting. Miss Doran's golf was not itself in that round until she hit a very fine shot to the 7th. That put heart into her, whilst Miss Wilkins destroyed her own confidence by a self-laid stymie at the 11th, after which her putting deserted her, and Miss Doran, taking her chances well, was able to win by 2 and 1. Neither player has great length, but in their short game and in their pluck both have assets which may be of even greater use. Both well deserved their success.

The Craig Cup was won by Miss Josephine Spiers after a tie with Miss P. Whitfeld and Miss Nancy Van Zwannenberg, and Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Grant were the successful chaperones.

THE ENGLISH
CLOSE CHAMPIONSHIP
Congratulations to
Miss Morgan, the winner, and
Miss Gourlay, the runner-up

The "Britannia and Eve" AUTUMN FOURSOMES: Ranelagh and Roehampton

The Roehampton Winners
Miss D. M. Hardie (Yarmouth and Caister) and Mrs. C. H. Parry (New Hanger Hill), who beat Mrs. Elliott Batt and Miss I. Dove at the 20th

For Ranelagh winners see page 130. The Autumn Foursomes will be fully described and illustrated in next month's issue.

THE ECONOMICAL GOLFER

What to do Without

ECONOMY is the cry of the moment, and golf and golfers must needs suffer with the rest of the community. How to play golf economically is a very burning topic. It is surprising how quickly you can become accustomed to carrying your own clubs, and if it is not possible to take quite such an imposing array of irons numbering one, two, three, four, five, six, and so on, the intelligent golfer will be surprised to find how many (*Continued on page* 130)

THE "EVE" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the September Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S
Mrs. B. Shaw	Huddersfield	83	17	66	77	11 Below
Miss A. M. Bates	Congleton	78	15	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. H. W. Gill	Cooden Beach	85	15	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. Heaton	Clacton-on-Sea	87	18	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. R. H. Handiman	Hesketh	77	6	71	76	5 ,,
Miss Joan I. Smith	Lancaster	85	15	70	75	5 ,,
Miss D. M. Dawes	Northampton	88	17	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. G. A. Carter	Trentham	86	16	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Richardson	Harrogate	77	8	69	74	5 ,,
Miss B. Smith	Bramall Park	77	5	72	76	4 ,,
Miss J. Jack	Hazel Grove	90	18	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. H. L. Flint	Sherwood Forest	88	16	72	76	4
Mrs. W. W. Burton	Greenway	80	8	72	76	4 ,,
Miss M. M. Frame	Hamilton	91	16	75	79	4 ,,
Mrs. W. R. Palmer	Delamere Forest	88	17	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. Sparrow	Seacroft	77	5	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. A. Spence	Horsforth	82	10	72	76	4 ,,
Miss E. P. Waddington	Lancaster	90	18	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. G. T. Tate	Sherwood Forest	86	13	73	76	3
Mrs. S. James	Sale	89	17	72	75	3
Mrs. W. Shipley	Great Yarmouth	86	15	71	74	3
Mrs. Slater	Fairhaven	90	16	74	77	3 ,,
Mrs. D. Smyth	Cooden Beach	79	6	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. M. O'Brien	Chesterfield	76	5	71	73	2 ,,
Miss E. Goldsworth	Birkdale	89	16	73	75	2 ,,
Miss G. Evans	West Bowling	85	14	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. C. P. Weber	Frilford Heath	83	10	73	75	2 ,,
Miss P. M. Morris	Cirencester	86	12	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. M. Ryden	Wilpshire	86	14	72	74	2
Miss A. Reynolds	Sale	91	18	73	75	2

CLASS II (Handicaps of over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S
Mrs. Brierley	Camberley Heath	93	31	62	75	13 Below
Miss D. Johnson	Carlisle City	85	21	64	75	11 ,,
Miss G. Harrison	Bradley Hall	94	30	64	75	11 ,,
Mrs. E. Flintoff	Leamington	86	25	61	71	10 ,,
Mrs. C. H. Douglas	Wanstead	95	30	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. Pownall	Bury	99	34	65	74	9 ,,
Miss M. Foster	Dudley	99	34	65	74	9
Mrs. H. Lovett	Radcliffe-on-Trent	96	29	67	76	9
Miss D. Tweedale	Manchester	102	33	69	77	8 ,,
Mrs. A. G. Hopper	Manchester	88	19	69	77	8 ,,
Mrs. D. S. Paton	Stanton-on-the-Wold	99	35	64	72	8 ,,
Miss Cottam	Wilmslow	102	36	66	74	8
Mrs. T. S. Nuthall	Beeston Fields	97	31	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Goodman	Camberley Heath	104	36	68	75	7 ,,
Miss R. M. F. Watts	Ryde	99	36	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. L. David	Swansea Bay	95	27	68	75	7 ,,
Miss K. Pengelly	Came Down	101	32	69	76	7 ,,
Miss M. Urquhart	Lanark	104	33	71	78	7 ,,
Miss K. Coghlan	Rosslare	95	28	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. F. Burrows	Hazel Grove	100	30	70	76	6 ,,
Miss E. Bardsley	Hesketh	105	35	70	76	6 ,,
Miss S. E. Gill	Saltburn	93	29	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. Mansell	Ringway	92	24	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. H. Greenwood	Sherwood Forest	98	28	70	76	6 ,,
Miss N. Needham	Horsforth	106	36	70	76	6 ,,
Miss M. H. Steele	Irvine	103	32	71	77	6 ,,
Mrs. F. Snape	Sandmoor	93	24	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. J. Lambie	Olton	92	24	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. C. Atkey	Rushcliffe	85	19	66	71	5 ,,
Miss K. M. Whelan	Rosslare	90	21	69	74	5 ,,

"Britannia & Eve" in 1932

April 5 to 8. Northern Foursomes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes.

April 21. One Day Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill.

Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay in the week preceding the Scottish Championship.

Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges and Autumn Foursomes to be announced later

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

THE "EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading Results for Sept.

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage
Langholm	68	50	73.52
Ryde	67	44	65.67
Cowes	42	25	59.61
Thonock	80	10	12.50
Sherwood Forest	145	4	2.76
Hockley	80	2	2.50
Bramall Park	123	3	2.33
Manchester	146	3	2.08
Hazel Grove	100	2	2.00
West Bowling	100	2	2.00
Ringway	156	3	1.92
Chislehurst	119	2	1.68
Macclesfield	63	1	1.58
Cooden Beach	130	2	1.53
Clacton-on-Sea	70	1	1.43
Camberley Heath	140	2	1.43
Hesketh	140	2	1.43
South Shields	149	2	1.34
Sale	150	2	1.34
Chesterfield	78	1	1.28
Lancaster	161	2	1.24
Birkdale	168	2	1.16
Great Yarmouth and Caister	84	1	1.12
Dudley (Worcestershire)	94	1	1.06
Swansea Bay	100	1	1.00
Trentham	100	1	1.00

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Percentage.
Langholm	53.96
Ryde	50.82
Thonock	33.70
Cowes	26.83
Trentham	4.40
La Moye	3.77

SHOTS OF THE MONTH:

Holes in One

"Britannia and Eve" has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one:—

Mrs. Mary Lane	8th, Worsley
Mrs. Matthews	1st, Nuneaton
Mrs. J. W. Stokes	4th, La Moye
Mrs. D. Smyth	10th, Cooden Beach
Mrs. Macaulay	10th, Furness
Miss E. Muriel Reid	4th, Pitlochry

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **NOVEMBER**

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..........................*of which I am a member.*

A SPECIAL CANTEEN OF MAPPIN & WEBB'S SPOONS & FORKS

at a very special price

Mappin and Webb's Spoons, Forks and Cutlery are made throughout at the Company's own Sheffield Manufactory and sold direct to the Public at MANUFACTURER'S PRICES. The Polished Oak Canteen illustrated contains a full service of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery, and combines the utmost in utility with moderation in price.

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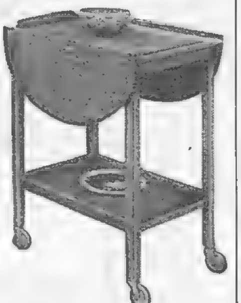
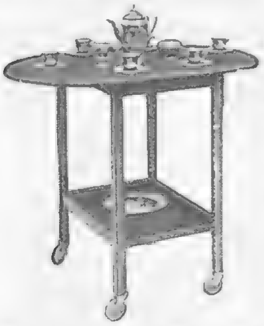
The "All-Purpose" Wagon

When the flaps are down, flanges prevent china and glass from slipping off. Made in two heights: ordinary table height, 2 ft. 7 in. high; lounge table height, 2 ft. 1 in. high, suitable for serving tea from a lounge chair or settee.





When opened as a Table the flanges fit down into grooves in the top, leaving a perfectly smooth oval surface, 2 ft. by 3 ft.

Prices, either height, mounted on 3 in. rubber castors:

Oak.. .. .. £2. 5.0
Mahogany .. £3. 3.0
Figured Walnut £4.10.0

If with baize-lined drawer 15/- extra.

Carriage on Country Orders, 2/6 extra. Carriage Scotland and North of Ireland, 5/- extra.

Write for free pattern cards of artificial silk repp, 49 ins, wide, 3/6 per yard, guaranteed fadeless. Saxony Wilton Carpet 6/11 per yard. Both British and best.

Write for our Booklet—"The Charm of Style."

WM.
SPRIGGS
& Co., Ltd.
Complete House Furnishers,
238, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

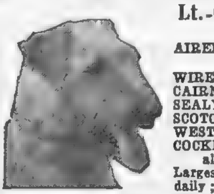
Stay at English Resorts this Winter

Mr. Snowden's urgent appeal to "winter" in England is significant that the country needs everyone's support in her great financial crisis.

Bournemouth offers an unrivalled winter programme of Entertainment, Recreation and Sport—with charming coastal and inland scenery, unrivalled hotel facilities and tariffs.

Write for Winter literature and Guide free from the Town Clerk, Room 76a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

Winter at
BOURNEMOUTH
"Where Summer Winters"



Lt.-Col. Richardson's
Pedigree
AIREDALES. (For House Protection).
WIRE FOX
CAIRNS
SEALYHAMS
SCOTCH
WEST HIGHLAND
COCKERS, black also red.
} For Companions or Exhibition.
Largest selection on view daily;—Clock House, Byfleet, Surrey, or seen London. Export all parts.
Telephone: Byfleet 274.

Paradise Calling!

(Continued from page 73)

AND it was nearly three months after hearing her, a young and eager bride, murmur it so tearfully on Victoria Station before the blessed pass-phrase was used again.

He, himself, said it then.

What a night that was! The night of their reconciliation. Ogle lit a cigarette and his kind, red-brown dog-like eyes became filmy with emotion.

It was on this night, too, that he did something he couldn't remember doing since he was a small boy.

He got out of bed, their bed, and, kneeling by the side of it, prayed. Prayed hard.

Happiness he didn't ask for. He merely prayed that he might again believe in his Mabel.

Ogle never forgot her shocked face when she switched on the bed-lamp and discovered what he was doing.

"*Marten!*" she cried. "*Don't!* I can't bear it. Come back to bed at once."

She sat up, clutching at her breasts as if on the verge of hysteria. But how virginal and sweet she was! Just like a little girl. He had to be very, very gentle with her.

Well, it was the first time since their wedding day that she'd called him Marten. He remembered how his heart leapt at the sound of it. It was the night, too, when their marriage was consummated, and notwithstanding the astounding fact that they had shared the same nuptial bed since her return from Malta.

Not many men could say that for themselves. The couple of chaps at Lombard's he was really pally with would have flatly refused to believe any man capable of such restraint. And they would have cackled, perhaps, if he'd been fool enough to open up about his queer matrimonial troubles.

It hadn't, of course, been so much his restraint as her restraint. If ever there'd been a cold bride it was Mabel. But he was not the man to take an unwilling wife. He loved her too much for that.

That night, though, ended all his misery. Their mutual coldness and unkindness melted away like frost in the sunlight. Their five years of miraculous happiness dated from the moment he arose from his knees.

Never again did he implore of her, so vainly, "Yes, darling, but *why* didn't you want to come home more quickly? What had these people to do with you that you couldn't leave them? And this Lieutenant Laird chap, why did *he* hang around, if he was going home to be married? I should have thought that both of you, to say the very least, would have put a bit of speed on just then.

"Nothing would have kept me from you, Mabel . . . nothing. . . ."

Why, there'd been previous nights when he would awaken in the small hours, with Mabel asleep beside him like a log, and come out in a cold sweat of pure conviction that his bride in name only had already given herself to some other man—*in Sicily*.

Nothing he could do could exorcise this damnable belief. The very devil must have put it in his head. Well, he hated himself for it, all right. A man who couldn't trust his own wife deserved to be shot. He always said that.

One thing he never ceased to be glad about.

Not in any way had he given Mabel an inkling of the real extent of his beastly suspicions. He spared her that. He was proud to remember it, now she was dead.

Besides, he knew he had nothing whatever to go upon.

It was merely that he *sensed* something. Something vile.

There was a bated breath sort of rapture when she spoke of those, to him, sadly wasted days with her nice new friends and Lieutenant Laird. Something in the way she spoke of Taormina, in particular. Her eyes grew starry

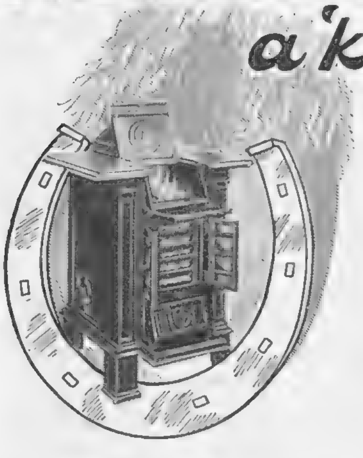
(Continued on page 120)

JOHN HAIG & Co. LTD
GOLD LABEL
SCOTCH
CO. LTD
HAIG
SCOTLAND
Scotch Whisky
Dimple Scots

YOU CAN ALWAYS RECOGNISE the smooth-ripe flavour of Haig. For Haig is a whisky of character—mellow with the rare mellowness of age. Don't be vague—ask for **HAIG**

"NO FINER WHISKY
GOES INTO
ANY BOTTLE"

The Boiler with a 'kick' in it!



The "CHEERIO" Boiler gives a continuous supply of really hot water to any part of the house, day and night.

It can be used either as an open or closed fire, burns any kind of fuel and consumes kitchen refuse. Light cooking can be carried out on the Nickel-Plated Hot Plate.

Most economical in use, easy to clean, needs little attention and is built for long service.

Can be supplied in Porcelain Enamelled Finish.

Constructed of Wrought Steel, it will not crack when furred, or in frosty weather.

30,000 B. T. UNITS PER HOUR

THE CHEERIO
WROUGHT STEEL DOMESTIC BOILER
SAFETY FIRST

INCLUSIVE PRICE from £5 NO EXTRAS

Send Postcard for Full Particulars:—

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.
(Dept. M.95) 156 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

ANOTHER JOB THAT 'MIN' DOES BETTER
THE PIANO AND ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

MIN

THE HALF MINUTE POLISH

will give a new brightness to your piano—a rich brilliance that lasts. A little 'Min'—a quick rub—it's a matter of about half a minute to obtain this beautiful finish. Try 'Min' also for white enamel paint, and glazed tiles. You'll agree that it is truly called 'Min, the half MINute polish.'

Tins **6d.** and **1/-.**

If your supplier does not stock, please write to:—

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK, W.4.

KOTEX

please take one!

. . . or if you prefer it, this is the Shilling packet containing 6 pads

KOTEX
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Have you seen Kotex packets displayed at your chemist's or draper's? Boxes of Kotex wrapped up ready to take away . . . saving you the trouble of asking . . . ensuring that you get the genuine Kotex in boxes of 12 or 6 pads.

Kotex is a hygienic boon to women . . . over 7,000,000 women have found that Kotex alone meets every requirement. They will not accept imitations on the ground of price.

Kotex is the world's standard in sanitary protection. It gives absolute safety, inconspicuous protection and comfort . . . is adjustable; is 5 times as absorbent as cotton wool and it deodorises. Most important of all, it is easily disposable. Insist on Kotex, be safe and comfortable with Kotex.

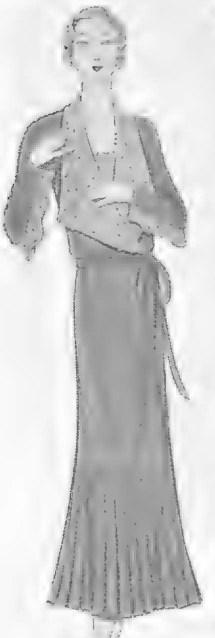
Write to the Kotex Nurse at Room C. 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for information vital to you—and a copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." Or ask any Kotex stockist for this booklet.

Made in Canada

KOTEX

SPECIALLY TREATED FOR DEODORIZATION

MATERNITY FROCKS



The Treasure Cot Company specialises in smart and becoming Maternity wear at really moderate prices. The special adjustment with which each model is fitted can be expanded by the wearer as required.

Model M.440

Graceful Maternity Frock made in wool crepe-de-chine trimmed with printed crepe-de-chine to tone. In Navy, Bottle, Burgundy, Brown, Saxe, Rust and Black.

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In plain crepe-de-chine 4 gns.
Printed crepe-de-chine £4 10 6.

Customers may order by post with confidence.

THESE CATALOGUES ARE INVALUABLE TO MOTHERS & EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Choose those you require.
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M—MATERNITY WEAR (Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.)
A—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT (Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites.)
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X—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.

Agents for Harringtons Squares

TREASURE COT
COMPANY, LIMITED
(Telephone: Gerrard 4951.)
Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies and Children.
(Dept. S.V.22), 103, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
(Nearly opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's)
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SOLVING·THE·GIFT·PROBLEM

SHELLEY
GIVE
Shelley
CHINA

What could be more welcome? It is beautiful, it is the smartest up-to-date China; there are also quaint plates, mugs, beakers and other Nursery Table-ware for Children, design by Mabel Lucie Attwell. Ask your China dealer.

WRITE FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOK TO—
SHELLEY POTTERIES Ltd., Dept. B, Longton, Staffs.

S.S.

and her usually pale cheeks flushed with a wonderful sort of radiance.

How rosy-sweet, she said, the sunset was on the strawberry-coloured Greek Theatre, on the hill overlooking the town! What fun it was to see the undersized Sicilian donkeys wearing narcissi in their ears! And how quaint were their little lemon-yellow carts, painted with scenes from the Saracen occupation of Taormina! Then in the dead of night, she said, she just loved to lie awake and listen to the coaxing "aha-aa-a-a!" of their drivers as the tiny beasts plodded up the mountain road leading from the station laden with market-garden produce.

Lying awake to listen to that . . . ?

It seemed quite funny to Ogle, who soon learned to his cost what a peculiarly sound sleeper Mabel was. As sound in her sleep as her appetite.

Nothing in Muswell Hill could even awaken her in the small hours, let alone keep her awake.

Just these things were all he had to go upon. . . .

Any lawyer would have laughed at him to his face.

THE packed lunch was satisfactorily disposed of. Ogle had to own to a satisfied, if slightly blown-out condition. It was the bread. You always ate too much bread at picnics.

Even in hopelessly untidy Sicily he was a conscientious anti-litterite. He gathered up the debris of his meal and discreetly stowed it away behind a boulder.

Then he lit another cigarette and looked over the guide-book he had with him.

Memory of Castel Mola it was called. "Sounds more like a funeral card," he remarked, smiling to discover what a comic little production it was.

> "Castel Mola is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It is higher than Taormina from which it is nearly four kilometers of road far.
>
> The pen of the writer cannot describe what one observes; the spectator is seized by a great and sublime emotion, he elevates his mind to the Supreme Being. And his Soul is transported in heavenly exstasy.
>
> Behind S. George's Church there is the rock. It was just in such a rock, that in the night of December 1677, the Spaniards for treason of a bad priest of the place, in number of 40, helped by the darkness and a heavy storm, bound at strong ropes, came pulled up and introduced themselves in the castle. The French gave in. The artilleries of Mola delivered soon Taormina from the French also."

"No St. George's for me," resolved Ogle. "I've had all the mousy, moth-eaten Italian and Sicilian churches I need for a lifetime."

He was gratified though to see that the writer of the comic guide-book had come down to earth sufficiently to record the useful information that "*a little distant from the entry to Castel Mola, there is a fine coffee-house, managed by the owner, Mr. Blandano, a distinguished gentleman of fine manners.*"

"Well, I hope to meet him. A cup of his coffee will be more than useful after climbing that."

Ogle shaded his eyes with his hat and looked up at the mistletoe city, of most distinguished ancestry, if most bellicose manners.

"*Beautiful!*"

Ogle was enjoying himself. His heart was singing with content. Travel was a wonderful thing. Besides, it was the first time he'd been warm in February since the day of his birth.

THE Milwaukee-polished porter was right. Castel Mola was all he inferred it to be. A little lousier, if anything. A most incredibly dingy and messy bit of the higher Sicilian landscape. There were alley-ways so niffy and so muddied with goat tracks, days-old chicken innards and feathers and other unsavoury too-public offal, that the heart of Ogle quailed within him.

He turned his back on any further exploration of Castel Mola and thankfully entered what he took to be the coffee-house of the distinguished Mr. Blandano of the fine manners.

It was an unambitious little café, but, judged from Castel Molan standards, scrupulously clean and most magnificently cool.

Ogle found a marble-topped table as far away from the sun and the pestilential aroma of the residential quarter as he could find. Then he removed his hat, wiped his brow and ordered coffee.

A handsome young gentleman with the pleasing Sicilian friendliness, too young, as his customer thought, to be Signor Blandano himself, waited upon him with a thick cup and saucer, a bowl of terribly cheap-looking granulated sugar, an aluminium, black-handled pot which was not much younger than Castel Mola itself, and poured out steaming coffee of a quite passable sort.

Ogle had had more than one good private laugh over this Continental coffee legend.

Why, at Lyons's, near the Bank, where he'd had his "elevenses" every morning of his working life, they served a cup of coffee for 3d. that hadn't been matched since he started on his travels.

Coffee! These Continentals didn't know the meaning of the word.

He had another laugh coming to him.

The young gentleman brought over a huge scrapbook, far too fat with pasted-in matter to be good for its covers, and, though speaking no English, made it abundantly clear that the coffee-house would be honoured if the customer would sign the Visitors' Book.

Evidently it was the show-piece of the establishment, for the young gentleman left it on the table to be examined at leisure.

Marten Ogle thought his holiday was proving a huge success! For the first time he was being asked for his autograph. Just as if he were a movie star.

He went through the book with interest.

Many of the visitors to the café had enlivened their names and addresses and remarks entirely complimentary to Castel Mola and Sicily with amusing little pen-and-ink sketches. Some had added the postage stamps of their country to their contributions.

Ogle took out his pocket-book and found a 1½d. stamp.

Peeping from one of the folders was his wife's last letter to him.

Nothing of any importance—just one which he liked to keep about him always. It was so gay, so simple, so like her. Just an everyday note from a wife who'd made all their days red-letter days by her affectionate sweetness and ever-radiant good humour.

She'd been helping a near neighbour in the interesting business of making a little stranger most thoroughly welcome.

> "Your supper is in the oven, Marten. Shall be home about 12. Give Mussolini his fish. It's at the bottom of the larder. *See there's no bones in it.* The new arrival, you'll be pleased to hear, is so fat and so beautiful that it wouldn't take much to make him bounce back to heaven. If I'm not home before you go to bed, be sure to put Mussolini out and lock the scullery door. All love. Mabel."

Ogle knew it by heart.

But no stranger looking at that note would have dreamt it concerned matter so domestic, for the handwriting was quite extraordinary. It was as meticulously beautiful as the letterpress of some twelfth-century missal.

It was this great gift of Mabel's for elegant penmanship which brought them together.

The presentation plate and sporting trophies commissioned in Ogle's department at Lombard's had frequently to be accompanied by illuminated addresses. The firm had three men constantly at work on this ancient art. And when one dropped out, Mabel applied for and got the job. Her brilliant work was found to have no rival in the country.

A strange and perhaps old-fashioned profession for a woman in these days of feminine lawyers, airplane record-breakers and Bisley crack shots.

But Ogle thought

(*Continued on page 122*)

LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

COURTAULDS'

DRESS & LINGERIE FABRICS

THE welcome glances of others are no more satisfying than one's own sense of the charm conveyed by COURTAULDS' DRESS & LINGERIE FABRICS. Gay or subdued, mystically fine in texture and draping possibilities, these Fabrics give you Fashion's latest word and convince you of their superior quality. For breadth of choice and security in use, ask directly for COURTAULDS' FABRICS.

SOLD BY LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES.

If any difficulty in obtaining Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. F.1), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C.1.

corot models by instalments

post the coupon below as the first step to opening an account with corot of bond street, and purchasing your new winter outfit on their world-famous instalment plan. select what you wish from the vast range of new designs in the corot autumn and winter fashion guide . . . there is no extra charge whether you pay cash or by instalments . . . and corot will give you every satisfaction whether you shop personally or through the post

cash 7 gns

21/- monthly

"la société"

a coat in woollen hopsac, has its snug collar of dyed black baby lynx. cleverly worked at back, and stressing the new sleeve treatment. lined throughout. cash 7 gns 21/- monthly

corol (dept. b.47b)
33, old bond st.,
london, w.1

post this to corot to-day

corot, ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1

free please send corot fashion guide and full details.

name ....

address ....

.... b.47b

Who said Allenburys?

Mothers the world over—Doctors who add that the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants are the best substitute for natural feeding. Nurses who know what an important part correct nutrition and digestion play in their delicate task. Children of all ages whose long straight limbs and sturdy bodies testify to their parents' wisdom in choosing 'Allenburys' as their first food.

Resembling the Mother's Milk
Allenburys' Milk Food No 1
Allen & Hanburys Ltd. London
Allenburys' Baby Soap
The 'Allenburys' Nursery Powder

THE 'Allenburys' Nursery needs play equally important parts in their welfare. 'Allenburys' Nursery Powder 1/6 per tin. 'Allenburys' Baby Soap 6d. per tablet.

----Use this Coupon----

BRIT. & EVE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Mrs. ____________________

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will be pleased to receive, free of charge, a copy of the 'Allenburys' book 'Infant Feeding and Management' and a ¼-lb. sample of Food.

Her baby's age is __________

it a splendid one. It at least indicated Mabel was a woman who could sit down once in a while.

And so accustomed was his wife to her elaborate script that she seldom employed any other. All her daily shopping notes and housekeeping accounts had been in this exquisite form. They were a joy to see.

Ogle unscrewed his fountain-pen, shook it on the stone floor, and wrote his name and address with the date, in his own more sober clerkly hand, affixing King George as a sort of seal.

"You ought to be doing this, my darling, in your lovely writing."

He paused a while, dreaming.

Then he added, smiling, and writing over the brown 1½d. stamp:—

"Paradise calling—almost!"

As he sipped his second cup of coffee he idly turned back the leaves.

Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks, great stage favourites of his in his younger days, had reported to Mr. Blandano in the year 1927.

A Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Odman, White Marsh, Pennsylvania, put it on record that they travelled to Castel Mola most luxuriously on "Georgina" and "Violetta," under the able guidance of Rosario.

Ogle took Georgina and Violetta to be tourist-hauling donkeys.

Well, he'd gone one better than Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Odman, even though his feet still ached from his efforts on Shank's pony.

Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss were there in 1927. He'd turn to the year 1925. Mabel's year. February, 1925.

Well, of all the extraordinary things!

Ogle's heart leapt with a wild joy.

There was a line in Mabel's marvellous script staring him full in the face!

It was absolutely unmistakable. Nobody else could write like that.

Besides, she had written the ecstatic, sacred only to them

PARADISE CALLING!

Why, it was as good as a kiss!

When the young Sicilian gentleman in charge of the establishment later appeared with the bill, he was surprised to find the customer with his head lying on the open Visitors' Book, crying just like a little boy.

He may not have been the distinguished Mr. Blandano himself, but his manners were nevertheless fine. To rouse the Englishman from his distressing emotion he employed the utmost delicacy and sympathy of feeling.

And while the customer fished for his loose change, the tears still streaming unregarded down his face, repeating over and over again, as if he were strangling, the words "He never even used his own name—the—the—dirty swine!" he gave no indication that this behaviour on the part of an English visitor was otherwise than quite orderly.

Moreover, after his departure, the Sicilian worked most tenderly, with the aid of a corner of blotting paper, over an entry more blistered with the man's tears than any other on the same page.

When he'd completed his labour of love that entry, so plainly begun by a man and finished more elegantly by someone else,

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ogle,
Staying at the Etna Bella-Vista,
February 1st–28th.
PARADISE CALLING!

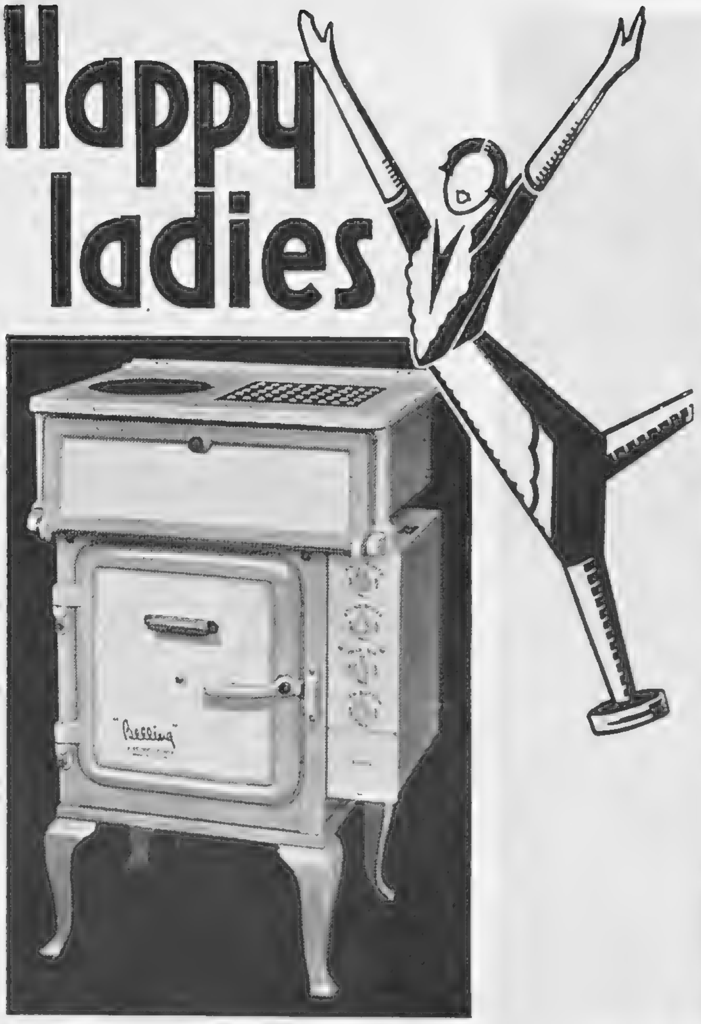
looked none the worse for having been wept over.

A week later the *News from All Quarters* column of a London evening newspaper contained the following item:—

> "Mr. Marten Ogle, of Streeters Avenue, Muswell Hill, on holiday in Taormina, Sicily, was found decapitated on the railway line near here. He was reported missing from his hotel for two days. It was thought that during a particularly heavy storm he lost his way and wandered on to the line by mistake."

END

Happy ladies



Belling Electric Cookers from - - £5 . 17 . 6
Model illustrated - - - - £12 . 12 . 6

Write for a free copy of the "Happy Ladies" book, which tells you all about these wonderful new Belling Electric Cookers, at prices lower than you have ever seen.

1. NEW "VISIBLE" HEAT BOILER-GRILLER —THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD
2. "TEMSET" AUTOMATIC OVEN CONTROL
3. ALL GLEAMING WHITE MOTTLED ENAMEL FINISH

As reliable as the well-known Belling Electric Fires.

"BELLING"

has made electric cooking cheap

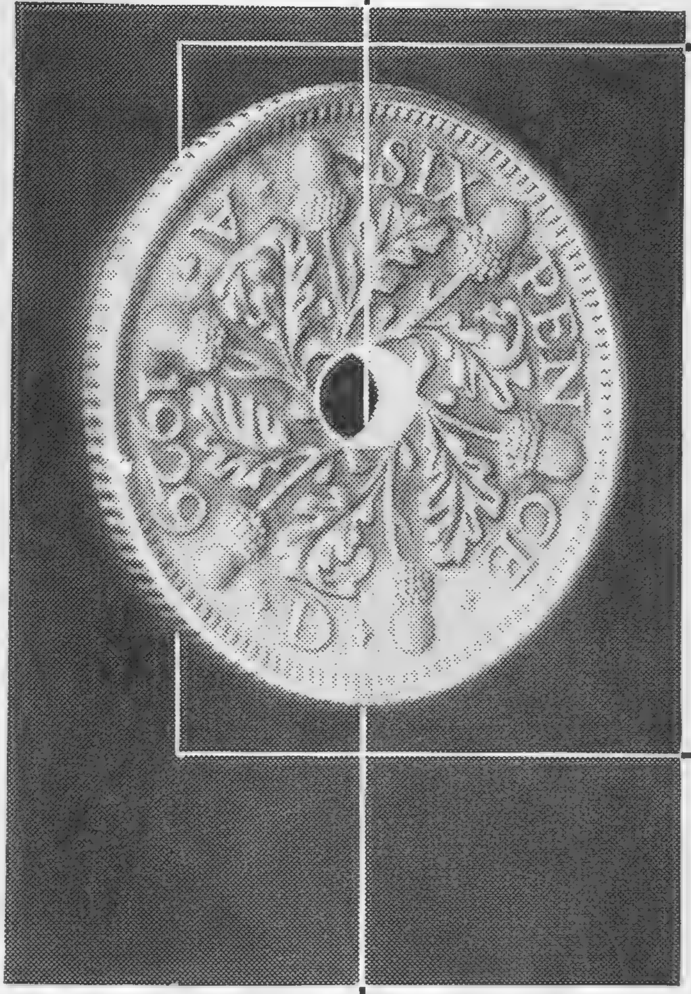
LONDON SHOWROOMS:
313, REGENT STREET
(2 mins. Oxford Circus).

BELLING & CO., ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

(26) *See the Belling Fire advertisement on page 112*

IT CAN'T BE LUCK

The Lucky Sixpence



EVERY TIME!

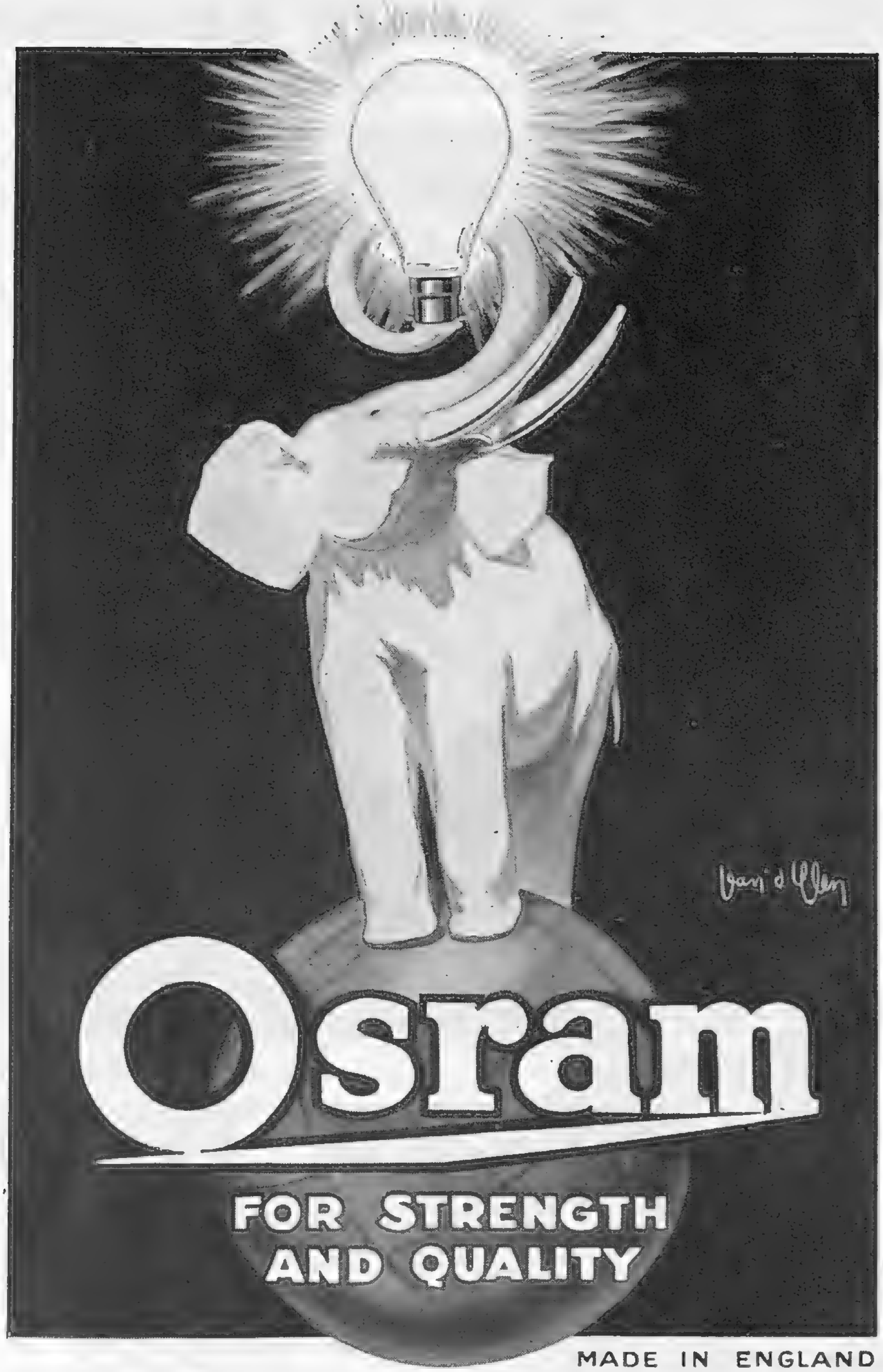
Do you realise that every international event for stock model cars* (bar one) during the last three years has been won on Shell Oil! No hazard of luck —no virtue of good driving or of fine cars alone could produce such a series of triumphs for Shell Oil. It must be due largely to Shell Oil itself, the only constant factor.

TRIPLE Shell

Lubricating OIL

is the heavy Grade—
DOUBLE SHELL is the medium Grade

* J.C.C "Double 12," 1929, 1930, 1931. Le Mans 24-hour Race, 1929, 1930, 1931. Dublin Grand Prix, 1929, 1930, 1931. Ulster T.T. 1929, 1931.



Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

There's no hair too unruly for Anzora!

WITH Anzora you can do your hair just how you like it, and keep it in place all day. It is by far the most efficient of all hair fixatives, and its ten million regular users prove that there is nothing to equal it. Don't be put off with inferior substitutes. Ask for Anzora by name—the original and still the best.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Viola is for dry scalps and Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. It does not soil hat linings or cushions. In 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD.
London, N.W.6.

Twilight of a Money Baron

(*Continued from page 15*)

recouping himself for these private expenditures). Thanks to these two patrons, the husband all-powerful in the realm of affairs and the wife all-powerful in the realm of society, Solomon mixed with the exclusive social set of the Austrian capital as one born within the pale.

SECURITIES rose in value as things settled themselves after the explosion of '30, and the Rothschilds, grimly holding on, saw their fortune gradually return to its original size and begin a new period of growth. The new era that was opening offered a diversification from State loans.

Often the interests of their houses in Naples, London, Frankfort, Vienna, and Paris would conflict. They would find themselves with a foot in two hostile camps. But they always managed somehow to make money to offset the losses incurred by the house which happened to be in the losing State. There was no end to their ingenuity.

The Rothschilds were again in trouble, and large-scale trouble this time, when the sparks of revolution began to fly up from the Apennine peninsula in '48. They ignited inflammable material in France (where King Louis Philippe was refusing reform) which rapidly spread all over Europe. Poor old James Rothschild in Paris had been blood-brother to the Bourbon régime. Now he saw his world crumble. Louis Philippe fled to England. James would have followed him, but the new police chief warned him to stay. Meantime the mob, wrecking royal palaces, looted and burnt one of Rothschild's country places, while the revolutionary Minister of the Interior blackmailed James of huge sums under threat that unless the cash was forthcoming he would send a mob into the Rue Lafitte to destroy the Rothschild palace.

In Vienna the aged Prince Metternich, arch-reactionary and prop of the Vienna Rothschilds, had been thrown over by his emperor to avert a revolution. Disguised, Metternich had jumped into a laundry cart, covered himself with soiled linen, and fled the city. Meanwhile there was a revolt in Berlin, and as the Prussian King ordered the troops to fire, the mob in Frankfort came and smashed the windows of old Amschel Rothschild, because he was Prussian consul-general in that city. At Naples Carl Rothschild saw the kingdom captured by the revolutionaries. Revolt flared over Lombardy, imperilling Rothschild loans and undertakings. Prices on all the bourses collapsed. The Rothschilds staggered.

James of Paris got a respite by the chance which made an old family friend of his dictator. The dictator appointed as commander of the National Guard a general who was also an old friend of Rothschild's. Then dictator and general fell and Louis Napoleon was elected president of the republic, and the bottom dropped out of the market again. Rumour spread that the Rothschild house was going to liquidate.

At the same time, while the Paris house shook to its foundations, Austria confronted revolt in Hungary, and the Radicals in Vienna rose, hung the War Minister naked to a lamp-post, and entrenched themselves in the Rothschilds' palace in the Renngasse, whence they sniped at the government troops. The Court fled; so did poor old Solomon Rothschild. Metternich used to say to Solomon, when exhorting him to be loyal and true: "If the devil fetches me, he will fetch you too!" That saying had turned out to be an accurate interpretation of the position.

By an extraordinary chance Solomon's cash and securities, locked in hidden coffers in his office, had not been found and looted. His secretary, who had fled the city, returned disguised as a milkman in a cart laden with milk cans, and, reaching the office, cleared the coffers and got everything away to a place of safety.

Gradually things quietened down. In Austria the old régime returned. Solomon's son, Anslem, took hold in Vienna (Solomon, his nerve broken, had retired to Frankfort to die). In France prices recovered, and after a period of animosity, during which he encouraged rival financiers, Louis Napoleon effected a *rapprochement* with James Rothschild just in time to save the credit of his government.

THE heads of the impregnable finance house were now on the topmost peaks. In Austria Anslem was made a life member of the Austrian House of Lords and admitted to the Imperial Court, the stiffest and most exclusive in Europe (even Solomon, a baron and with the Metternichs behind him, had not been able to secure formal admittance to the Court circle). In England Lionel welcomed dukes, princes, ambassadors and the loveliest women in the kingdom to his famous supper parties in the park at Gunnersbury, a former royal residence; and also won a notable victory at the fourth attempt by forcing Parliament to carry a motion to enable him to sit as a Jew (the City had already elected him thrice, but as he refused to take an oath which called on him to confess himself a Christian, he had not been allowed to sit).

And in France James crowned his social career by getting the French sovereign to come to a hunting party, along with the chief ambassadors and ministers, on his magnificent domain of Château Ferrières.

Eight years later Rothschild entertained another sovereign in somewhat different circumstances. Bismarck and Moltke, with King William of Prussia, chose Ferrières as a convenient headquarters while their armies invested Paris. King William looked around at the park, the game preserves, the stables full of thoroughbreds, the grape and orchid houses, and walked into the gorgeous château shaking his head. " Folk like us can't rise to this," he remarked to his staff; " only a Rothschild can achieve it."

The Rothschilds were busy with the financial end of the peace treaty after that Franco-German war when the commune caught them. Alphonse—James was dead—managed to flee to Versailles in time. There he stayed until the government troops had quelled the rising. His house had naturally lost barrels of money in the war. However, he had made himself *persona grata* with the new republican régime, and the loan operations he now undertook with the aid of the English house helped to make good his losses.

London was now their chief stronghold. Nathan's successor, Lionel, floated sixteen British loans, and Lionel's successor, Nathaniel, already a baronet, was raised to the peerage, the first Jew in England to enter the House of Lords. Their girls were beginning that series of marriages which has taken the Rothschild blood into the great old families of the Cholmondeleys, the Hardwicks, and the Roseberys, Earls and Marquises (in Paris Rothschild daughters married into the ducal families of Wagram and de Gramont.)

Disraeli, the great Tory Premier, was their friend. So was the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. He went to their dances and to their marriages. He also borrowed money from them against the time he should become king, for Queen Victoria kept him short. The Queen, for her part, was appalled by her son and heir's familiarity first with Lionel, Antony and Meyer, the heads of the family, and subsequently with the younger generation, Nathaniel, Ferdinand and Leopold; until they came to the rescue of the British Government in the matter of the Suez Canal shares, after which her Majesty beamed upon them and went so far as to condescend to visit one of their houses.

If the Rothschild house of the second decade of the twentieth century had been able to wield the power it possessed in Metternich's day, there might have been no Great War. But events were too much for them.

The Great War ended, and the vast gimcrack empire of the Hapsburgs collapsed, it looked as if the

(*Continued on page* 126)

How French Women Make up Their Lips to last all day

And avoid making up every hour—as English women do

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with Betty Compson, of movie fame.

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A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long*. Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

The creation of Louis Philippe, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of.

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No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

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Aldwych

Twilight of a Money Baron

Austrian house of Rothschild might as well liquidate. But Vienna still had prospects of becoming the economic and financial centre of the new conglomeration of states of south-east Europe, with the Rothschild bank getting the cream of the business.

The London and Paris houses rushed to the rescue. The League of Nations jumped in with the first big post-war loan floated under its auspices. The Rothschilds of London and Paris guaranteed its success.

They helped in other ways. It was necessary that the Vienna house should make money to recoup it for the tremendous losses it had suffered in the war and the inflation. The Paris house, co-operating with Morgans to rehabilitate the French franc, tipped off the Vienna house to deal in francs with a view to a rise at a time when all Europe was bearing francs.

The franc improved 33 per cent., and the Vienna house made huge profits. Those profits have since been swallowed up in the depreciation in securities consequent upon the economic blizzard and the credit crisis in central Europe.

The present situation is not a new one for this old financial dynasty. And unless the stock is getting worn out by too much inter-breeding, much water will have to flow under the bridge of time and of events before we see these Austrian Rothschilds going out of business and retiring to their palaces and estates as private individuals.

The Lion's Share

(*Continued from page* 67)

hot, and, as it were, hungry. She stood with her weight first on one foot and then on the other, while his steely fingers pressed into her shoulders, waiting till she was sure what Jacques' eyes meant. "*Alors!*" she said at last, and laughed. Because girls in the quarter always said "*Alors!*" and laughed when young men said "*Je t'aime!*"

"I go back with thee, then, to-night—to thy room," Jacques persisted almost morosely; "and I stay there—it is understood?"

Marthe looked a little graver then, for this was, she saw, a serious offer. Jacques meant not only to become, but to remain, her lover. This had not happened to Marthe before. She might easily have had a lover, but, for one reason or another, she had lived without.

If she said "No" to Jacques, how could they do their difficult stunt together? There must not be anything in their minds that could hurt one another, once they were on the wires.

So, after a long pause, she said "*Tiens!* I am going to buy my supper now!" And Jacques replied: "Well, then, I go with thee!"

They bought a magnificent supper: a cheese, a salad, radishes, eggs, cream cakes and oranges; and, carrying a quantity of paper parcels and a bottle of wine, they climbed the innumerable stairs which led to Marthe's attic studio.

They ate and drank and slept, and went back to the circus in the morning.

After that everything went much easier. Somehow or other Marthe always knew now just what Jacques was going to do next. It came into her mind without effort.

But Jacques did not seem any different from usual. Often he was just as cross, and in his eyes there lurked that curious look—almost like a grudge—which Marthe had never fathomed.

Père Martin was pleased with them both and increased their salaries. They got more applause than anyone else in the circus except the greatest clown in the world, who came to them once on a visit.

One day this great genius deigned to speak to Marthe. He said: "I'd like to see a bird which could teach *you* anything!"

Jacques was angry when someone repeated to him what the great clown had said to Marthe, for to Jacques he had said nothing.

The next day Jacques came to Marthe and said: "Marthe,

(*Continued on page* 128)

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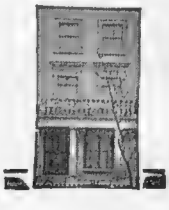

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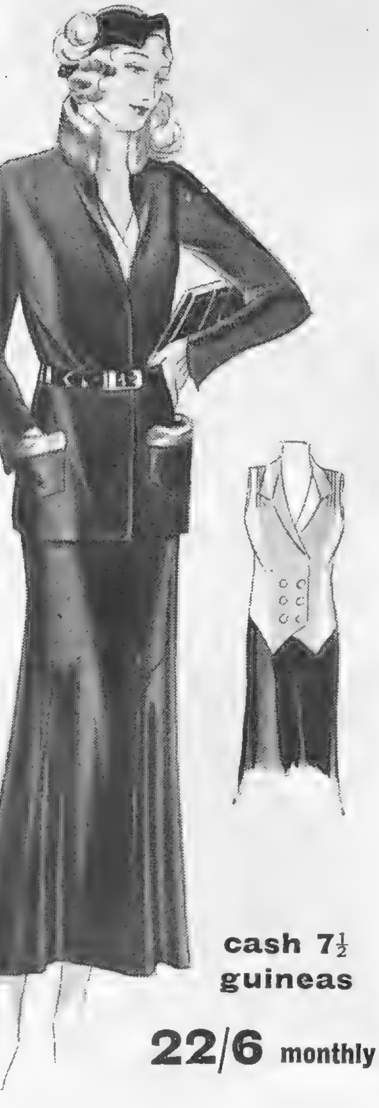

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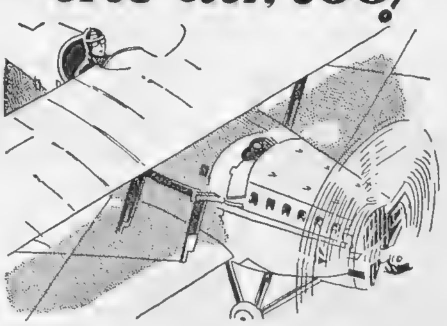

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there will not be nets any more at the performances. I have told Père Martin. Such things are old-fashioned. The audience gets no kick out of it. They naturally wish to feel one is in danger. Till I came here I never saw a net used except for practice. If there is a net, why am I any better than a young man walking up the Métro stairs?"

Marthe suddenly felt sick and shivered, but she agreed, of course. She could make Jacques feel no better than a young man walking up the Métro stairs.

Mère Martin was very cross when she heard the nets were to go. "It is all a man's fancy," she said to Marthe. "You need not consent to it unless you choose. Père Martin will stand by you."

But Marthe had already chosen, for you cannot accept a man in your heart and not accept the lightest of his fancies.

There was a performance every day and two on Sundays. The next week they were to leave Marseilles.

Marthe powdered her feet more carefully than ever now, and took a deeper breath than usual before she ran up the rope staircase.

Even Jacques moved a little more slowly now, doing first one thing and then another of his fearful changes with delicate, deliberate smoothness, while their lives hung by Marthe's steady counting; and beneath them both was nothing at all.

Marthe loved the earth more than ever when she got safely down.

But there was something that she loved better than the earth now—better even than safety.

When Jacques held her fast in his fierce embrace she gave herself to him till there was nothing more to give.

But about this love, too, Marthe said nothing.

On their last day, while Marthe was in the stall of the smallest and most spoilt of the ponies, she heard two men's voices. They must, she thought, be leaning with their backs to the stall, and one of them was Jacques and the other was the bicycle-man.

"I cannot think," Adolphe, the bicycle-man, was saying, "how you stand it—always that girl with you, sharing your applause, never to know which of you is being praised! You, for all you do—and anyone should see that the brain is yours—or she—for that silly simple balancing! Also I assure you for that a stout woman would be much safer. Marthe is too slim! Pah! I would never perform with a double. Everyone knows my girl is a nothing. I take my applause alone!"

"It is that piece of tulle round her waist," agreed Jacques savagely. "They think a girl so much cleverer than a man, just because she *is* a girl! If she could do *my* stunt—one laughs at the thought! Yet I, with one hand tied behind me, could do hers!"

"It would be a mere bagatelle to you," replied Adolphe sympathetically.

Jacques cursed; then, when he had stopped cursing, he said in the same tone of voice, "She is too stupid, that little one! Figure to yourself. I had to make her my mistress before I could do anything with her at all! It was an inconvenience to me, for I already had a very fine one.

By and by the two men strolled away from the side of Bobby's stall and Père Martin called: "Marthe! Where the devil is the girl gone? It's time she went up!"

Marthe came out of Bobby's stall then and hurried to her dressing-room. She put on her skin pink tights and the little piece of tulle round her slim waist.

It was Sunday, and the circus was brim full—not so much as a chair vacant.

Marthe ran out into the ring without glancing at the kindly wall of eyes. They were the Public. They were there; they paid; but they did not matter.

The swinging rope-ladder in front of her was her business.

Without looking for Jacques she saw him, his beautiful slim boy's figure, rippling with supple strength, ran by her side.

Strange that this figure which had held her so close that she had not felt the separate beating of her heart, was no longer hers!

She was an inconvenience to him, a threat to his burning vanity! That was what the grudge in his eyes had meant.

Marthe slipped up the ladder with her usual careful speed, but she had forgotten to take those long, deep breaths her father had told her always to take before she mounted. Her heart pounded heavily against her side. For a moment, as she stood erect on the trapeze facing the crossed ladder, a little cloud veiled her eyes, it was as if the air heaved round her. But the cloud was gone in a second and she began to count.

Jacques slipped past her, and as usual she knew by the pull upon her thighs and back that he was safely in his swing.

Now he was standing up. One hand was off the ropes, and now his whole body floated out upon the air, suspended from the swing; only her careful balancing made his return possible.

Marthe counted slowly and steadily. Nothing else, nothing else must be in her head but that steady counting! In ten seconds now he would be safe back upon the ladder. In ten more—What was it the bicycle-man had said about the applause: "My girl is a nothing!" Ah! but she mustn't think what Adolphe had said! "Five! six! seven!"

She braced every muscle in her body for the final effort. Jacques was hanging from his gag by his teeth. She must hold him smoothly now, if ever, without a jerk, without a pause! "Eight—nine—ten!" Again that little deadly cloud wavered before her eyes. Through it she saw Jacques—or was it that she only felt him—standing on his swing again? Mounting—mounting? She had never felt her body ache like this before; something tore with a sharp pain in her side. No! this was really Jacques pouring himself through the rungs of the ladder, like cream—his hand was within reach of the rope-ladder. He was safe now, whatever happened.

Marthe could not keep her mind clear any more. It filled suddenly with strange thoughts. She saw Jacques turn his head, she thought he screamed something at her. Her hands fumbled at the rungs of the ladder, her foot slipped, but nothing had happened yet. There was a long frozen pause while through her mind thoughts galloped like horses round and round a ring. She saw Bobby in his stall. She saw millions of faces upside-down, waiting for her; she heard her father saying: "Nothing can happen to you—unless you are afraid!"

This, then, was fear—this black, blind pit into which she presently plunged? This frantic snatching at the empty air! Her body sank into a choking rush. She did not know it was the kindly earth which struck her.

It was not Jacques' fault, no one condemned him. The body-acrobats, waiting to come on, saw how it happened.

Marthe had got him up safe, then her foot had slipped! She was almost within the rungs of the ladder, but her nerve had gone.

It was a shocking thing; and, of course, it meant putting up the nets again.

Still, it didn't seem quite fair for old Père Martin to sack Jacques Baillet directly afterwards, just because the bicycle-man had said that Jacques wanted it to happen! Adolphe would say anything, everyone knew, to get a man into trouble who got more applause than he did!

But it was Mère Martin who was really responsible for Jacques' dismissal. It was she who said to Père Martin, looking down at the little crumpled figure in its pink tulle and spangles, "That Jacques goes!" Père Martin had expostulated, "But, my pigeon," he said, "he did nothing to *make* the child fall! He had every right to be safe!"

"He had his rights, that one," Mère Martin replied grimly, "while Marthe lived—no doubt but that he had his rights! And now that she is dead—the little one shall have hers!"

So Marthe had one of the finest funerals Marseilles had ever seen. The white circus horse, and Bobby, both took part in it; and the Algerian tumblers and Adolphe were inconsolable.

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APPROVED
BY WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

JARDIN DES MODES, *of* PARIS, ***greatest French fashion magazine, says:*** "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it ***blends with your natural colouring.***"

HARPER'S BAZAAR, ***famous*** NEW YORK ***magazine, says:*** "Natural colour is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do."

TATLER, ***famous*** LONDON ***authority, adds:*** "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in colour and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, 4/6. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

To match TANGEE Lipstick: The same natural colour in ***Rouge Compact,*** 3/6. ***Creme Rouge,*** 4/6, ***Face Powder,*** matches the natural skin tones, 4/6. ***Night Cream,*** cleanses and nourishes, 4/6. ***Day Cream,*** protects the skin, 4/6. ***Cosmetic,*** a new "mascara," will not smart 4/6.

SEND 1/- for TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
CALMON & NEATE, LTD. (Dept. 18),
8 Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

Name ....

Address ....

Women's Golf

The Economical Golfer (*Continued from p.* 117)

different shots can be played with one club as soon as she gives her mind to the process.

Meals at club houses run away with an extraordinary amount of money, and when the open meeting season comes round next year perhaps we will all have to be a little less thin-skinned about taking sandwiches and eating them in our car (if we still possess one) or in some secluded corner. The club with the courage and the space to set aside one part of its rooms for people bringing their own sandwiches, and to supply them with soup, coffee or tea to drink with them, would not only be doing a service to its members but incidentally be making quite a nice little profit for themselves. A three-course lunch costing four and sixpence in the middle of a day's golf is not a necessity.

Very frequently one hears players, sometimes quite young players, say that they cannot possibly afford to go to such and such a golf meeting. If they really want to go, might one suggest to them that they could very easily save enough to take them to a great many meetings if they cut down some of the cocktails they drink, for fashion or sociability's sake, after a round. Eighteenpence may seem little enough at the moment, but eighteenpence a day, even if you only play golf on four days of the week, is £15 a year, and £15 will take you quite pleasantly to a championship (provided, of course, that you do not, on arrival at the championship, break out once again in just the very direction where you have been economising). It only wants a few brave souls to be firm that they are neither puritanical nor unsociable if they refuse a cocktail, for the habit of having, and offering, the luxury to die out.

The Ranelagh Winners
Miss Margery White (Roehampton) and Miss Nan Baird (Prestwick St. Nicholas), who beat Mrs. Bott and Mrs. Peter Gold by 8 and 7 in the final at Ranelagh

The Runners-up at Ranelagh
Mrs. Peter Gold (Worplesdon) and Mrs. R. E. Bott (Porter's Park)

Right:
Semi-finalists at Ranelagh: Mrs. Walter Payne (Addington) and her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye (Worplesdon)

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. *All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE,"* 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post, November 16th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best letter to his uncle from a schoolboy who wants a portable wireless set for Christmas but does not think it wise to make the hint too palpable.

HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post, November 30th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best review of a recent book.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem.

(*Continued on page* 132)

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—November 16

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—November 30

Enjoy real home-made 'Xmas fare with

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. ¼ lb. Citron Peel. ¼ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¾ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

Christmas Pudding.

(Sufficient for 4 puddings.)

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking Powder. ¾ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

These recipes are taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

436a

Manufacturers—

THE ALUMINIUM CASTINGS CO., LTD.
INGLESTON FOUNDRY
GREENOCK

CHRISTMAS & WEDDING PRESENTS

SOLAR
TRADE-MARK

Cast Aluminium Utensils.

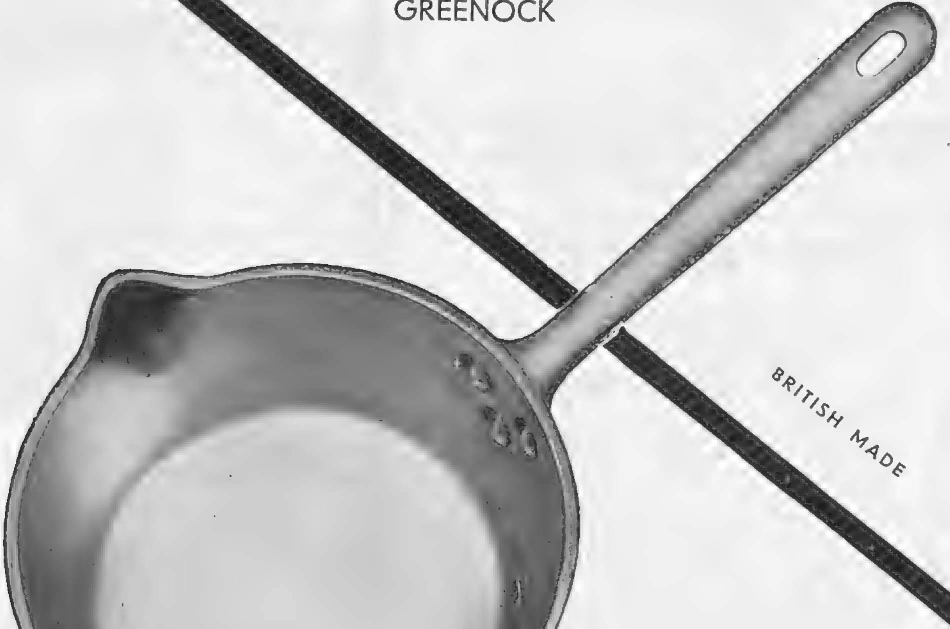
Give sensible presents, something that will be appreciated.

"Solar" Ware lasts a lifetime, SAVES GAS, does not chip, crack or break, and is easily kept clean. If you have not seen "Solar" Pans ask your Ironmonger to show you one or two and see for yourself how strong they are.

Insist on "Solar," and if you have any difficulty in obtaining them, write us for nearest stockist.

Try a Hot Water Bottle.

Every Article guaranteed to last a lifetime.



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'DIPLOMA' The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE
I am English
THANK YOU FOR BUYING ME

In every box of

'Diploma' Cheese

Miss Diploma says:

This Lion Design now being inserted in each box is our guarantee that every piece of 'Diploma' Cheddar and Cheshire is English cheese.

We tell you that 'Diploma' is English not merely from motives of patriotism but because you know that no Cheddar-type cheese made elsewhere in the wide world equals the real Cheddar of the West of England.

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Cheddar or Cheshire

Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

Diploma
CHEDDAR
CRUSTLESS CHEDDAR
D. 194

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

Results of 112*th Series.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to G. M. Hudson.

Hon. Mention.—H. Broadberry Seaman, F. Peel, G. Pitt, "J. A. B.," F. A. Edinborough, D. Avril, "Pete," J. H. G. Gibbs, "Hannah May," Vera Manners, A. D. Reynolds, H. M. Rhodes, Ruth Dobson, B. E. Croad, Philippa Nash, B. Paul, V. Jameson, M. Crosbie.

The winning entry:

What were my life without her. Who can tell?
No mighty master of the tenderest speech
Could speak the word whose sympathy could reach
To that far desert where my soul should dwell;
Not music such as that which erstwhile fell
From Orpheus' lips when as—so poets teach—
He won his love from Acheron's sad beach
Only to lose her at the gates of Hell.

Ask rather Nature's wild and desolate things,
The stricken sea-bird whose fast-weakening wings
Bear him to death there where the spray wide flings
Its fierce caresses, and the white surf sings
A savage Requiescat to his pain,
While far away waits one who waits *in vain.*

G. M. HUDSON.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet concerning a fair bather.

Awarded to "G. G."

Hon. Mention.—"Ninon," F. Peel, "J. A. B.," M. Scott Morris, J. H. G. Gibbs, H. M. Rhodes, Mary W. Harrison, B. Paul.

The winning entry:

Belinda dressed for Neptune's waters
Clearly is a little peach.
Not another of Eve's daughters,
Dressed to bathe in Neptune's waters,
So, at least, I feel, she's taught us,
Is her rival on the beach.
Belinda dressed for Neptune's waters
Clearly is a little peach.

"G. G."

Results of 113*th Series.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention.—M. Oxenford, Marc Watson, S. Christine Straker, D. Avril, B. Paul, "G. G.," T. Ford, "Pete," B. E. Croad, F. A. Edinborough.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of four lines.

Awarded to D. Avril.

Hon. Mention:—"J. A. B.," F. Peel, Gertrude Pitt, B. Gibbs, S. M. Waters, Marjorie Daniels, K. Gandy, "Hannah May," Marjorie Crosbie, Catherine Lawrence, Wrenne Jarman, May Belben.

The winning entry:

FOLLOWING BEAUTY.
When blossom-time has fled,
Down to the sea I go;
And find upon a wave
The cherry's crown of snow.

D. AVRIL.

Let "RANEE"

read your character from your

Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Don't pay the price of negligence

In spite of the danger and yearly toll of the common cold, it is the most neglected of common ailments. In spite of the fatal results, the physical disability, and the huge financial loss of £20,000,000 a year incurred by this serious complaint, it is generally treated as of little account.

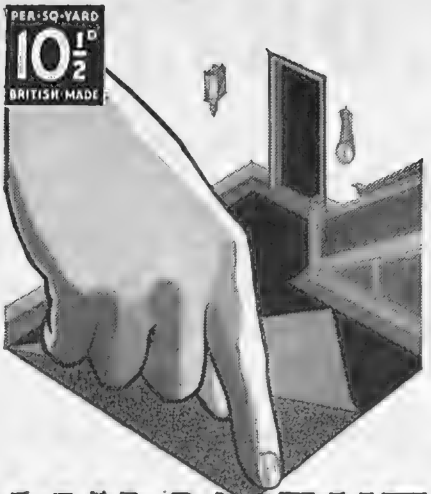
Colds may lead to influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, etc. They weaken the resistance of the system against other diseases and impair the normal, healthy functioning of the body. Yet the prevention of colds is so simple and the treatment—if applied in time—so effective and pleasant.

A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief inhaled often during the day clears the breathing passages and destroys the cold germs before they enter the tissues. It stops a cold by going to the seat of the cold. It develops resistance by gently stimulating the respiratory system. And at night-time, put a drop of Vapex on each end of your pillow, and you'll have comfort and protection while you sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.

V.72



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LINOVENT acts as an air cushion, giving a rich, soft tread, and preventing boardmarks. It saves wear and tear, and makes lino last twice as long. It is waterproof and deadens all noise. Put Linovent under your existing floor-coverings NOW and enjoy the amazing difference.
Supplied by all Furnishing Houses, Stores, etc.

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● *Write for a Free Sample.*
ENGERT & ROLFE, Ltd.
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M.C.4

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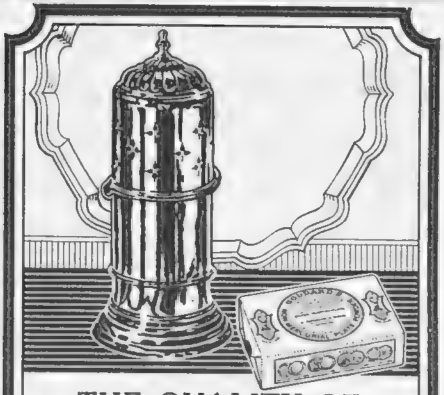
beautifully executed. West End work at City prices. Highly recommended by "The Lady" and "The Queen." Thousands of testimonials.
(Old Furs taken in part payment for new.)

FUR RENOVATING CO.,
58, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.



THE QUALITY OF SILVER NEVER VARIES but its beauty is enriched by cleaning with Goddard's Plate Powder 90 years world-wide reputation

Goddard's Plate Powder

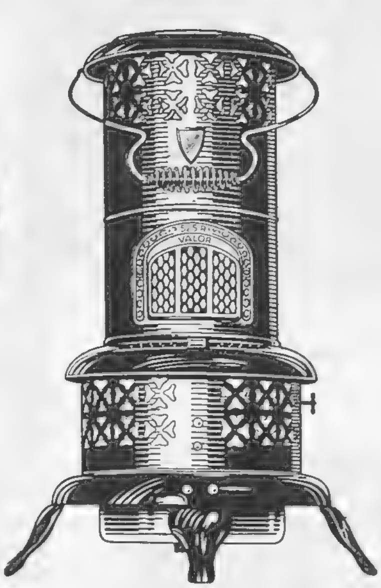
Sold everywhere in four sizes 6d., 1/- 2/- & 4/-
Manufactured by J. Goddard & Sons, Leicester.

Have a warm, dry home this Winter...

...a Valor Heater saves you money

VALOR
ENGLAND

Look for this Valor shield, your guarantee of quality.



Every corner of the home cosily warm and dry.
Warmth the instant you light this smart, sturdily-made Valor Oil Heater! Glowing economical warmth!
Think of the money you save and the hard work you avoid by using a Valor instead of the endless lighting of fires! No smoke, no smell, no fumes—easily regulated heat which you can carry from room to room. British-made throughout. Over two millions already sold! 12,000 dealers stocking them now!

PRICES FROM **12'6**
(MODEL AS ILLUSTRATED 22/6)

ALL-BRITISH-MADE

VALOR Oil Heaters

Write for Illustrated Price List to 27 Stove and Heater Department
ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD., 85 Albert Embankment, Vauxhall, London, S.E.11

Always use ROYAL DAYLIGHT OIL for best results

D.A.91

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

The Folly of Dyes.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write to-day to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 41),** 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or falling hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES

THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.

The CHILDREN'S

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood; H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Conducted by "Levana"

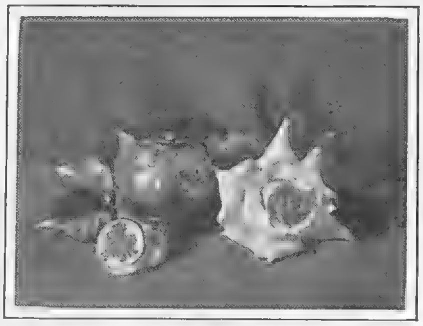
Little Mavis Jacobs, aged 5. One of the youngest entrants in the Recitation Section at our forthcoming Annual Competitions

NEWS of the MONTH

HEARTY congratulations to Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739, who carries off the £5 Quarterly Prize for May, June, and July. Next in order of merit are: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; and Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162. I ought to add that competition was exceptionally keen this time, and several other Saloners, not mentioned here, were only just behind in the matter of high marks. It should be noted, by the way, that the fact that we make the awards in this contest on *continuity* of effort, and progress, is the reason why all have a chance if they make up their minds to compete. It is not a prize awarded merely for cleverness, although, as everyone knows, it is astonishing how "cleverness," even, will make its surprising appearance when constant practice has been indulged in. Talent, without the necessary character to support it, rarely achieves much or lastingly. Quite a heart-to-heart talk!!

* * *

NEXT, one word—and that a final one—as to the 41st Annual Competitions. These, as you have heard before (!) will take place on Saturday, December 5th, at the Hyde Park Hotel, and anyone wishing to compete should apply for the necessary forms *without delay*, as no more entries can be considered after November 23rd. It is a day, as many of you know, of most exciting and interesting happenings—and even if you are not competing and are not too far away, it is worth coming to see. Tickets beforehand, from this office, are: Saloners' 1s., friends' tickets 2s. each, and at the door on the day, 2s. 6d. All Saloners who own a badge (2s. 6d.) have free entrance every year. The pictures of some of the distinguished judges, who have been so kind as to assist us on this occasion, appear on this page, and others include Miss Vera Beringer (Recitation), Mr. Edmund Sullivan, R.W.S. (Art), Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Thomas Moult (Literature), Mr. W. H. Squire (Pianoforte), Miss M. Bennell, B.A., Vice-Principal of Crouch End High School and College (French).



A typically clever still life study from the talented brush of Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816. Awarded a prize in the Members' Art Competition, August 17th

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, August 17

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Poster for a Seaside Resort. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean Wheelhouse, G.C.S. 5773. Hon. Mention: M. Higgins, G.C.S. 5649; S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S. 5855.

Literature Competition.—Six Titles for Short Stories. Prize 10s. Divided between N. Joan Brancker, G.C.S. 5862, and M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769. Hon. Mention: N. Hopwood, G.C.S. 5733; Nancy M. Wilsher, G.C.S. 5863; Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5930.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Divided between Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816, and N. Berners-Wilson, M.C.S. 3099. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunter, M.C.S. 2930; Paul Langfield, M.C.S. 3706.

Literature Competition.—A Review of a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Norman Bunker. M.C.S. 2683. Hon. Mention: Ian Rose, M.C.S. 2728; Harold Cohen, M.C.S. 3274.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Hetty Duckham, M.C.S. 3155, and Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Books on a Table. Prize 5s. Awarded to Dorothy Higgins, A.C.S. 1196. Hon. Mention: Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441; Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Guillaume, A.C.S. 1436. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

Award of Prizes, September 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; Vernita Churchill, G.C.S. 5865; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Sonnet. Prize 10s. Awarded to Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191. Hon. Mention: W. H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 5725; E. Hallis, G.C.S. 5866; Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291; Rosa Vine, G.C.S. 5864.

Needlework Competition.—Something in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242, and Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—An Illustration to "The Taming of the Shrew." Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Booth, M.C.S. 3215. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Marjorie Haggas, M.C.S. 3229. Hon. Mention: Helen M. Lillie, M.C.S. 3175.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Vase of Flowers. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408. Hon. Mention: Daisy Higgins, A.C.S. 1197.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Norah Whittaker, A.C.S. 1444; Patricia Gorges, A.C.S. 1461.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s. Awarded to Aileen S. Piper, M.C.S. 3085. Second Prize, 5s. Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 1354. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126; Peggy Killish, M.C.S. 3173.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

November—December

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Design for a Christmas Card. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. An Illustration to any Well-known Poem.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A D'Oyley. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. Do-As-You-Like in Wool. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. A Novelty.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A Design for a Christmas Card. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. Do-As-You-Like in Pencil.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Your Favourite Cinema Star and Why. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. A Paper entitled "Good-bye to 1931."

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, December 16th. Anything in Colours.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. A View from a Window in Pencil.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Verse Suitable for a Christmas Card. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, December 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.

Closing date, December 1st. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Subject left to competitor.

The Salon Annual Competitions: Three of the Judges

Miss Italia Conti, whose production of "Where the Rainbow Ends" opens at the Holborn Empire on December 21st, will judge in the Recitation Section

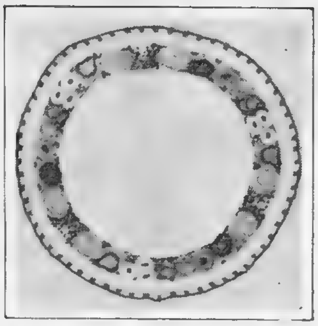
Mr. John Hassall, the famous poster artist, who, with Mr. Edmund Sullivan, R.W.S., has once again most kindly consented to be an Art judge, and—

Miss Margaret Morris, fresh from new triumphs on the Continent, especially in Italy, who will give verdicts in the Dancing Section

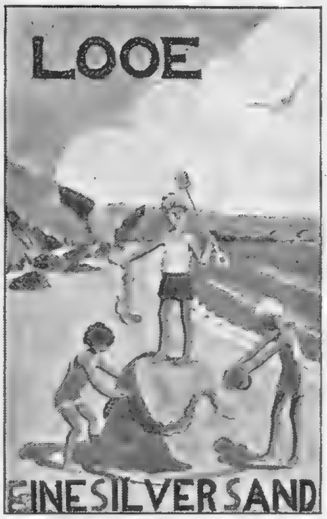
SALON and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.



Honor Fielding's skilful embroidery in wool on muslin. Awarded a prize in the Members' Needlework Competition, August 17



Gwendoline Moss's interesting poster study. Awarded an Hon. Mention in a recent competition

Clever fingers have been at work here too. Knitted by Hetty Duckham and awarded a prize, August 17

"The Queen of Sheba," valued friend of Isabelle and Deirdre Patrick-Wilson, joins the Pets' Club

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*August* 17)

Mary A. Jones.—A good start, with some fine colour, but not carried far enough. If the leaves which are individualised had been left in this rough and ready fashion, without a background, the result would have been more significant.

Mabel Egan.—Perspective is occasionally astray, but the complicated scene has, as a whole, been remarkably well grasped; a softer pencil would have helped a lot, but as it is the accents are nicely handled.

Marjorie Naylor.—Soundly observed and pleasantly recorded. You have a decided flair for pen-work, and will be interested to note that, in spite of coming from "down under," this arrived just in time to compete.

Gabriel Joy.—Very good colour, but poor in draughtsmanship. You should do well if you submit yourself to discipline. Draw and sketch frequently in pencil as well as in paint, to get mastery of form. Plenty of artistic promise is shown.

Effie Dundas.—All are good, except, perhaps, the third, which is terse, but rather too vague.

Désirée M. Picton-Seymour.—Proportions excellent, and the whole group very well realised for your tender years. Presently you must find out what perspective means.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—If you cut out the preliminary chatter this will be an excellent effort. Your other comments, neatly interwoven with the summary of the plot, are very well done. I am so sorry to hear of the accident, but I expect by the time this belated sympathy meets your eye you will be quite all right again.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—Five is the only poor one. The others, including the tabloid plots, are all interesting. You most certainly ought to try fiction seriously. One day, perhaps, you will feel persuaded?

Jill Maunsell.—The "Winterberg" poster is much the better of the two, and is designed on very sound lines, but, of course, one misses the essential colour, or similar effect. . . . All the titles strike an interesting note—the middle four would be my choice from the bunch.

J. Wheelhouse.—Well composed, striking and vigorous. Not very attractive types and rather too heroic in gesture. Decidedly clever and effective, if rather like revolutionary propaganda.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Not up to your high standard. Had you simplified with yellow lights and blue shadows and omitted the dull brown you would have got a better result. The gull is the best touch of your true style.

M. Higgins.—Quite an attractive bit of fun, handled with pleasing directness and simplicity. The reflections don't quite give moving water, but as a swift sketch this is good in subject and appeal.

Joan Hunton.—Excellent colour quality and a good deal of delicate work, but at the distance necessary to take in so much one would expect simpler masses, gleaming high lights, and well marked shadows rather than minutiæ; a broader treatment with more force of tone.

Paul Langfield.—Clever stylistic study, a bit hurt by forced reflections which spoil the effect of an angular composition on a flat plane by abolishing the plane. Otherwise excellent, fresh and original.

Kitty Earp.—A very strong and happy study, handled with real mastery. If the vertical purple went more into tone the effect would be still better. Very fine work.

Betty Weir.—A white background should be so arranged as to be fully lit, then you would see the full force of dark against light, much greater than you have indicated in your well-drawn but too daintily painted group. Charming, but a bit tame.

Dorothy Guillaume.—A lot of clever work in your well-composed group, but mass a bit sacrificed to detail. The big forms must persist through all the intricacies of construction and decoration. Capital in colour, but not quite enough volume.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—There is immense vigour and style in your study, and you have used the paper tone cleverly, but the drawing is not good and linear perspective somewhere out. Such artistic work should not lack these essentials of basis.

Veronica Price-Harris.—You see nature very truly, and your drawing colour and effect are all good, needing only the facility which comes of use and wont. The rather severe perspective suggests that you were a bit too near your group.

Douglas Burton.—A grim and graphic little yarn, very well put together, although too brief. Another time, give yourself more room to expand.

Avril Reynolds.—Your opening paragraph is excellent. The mere narration of the events of the story falls a little flat after this good beginning. Some analysis of the author's style and method should have been included.

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—Against so magnificent a rising or setting sun the figures would have been more appropriate in silhouette. The sea is cleverly conventionalised, but the lettering needs better drawing and placing. . . . Numbers one, three and six are the best, and five has its possibilities.

Lillias G. Wilson.—Numbers one, two and six are distinctly good, uncommon and interesting. The rest have not quite the same good claim to praise.

Ian Rose.—An admirable summary, and your own remarks are to the point and interesting, particularly in the last pages. A very good entry.

S. C. MacLeod.—Three and five are a bit long for these days, and the latter not very interesting. One, two, four and six are all good, the first particularly so. Even in a poster the sky should bear some relationship to the sea reflecting it. Otherwise, excellent in every way.

Jean A. Taylor.—A very good attempt at a difficult thing. The subject is entirely suitable, and the whole effort shows promise.

Nancy Sharpe.—All are good, but the first would be better with "fallen" eliminated. The use of "Icarus" suggests the other at once, and there is no necessity to underline this special quality.

Mary Dawson.—This appreciation of a fine book is quite well done but rather slight. It would have been interesting, for instance, to have included a quotation or two considering the beauty, of which you are so aware, of this master's prose.

Rena Recaldin.—The bowl of roses has beaten you a bit, but the group as a whole is very well tackled, well drawn and truthful in tone. A study of the flowers by themselves, first, would have helped you over their difficulties.

Joan Wyatt.—The first three make the more interesting half; the others are just a little commonplace by comparison.

Mabel Sanders.—The little rings are a delight, so dainty in conception and execution. Thank you so much. Number six strikes me as the most interesting, and is, I think, the best, but the first runs it close.

Norman F. Bunker.—An exceptionally good entry. You could scarcely, in the space, have done it better. Cannot you compete a little oftener? Your work is maturing rapidly.

Hetty Duckham.—A pretty pattern, very daintily and cleverly knitted. I am glad to see you getting so expert.

Doris Seth-Smith.—These are an interesting set, but seem more suited for long books than short stories.

Helen M. Lillie.—Avoid making positive statements on points which are controversial. This is remarkably well done, neatly phrased and the book trenchantly and interestingly analysed.

N. Joan Brancker.—The last four are the best, and are all good. I hope you will be able to compete regularly now that you have made a start.

Barbara Heaver.—You are achieving a good clear style. Another method of dealing with such a subject is to imagine yourself in the place where such work is carried on, and describe it at first hand. I think you will find it a much more interesting method.

Rosa Vine.—A very good set. Number three is, perhaps, the least satisfactory for these days, and five and six are the best.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The sky is a bit heavy in tone, and your bungalow town too complicated in treatment, but the action of the figure is first-rate, and it composes very happily with the lettering. The last of the titles is the weak spot in a very good lot.

Pauline Steele.—Interestingly set down. The vivid impression made is cleverly conveyed. But more details should have been given. This summary of the story is too vague.

N. Hopwood.—A simpler method is better, and this very sophisticated damsel would be better for a foreign Lido than a Devon cove! Still, a lot of good work has gone to its making. The titles are a bit extravagant, but certainly excite the interest.

Dorothy Higgins.—Sound in its appreciation of the medium, but a bit unnecessarily ragged. However, it shows excellent promise. Get all the practice you can.

Marjorie Webb.—The first is a very good title; the others, except number four, of course, are too similar in their preoccupation with places. As big a variety as possible should be aimed at for such a subject.

Penelope Burra.—Some hint of the foreground and background would have been an advantage. But taken as single groups the items are very successful. Leather is cleverly suggested on the right, but textures elsewhere are not so well realised.

Patricia Appleyard.—A big thing to tackle, and not at all badly handled. Take rather more care, however, with little niceties of style. "Tells of" has an immature sound, for instance, which your work avoids in other respects.

Catherine Baldwin.—Number five could, I think, be improved. It is too vague in its suggestion. The others are all well chosen.

Theodora Fuller.—The three last are much the best; the important thing, of course, is to arouse the interest of the would-be reader at once.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—A charming scheme, but for such delicate materials a much finer needle and thread would have been advisable. Automatically then, your stitches would have been *en suite*.

Jem Russell.—Number two is a little tame compared with the others, which are distinctly interesting and provocative.

Joan Guillaume.—A most charming little tale. With a little experienced editing it would make a very good showing indeed. Compete regularly.

Stella Bull.—The last line of all doesn't ring very true. Keep within facts upon such a point. The versification is good. You are making excellent progress.

Isabel Garden.—Your first three are the most original, and the plots all sound attractive. The others are weaker and more commonplace in both directions.

Jessie Wilkes.—Two strikes me as excellent; none of the others reaches this level, but the last suggests, also, plenty of possibilities.

Daisy Higgins.—Some charming passages of colour; with further practice you should do very well. Get all the assistance you can, and keep your pencil constantly busy.

Dinoo S. Bastavala.—Some useful work here, but the first is a bit long. I like the plot of the second very much. I think this has a chance to work out amazingly well—if you do without the "romance."

Irene E. McCoy.—Four isn't in the same interesting category as the rest, of which the first, and the fifth and sixth are very good.

E. Marjorie Gath.—A very good set, of which I think the first and the last three are the best. The other two are, in comparison, a bit weak.

Honor Fielding.—Beautifully worked, and very satisfactory in colouring and design. I do not care for wool on muslin, but I must confess you have made a charming job of it.

(*Continued on page* 136)

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The Children's Salon

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

Cornford Bowden.—Very carefully done, and the criticism concerning the laboured beginning well worth making. What you miss, elsewhere, should be more guardedly referred to—as failing to give what you at least desire in a book. Don't put it more decidedly than that.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—I think your strictures upon Nero fully justified, and that you might have been even a little more caustic. The name of the author and publisher of a book should always be given in a review. I take it this was not anonymous?

Helen Fawcett.—Two, three and five are the best. Four and six are too obvious, and the first not quite sufficiently so. I wasn't, for instance, sure of the last word!

Amy Haydon.—A most successful scheme, charming alike in stitchery, design and colouring. Thank you so much.

Beatrice S. Little.—Your last three are the best, all of them suggesting the possibility of an interesting story. The earlier three are just a bit jejune for the purposes of a competition.

May W. Harrison.—With better drawn lettering this would probably be very effective. It is well designed, except that the sphere would have been more effective if not cut off, and if an inch or two of its rays had been shown along the lower edge.

M. Joyce Lambert.—An excellent set. All have the neat brevity for which we look to-day, and arouse the interest.

G. Anthony Hern.—What this lacks is a suitable climax; it is quite all right as a little study of character, but a drama must revolve round a motive which grips and satisfies at the end. Excellent practice to tackle this sort of thing.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

Amy Read Russell.—Your first two are much the best. The others run too much along familiar lines.

Claribel Ireland.—A very well expressed appreciation. I have not read it, but from an experience of others of hers I have no doubt it thoroughly deserves this praise. You have analysed its charm remarkably well.

Sybil Stallibrass.—Rather too spoiled by washing to judge of its original merit, but it appears to have been very neatly stitched, and the design and style of it are charming.

Harold Cohen.—An exceptionally interesting study, rather brief for the possibilities of the subject, but that criticism is, of course, a compliment.

Clare Ackroyd.—The metre does not, I feel, quite suit these sentiments. Something less definitely lyrical would be better. Otherwise, interesting and sincere.

Florence E. McCoy.—Two and three seem a little weak beside the rest, but the level on the whole is high, and four, five and six are particularly good.

Hilda Barrow.—All are well thought out; perhaps the fourth is the weak spot, and the first and last the best.

Olive Dockree.—In a broad way this is effective and true enough, but it would have been interesting to have approached it in a more subtle manner. Still, good work for your years.

Michaela Danckwerts.—Perspective a little bit uncertain, but very soundly sketched in otherwise, and showing good artistic promise. I am glad to see you competing regularly.

(*September 1st*)

May W. Harrison.—The lower half of the figure has not been quite so carefully studied as the upper, and the background fails to recede, but it is lovely as a colour scheme and the bowl most happily and artistically realised.

Kitty Earp.—The characterisation could not be better, but proportions are a bit astray, and the composition suffers in consequence. Heroic figures demand a corresponding treatment. Petruchio has the requisite length of limb, but a disturbingly small torso!

Catherine Baldwin.—One of the best entries you have submitted. It doesn't perfectly state exactly what you have in mind—line seven, for instance, is a little clumsy—but as a whole it is excellent both in intention and achievement.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—The last line of the third verse must be tackled again. The rest is good, the first and last verses particularly so.

Jean C. H. Crawford.—Exquisite colour and workmanship to match. Thank you so much!

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Good tone, and an excellent start, but needing closer study of flowers and leaves. Clever as an impression, but not searching enough. A little more concentration would rapidly give you mastery. . . . The verse has a very distinct charm, and although there is more than a flavour of a wonderful sonnet period, it is not a sonnet!

Jean Weir.—I am glad to see you making a start with the competitions right away. Very well seen for your age, and the colour particularly good . . . the verses also show unusual promise for your very tender years. Compete regularly.

Penelope Burra.—Study proportions carefully. The flowers are life size, the vase seems to be a good bit smaller than is likely. Colour lacks transparency, but the drawing is distinctly good.

Jennifer Skinner.—The last couplet needs further consideration. The first person and the third have got mixed. The second verse is very good; the others do not quite reach its level.

Barbara Stallibrass.—A most careful study, very useful to have made, but in getting accuracy of form and colour you have lost some of Nature's subtle charm . . . The first three verses are admirable, the rest are disturbing to the effect because the original metre is unnecessarily disregarded.

Helen Mary Lillie.—This is excellent, except that the last line is too equivocal. You should easily be able to get round this.

Dolly Davies.—Your tempera study is excellent in breadth and atmosphere, qualities which the medium greatly helps, but sharp touches and subtleties are also needed in this subject, and these are more easily got in transparent water colour. A good impression, but scenic rather than pictorial.

Joyce Bidder.—A quaintly arranged group, pleasing in colour scheme, bur rather one textured and too much dominated by the circular pattern. The diverse effects of china, wall and table should be more marked.

Marjorie Naylor.—A clever charcoal head, well drawn and full of character. It's a pity that it did not fit comfortably, and that some of the lights are arbitrary and twist the profile here and there. A little more consideration might have made this bright sketch brilliant.

Vernita Churchill.—One or two points of your study are in natural effect, the upper green spray and the pot; the rest is flat and entirely stylistic. You ought to do well in decorative work.

W. H. G. Reed.—The analogy fails a little in the end, but it is a charming idea and very interestingly handled. One or two little slips from grace are all the more noticeable because of the high level attained as a whole.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Pies, Pastries *and* Sweets

(*Continued from page 81*)

have put a piece of white paper, put another piece of white paper on the top, cover the mould, and pack it in ice for three hours. Turn out the mould just before serving and decorate with crystallised fruits and whipped cream.

It should be decorated in a simple way, two colours only being used.

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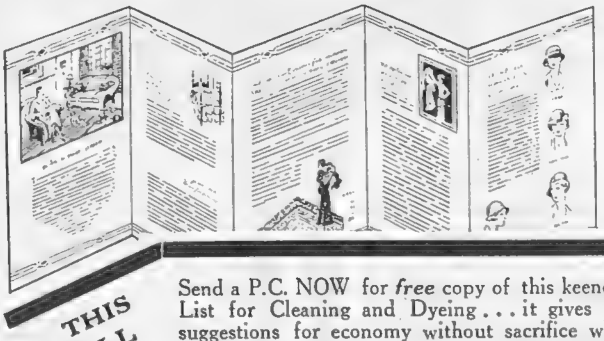

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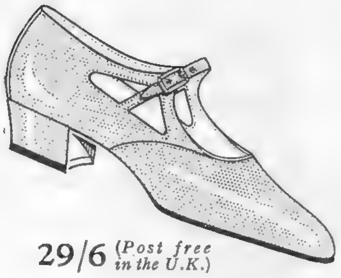

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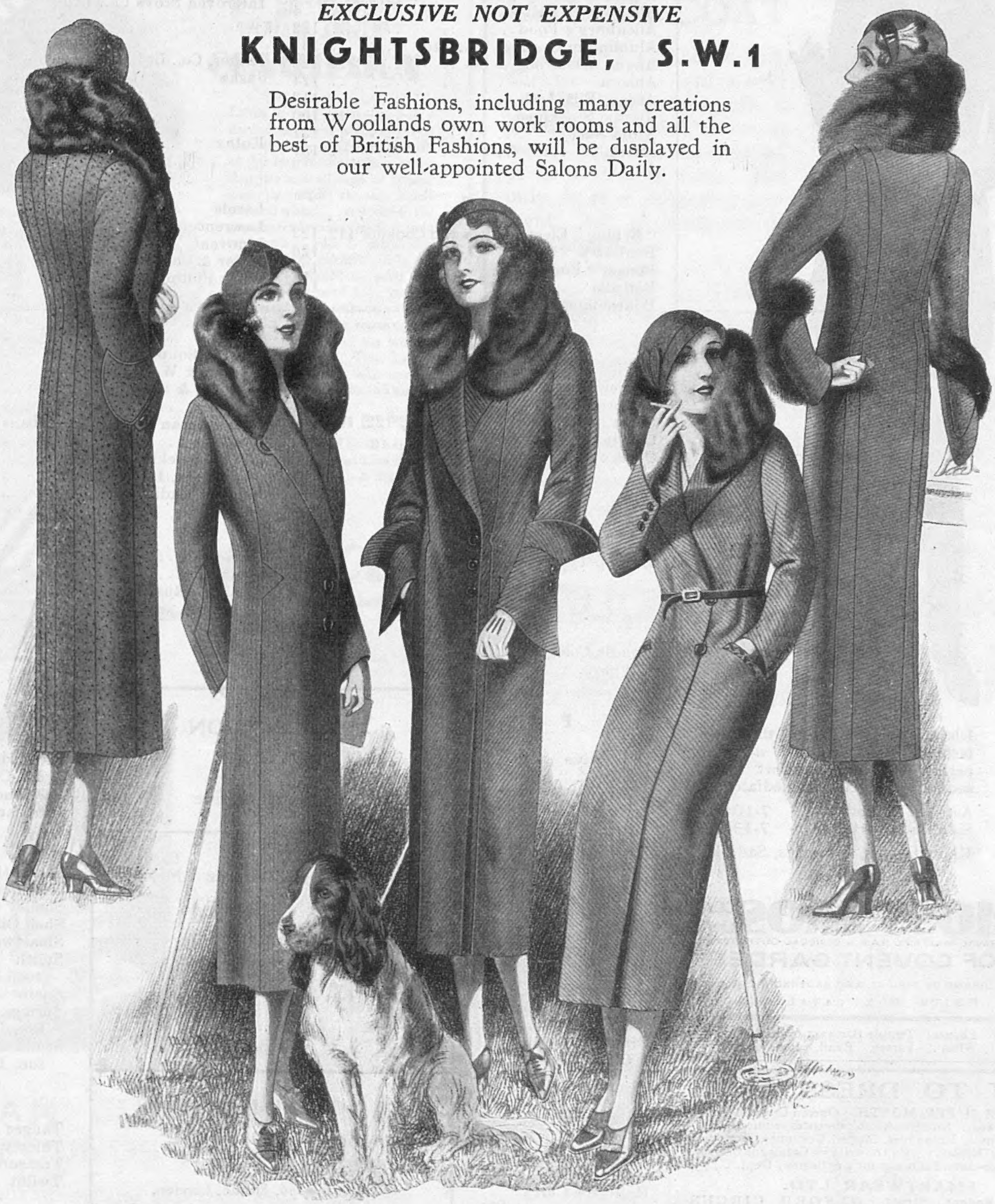

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Tel.: 0707 *Kingston. Banker's reference.*

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NOVEMBER
1931.

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/8	9/3	18/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for..................months commencing with the......................issue, for which I enclose ....

Name ....

Address ....

Date..1931

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397 P. L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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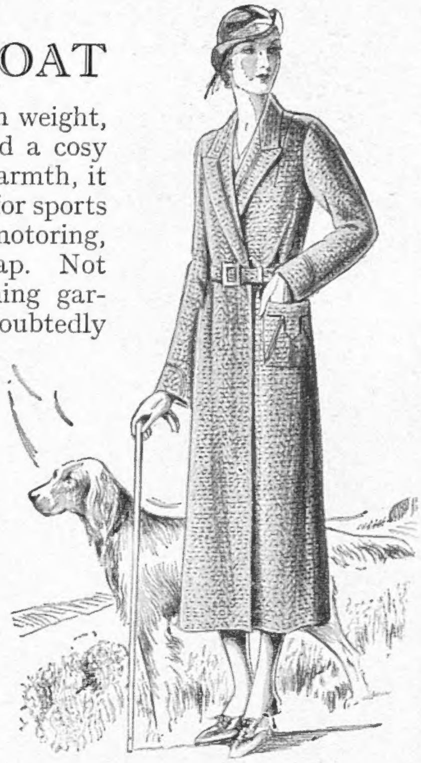

Remarkably light in weight, durable in wear and a cosy nest of abundant warmth, it is indeed a treasure for sports wear, travelling, motoring, or as a steamer wrap. Not only is it a becoming garment, but it undoubtedly lends added distinction to its wearer, besides rendering the fullest measure of unparalleled comfort.

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6 to 9
Guineas.

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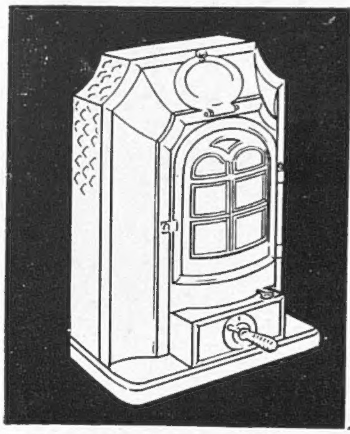

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in your household expenses with its healthy ventilated warmth day and night. Uses only about one farthing's worth of Anthracite—Britain's cleanest and safest fuel—per hour. Simple to regulate to suit our variable climate and inexpensive to instal. Safer and cheaper than Gas or Electricity.

In various designs from £2-15-0 upwards.

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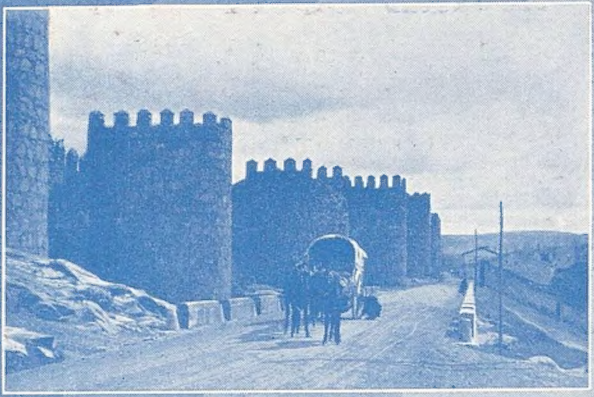

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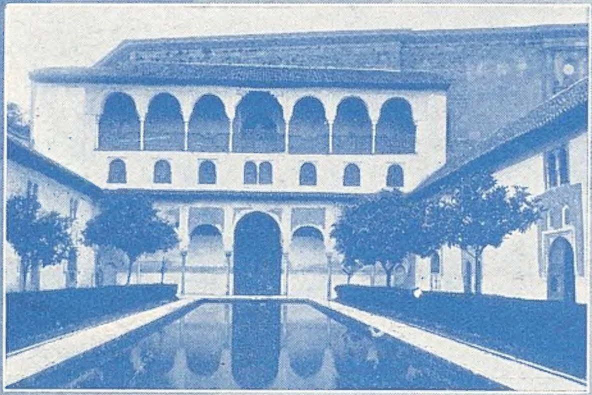

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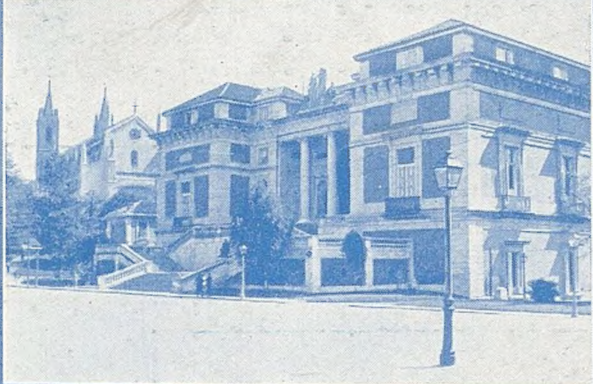

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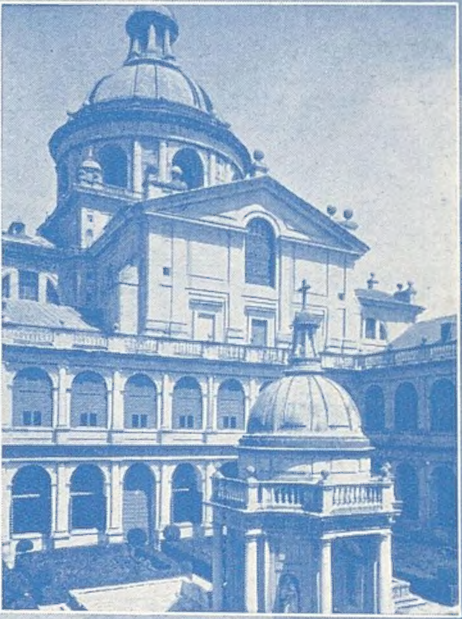

EL ESCORIAL. Courtyard of the Evangelists.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS**, *12 Boulevard de la Madeleine ;* **NEW YORK**, *695 Fifth Avenue ;* **ROME**, *9 Via Condotti ;* **MUNICH**, *6 Residenzstrasse ;* **GIBRALTAR**, *63-67 Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or the American Express, Dean & Dawson, Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.*